THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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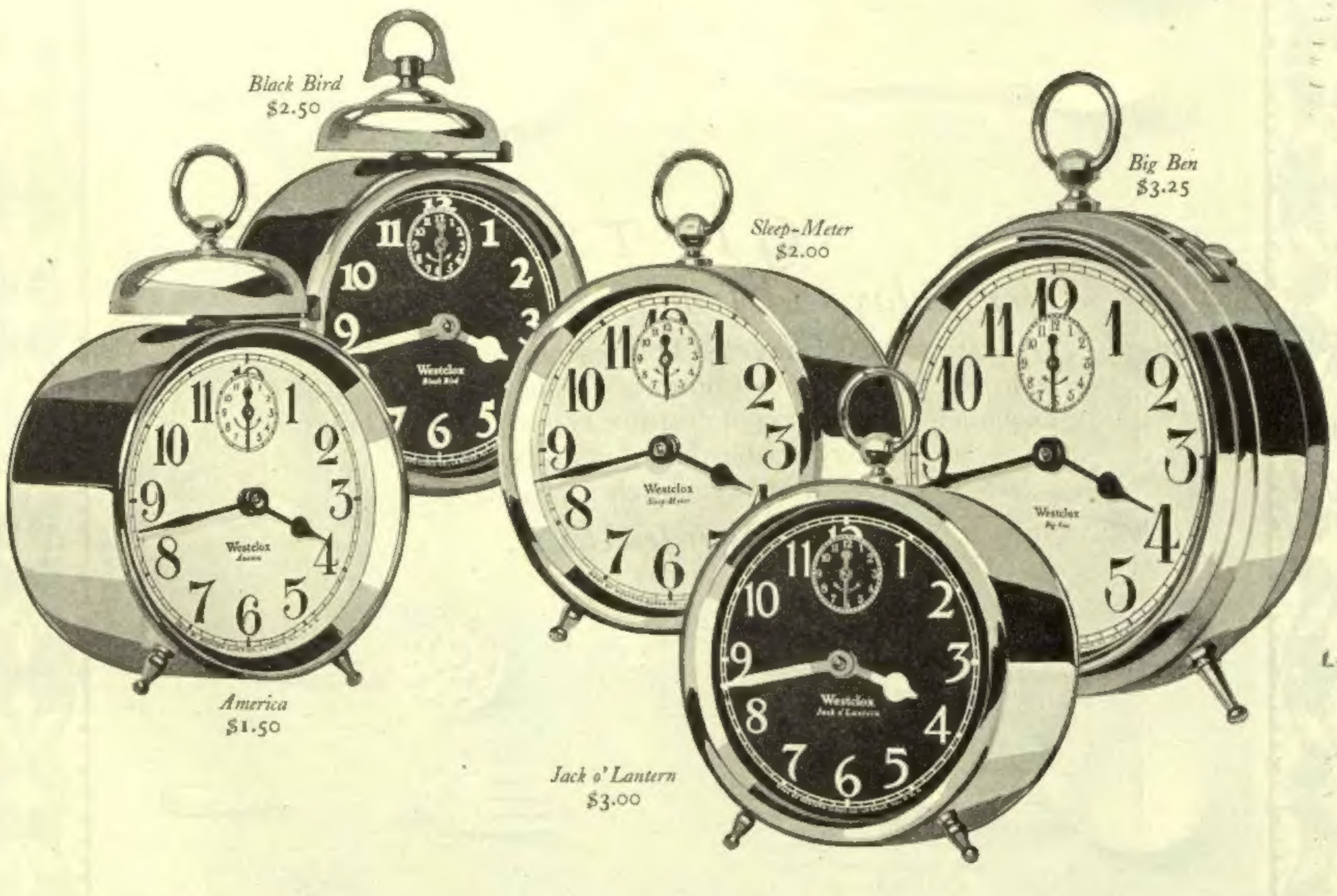

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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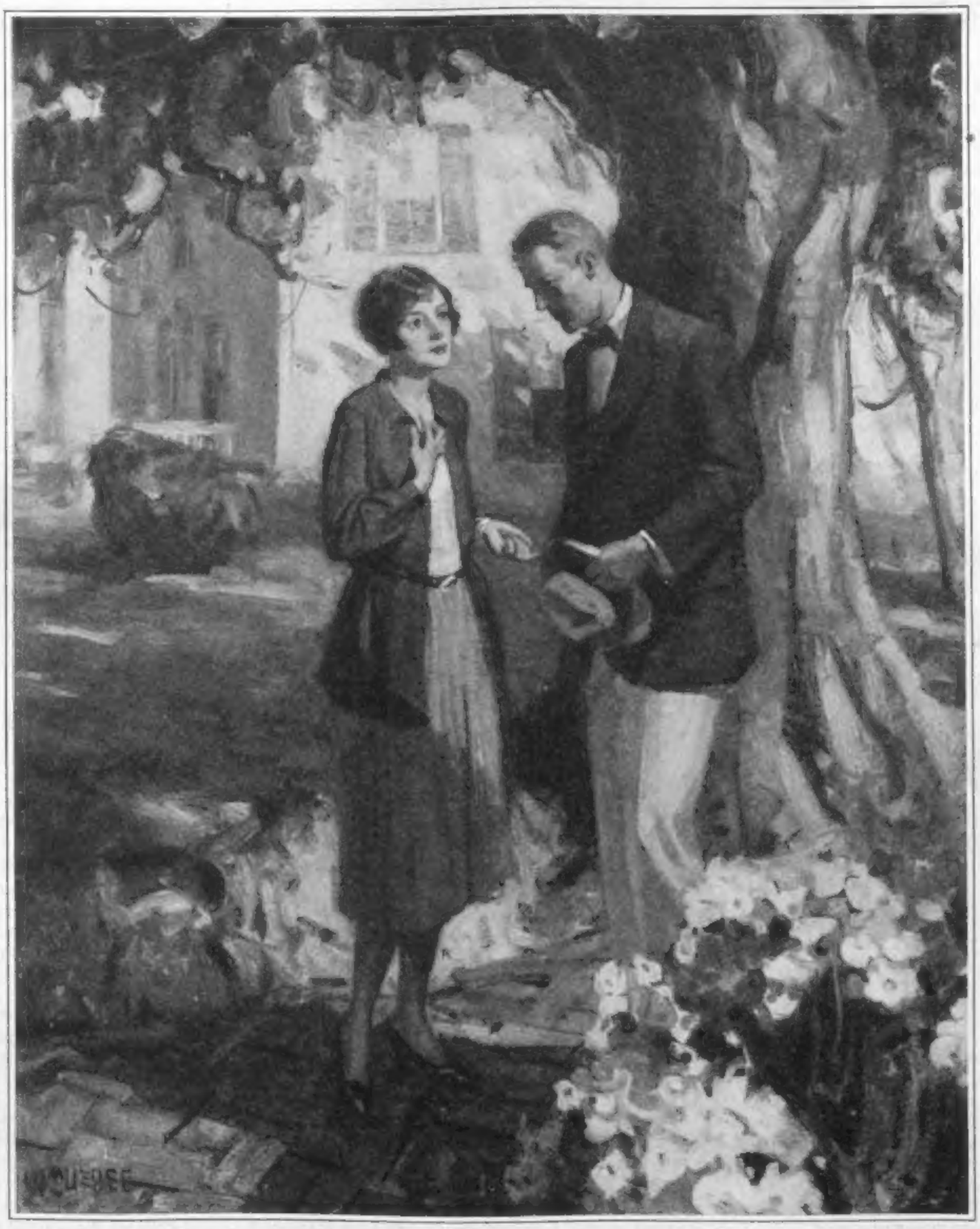
THE SILVER CORD

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

THE first thing he could remember was being spanked for swinging on the gate in front of the house where he was born. The gate was gone and so was the picket fence, but the clapboarded house remained as it had always been. It was a pleasant, unusual building, with a central portico, flanked at right angles by two gabled wings. Every third year for more than seventy years it had been painted white, and the solid shutters a deep leaf green. Two fine old oaks had had room to spread defensive boughs between the street and the shallow steps of the front door. But why need he have been punished for swinging on the gate? It had neither rotted nor been worn out. Along with the gate of the colonnaded Frazier place next door, and the cast-iron grille of the stately Detwetter house on the other side, it had been uprooted, destroyed by a misguided urge for communal beauty. Somebody had conceived the idea that fences were ugly and privacy of no value. As a result there was now an unbroken vista of lawns along Oak Street, stretching as far as the eye could reach.

He did not wish the old picket fence back again. What he would have liked to see in its place was a wall—a wall higher than a man's head—and at right angles to each end of it a thick hedge as tall as the eaves of the gabled house. He closed his eyes and tried to imagine the place so surrounded. He opened them and felt exposed, naked. It would be great if he could push open a gate, slip inside, close it, and immediately feel himself hidden and at home! Somebody called his name as he started up the brick walk toward the house. He would have liked to pretend he had not heard, but he did not dare. He stopped and turned. Midge Frazier was coming toward him, and he knew she was going to scold him for not having dropped in to see her.



She Touched His Arm With an Extended Finger. It Was a Summons, Not a Caress. "Aren't You Glad to See Me?"

"I've been home three days, Harry," she said accusingly. "Didn't your mother tell you I'd phoned?"

"Yes, she told me," he answered, looking down and kicking at a tuft of grass. "I had to go to the city. I've just got back."

She touched his arm with an extended finger. It was a summons, not a caress. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

He raised evasive eyes to her face and turned them away quickly. It was as if he were afraid of her, though he had known her all her life. Up to the time she had gone away to college she had been something intensely alive but unnoticed, just one of the innumerable blotches of color that go to make up the brilliant carpet of childhood. Now she stood out from the mesh of everyday things, suddenly and mysteriously intact, separated and distant.

She seemed to issue an abrupt proclamation that she was twenty-one and a free agent. But he missed the sense of superiority which had once been his through the mere fact that he was a man and her senior by six years.

He felt childish and wished with all his heart that he could be back in his boyhood, holding her kicking, squirming little body, all wire and rage from having tumbled from her pony. Immediately he was half blinded by a mist of memories. A larger though still small Midge arose before him, intent on learning to swim and hotly demanding her turn at the swimming pool. There had followed still another Midge, pliant as a willow to music and rhythm, warmth and roundness budding from a stem of strength. Those were the days when they had both taken a lot for granted. He had walked through them like an uncrowned prince. Handsome and happy-go-lucky, he had loitered lazily on the threshold of possession. Now all that was changed.

"Of course I'm glad to see you, Midge," he gulped. He felt the color rising to his face and tried desperately to stop the flood. He knew what it would do. It would make what was white red, and what was red purple.

"Harry, look at me," she insisted.

With a movement of desperation, he obeyed. He threw up his head and met her eyes squarely. "The question is," he muttered, "can you stand to look at me?"

"Don't be silly!" she cried, shaking his arm, her eyes drilling steadily into his. "Father has given me a new car. Will you go for a ride tonight—after supper?"

"I'd love to," he replied before he had time to realize that her answer, and even the steadiness of her eyes, constituted merely a comforting evasion.

"All right. I must be going now. I'll blow the horn."

He pulled himself together as he started for the house. It came over him that she had avoided giving him a direct answer and immediately he felt rebellious. He had no use for comfort; what he wanted was a show-down with Midge, with the whole town of Leaming, and even with his mother. He found her sitting in the dining room, with the ponderous family Bible lying on the table before her. He had not seen it for years.

"What on earth are you doing with that?" he asked.

"I've been reading," she stated shortly.

He went to the book, lifted the heavy cover and let his eyes run down the list of names written in ink which had turned to brown on the yellowed flyleaf. At the end he paused and frowned, for apparently his own name had never been entered.

"Who's James Harrington Jones, Jr.?" he asked curiously.

"You."

"Me!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm just Harry Jones! I've never been anything else."

"Just the same, that's the way you were baptized—James Harrington Jones, Jr. But we called you Harry almost from the start. First Baby and then Harry. Your father said that a man who couldn't do better than get to be cashier of a country bank would look silly trying to start a royal line—especially a man named Jones. He said you might have a son and want to call him James Harrington Jones, III." She laughed dryly.

"I guess there's not much danger of that," said Harry. "But the State Street National isn't a country bank," he added, going to seat himself in a rocking-chair beside a bay window which offered a glimpse of the garden at the back of the house.

"You Can't Know How Much You've Been in My Mind," She Went On. "Last Summer I Went Abroad Just to Think Things Out, and I Did"

"It was in those days," countered his mother. "Farmers used to drive up and hitch their teams for half the length of the block while they went in to wheedle a loan out of the first Mr. Frazier or Old Man Detwetter. Your father was assistant cashier for six years and then cashier for twenty years more. Those two were forever talking about when he would be vice president, but there's always been a Frazier or a Detwetter that had to be looked out for, and I guess it will be the same way with you."

"They all liked father. They still talk about him at the bank."

"Everybody liked Jimmy Jones. They were always going to do something fine for him. But he got ahead of them just once—he died before they could make up their minds."

"But they did do something for you, didn't they, mother?"

"They voted me a year's pay and gave you the chance to start in where your father started, instead of keeping on at college."

"That was something. What more could you expect? A bank is a bank."

She looked at her gnarled hands. "If I could have kept on having a servant," she continued half absently. "I can't cook. The sight of raw food always frightened me, even when I was just married. Those first years before we could afford a girl were a terrible time—the only really terrible time your father and I ever had. And now the same thing has come again. You're working at the bank and I'm cooking for you."

"As soon as Philip Frazier gets his promotion I'm going to be one of the assistant cashiers."

"Assistant cashier for six years. We hired a girl the day your father became a full cashier."

"Things move faster at the State Street National nowadays."

"He used to say, 'What difference does food make anyway?' But it did make a difference. I'm a dried-up old woman at fifty, but I'm not a fool. I can't talk much, but I can think a lot. He was a strong enough man when I married him."

"You oughtn't to talk like that."

"Harry?"

"Yes, mother."

"Why did you go to New York?"

"I guess you know."

"That's why I was reading in the Bible. Pages and pages about wars and fighting. All those people were always fighting about something or other; and the funny thing is most all of them aren't even on the map any more, so what good did it do them to fight so much?"

"The same good it did you to spank me for swinging on the gate."

"What gate?"

"The gate to our yard—out in front."

"I didn't think you could remember that far back. We used it for kindling when all the folks in the block agreed to tear up their fences."

"You see?" said Harry with a laugh. "You gave me a licking for swinging on the gate, and then you used it for kindling. I guess that's the way with wars. They're important while you're fighting them. Anyway, this one is. Besides ——"

"Besides what?"

"There's such a thing as finding a blessing in a war. There'll always be an army of men who'll be glad to go to war just to get away."

"From what?"

"From something worse—themselves—a lot of things."

"So you're going, after all. It doesn't make any difference that the board here refused you because you're my only support."

"No; that didn't make any difference. I knew I could send you enough to keep you going. But you needn't worry any more. The crowd in the city wouldn't take me, either; the doctor turned me down cold."

Mrs. Jones arose and went quickly to stand over him. "Why? What's the matter with you?"

He struggled to his feet, pushing back the rocking-chair, and drew away from her. "I guess you know that too."

"Not your face—your nose?"

"Yes."

"Why, Doctor Muncie said that was nothing serious. He said it would probably pass off, and that even if it didn't it would never hurt you."

"Never hurt me!" exclaimed Harry bitterly. "I guess it's hurt me enough already. I'm not a fool either. Don't you suppose I know you, or Midge, or anybody else, don't really look at me? They can't. Even the men at the bank recognize me by my feet. When I buy a new pair of shoes it's as if I'd played them a dirty trick."

"Harry, you're wrong. It doesn't make any difference how a man looks. I know it's harder for you, because you were such a good-looking boy, and still are—all but that. Think if you were a girl!"

"But I'm not a girl; I'm just me," he cried passionately, and turned toward the window to hide the tears of exasperation in his eyes. "Doctor Muncie is an old fool."

"What did the man in New York say?"

"He said that for a person of my age I had the most advanced case of acne rosacea he'd ever seen. He said there was nothing painful about it, but army life would make it worse, and that the Government couldn't afford to look like it was recruiting cripples."

"Cripples! What about being captain of your school football team? Did you tell him everybody said you'd make the All-American in your sophomore year at college?"

"What would have been the use of all that? It's now that matters."

She laid her hand timidly on his arm. "I'm sorry for you, Harry, and then again I'm almost glad."

"Please don't touch me," he said, shrinking away from her. "I'm not sick."

"Perhaps you are. What did he say you should do?"

"He told me I'd better see the local doctor and that it would be a long business."

"Then you do that. You go see Doctor Muncie."

"I've been. First he laughed and then he swore at me. He asked me who the devil I thought was going to look after people who were really sick while he puttered with my nose. He told me to get out of his office and stay out until after the war."

"He's terribly rushed or he wouldn't talk that way. He's old and I guess he's the only doctor left in town. Have you seen Midge Frazier?"

"Just for a minute. She asked me to go for a ride—after dark."

"Did she say that?"

"No; she said after supper, but it comes to the same thing."

"I'll get you something right away so you'll be ready."

"I don't want anything to eat."

"That's no way to act. You sit down and read while I fix your supper."

There are many women who cannot cook, but few of them are conscious of the shortcoming. Mrs. Jones was a rare exception. She knew she could not cook, and she was more than right. She had her own special way of destroying not only all flavor but the food itself. Harry gave his supper the attention it deserved and no more; then he pushed back his plate, excused himself and went out on the veranda.

He had to wait a long time, for it was almost dusk before he saw Midge's open roadster shoot out from the driveway next door.

While it was light she gave all her attention to driving, but as darkness fell about them it seemed to him that she drew closer and closer to his shoulder. He touched her bare head as if by accident and then let his arm fall around her. She did not draw away, and gradually the night soothed him into forgetfulness of his trouble. He shut his eyes to the truth and found content in a dream of happiness. He held her tighter and discovered that her body was trembling, almost convulsively. She swung the car off the country road, stopped beneath a big maple in front of an abandoned farmhouse and turned to him. He took her in his arms.

There are moments which live forever in a man's life without marking any definite attainment, and this was one of them. The warmth of Midge's body, blotted out against him, the feel of her clinging hands, the touch of her face pressed to his shoulder, were knitted instantly into a hard knot of memory which could never be untied. His blind content changed into violent unreasoning hope, and he tried to kiss her, but she refused him her mouth with patiently repeated movements of denial. He had been on the point of pouring out all his misery, to watch it float away on the current of a love amazing beyond understanding, but now his heart began slowly to turn to lead. He sat in silence and waited. Presently she began to speak in short phrases, with pauses in between:

"I had to tell you like this, Harry, pressed against you and holding you tight. There's never been anybody else. It wasn't planned; it just happened, and I know it was the same way with you. We never bothered to stop to think; we always just knew."

He nodded his head and tightened his hold on her, but did not try to interrupt. "You can't know how much you've been in my mind," she went on. "Last summer I went abroad just to think things out, and I did. All winter I waited to see if I wanted to change my mind, and I don't. I know myself, and I know what's fair. I've separated truth from mush and I'm willing to stand by the answer."

She paused. "What is it?" he asked in a flat tone.

"It's this." She drove her fingers into his arms and pressed her face harder against his shoulder: "You've got to do something. You've got to get well. I'm not a coward—that's all rot. A coward could have slipped further and further away from you without ever saying a word."

A feeling of hopelessness drained his strength. What was the use of telling her he had done all he could do? His arms relaxed and he slumped in his seat. His action seemed to anger her. She shook him and cried out desperately, "Why don't you fight? Don't you want me?"

That was more than he could stand. A sort of fury possessed him. He turned, caught her head, forced it back, leaned over her and kissed her blindly, passionately. The more she struggled, the tighter he held her. Instinct told him he could break her, and he did. Her tense body suddenly melted in his arms, her hands fell to her sides, her head settled back, and her face, pale in the starlight, remained exposed, surrendered. It was utterly passive, wet to his lips with the tears that trickled from her closed eyes. Abruptly he stopped kissing her and drew away to stare down at her defenseless body. It was like the abandoned house beside them—an empty shadow. A tramp could walk in and take it. Midge wasn't there; she was gone, hounded out as if by blows.

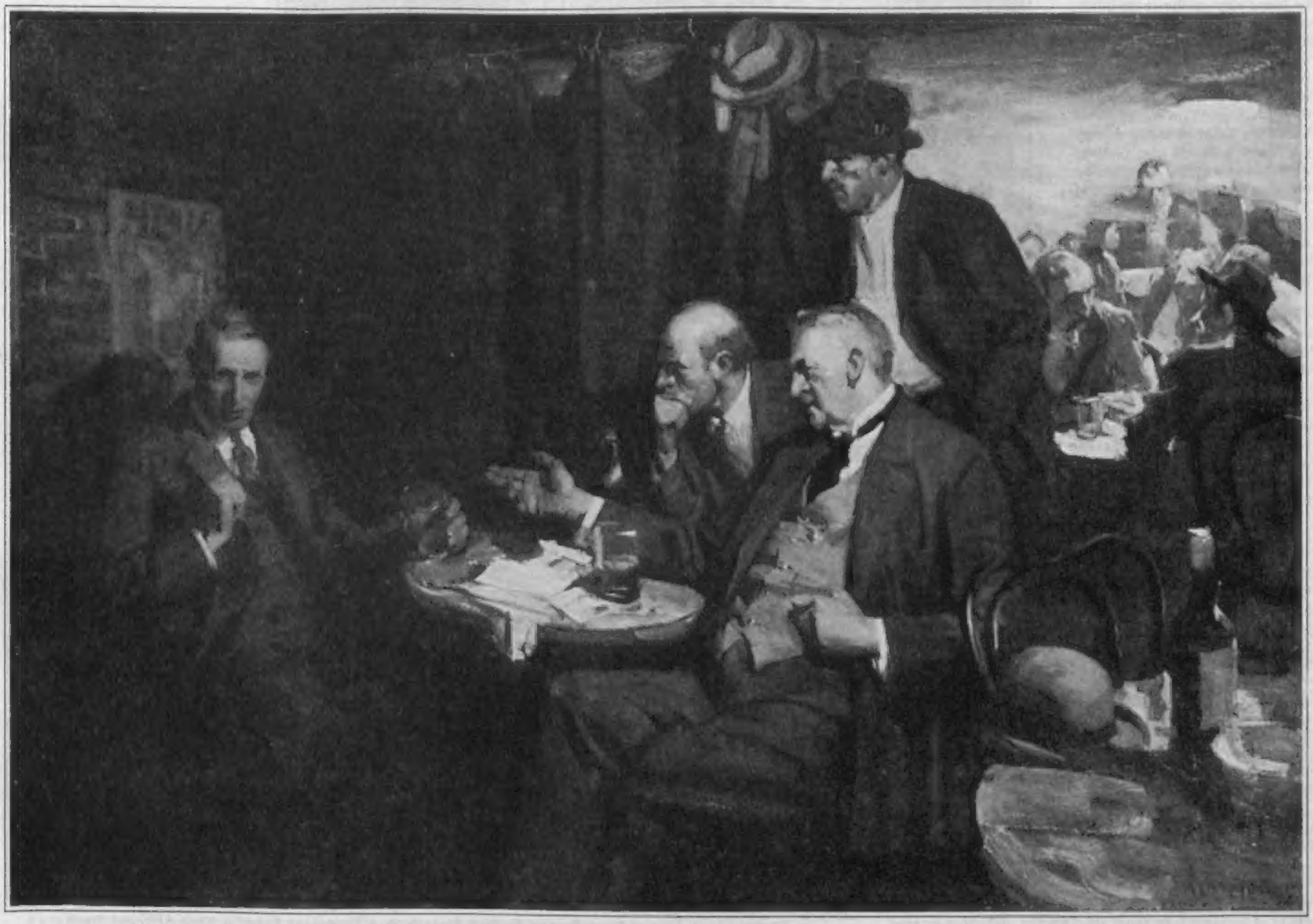
"Midge!" he whispered. "Midge!"

She did not answer, but he had known she would not. He climbed from the car, walked around it, slipped his arms under her and lifted her easily across the seat; then he took his place at the steering wheel and drove for home. The wind came in an increasing swirl over the windshield. It caught her hair and tossed it about in a lively imitation of playfulness and life, but whenever he glanced down it was to see a dead face, deserted by its spirit. Even when he stopped the car in the driveway between their two houses and she drew erect, there was no change. She merely laid her hand on the wheel as a signal that he might go. There was nothing to do, nothing to say, no farewell to be taken.

II

A MAIMED hand can be hidden and almost forgotten, a deformed ear can be disguised, but no man can hide his nose. The reason people avoided looking at Harry Jones was because they liked him, but he could hardly have been expected to guess that, nor would it have helped much if he had. For years he had been the pride of his fellow townsmen. His prowess on the athletic field had

(Continued on Page 73)



Big Men in the Ward World Such as Thomas O'Brien and Ben Brennahan Began to Approach Him in a Flattering Manner Through Their Lieutenants

In the Wake of

By Kenneth

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE MIAMI HERALD

The Miami County Causeway After the Storm

THE hurricane season in the Southern Atlantic States—and in all parts of the United States, for that matter—corresponds roughly to the straw-hat season with a thirty-day advance on each end. Many weatherwise persons in Mississippi and Florida and Louisiana and thereabouts believe firmly that the hurricane season extends from August fifteenth to October fifteenth, and cannot be induced to place any credence in hurricanes that are reported to originate before August fifteenth or after October fifteenth.

For the most part, these people are correct, though an occasional June, July and November sees a hurricane hatched in the watery hurricane nest off the Gulf of Mexico and watches it go roaring off, usually toward the jungles of Yucatan or the wastes of the North Atlantic. The winter months are as free from hurricanes as are oxen from nervous breakdowns.

There are wide differences of opinion in the matter of hurricanes among persons of high intelligence; and there is naturally therefore a large amount of abysmal ignorance on the same subject on the part of persons whose sources of information have been injudiciously chosen or who have had no sources of information whatever. Since ignorance of the peculiarities of a hurricane can easily result in wholly unnecessary death and injury, there is no reason why they should not be set down in print at every possible opportunity, even at the risk of wearying the hurricane experts.

A Doughnut With Wings

THE hurricane that struck the lower east coast of Florida in the dark early morning hours of Saturday, September eighteenth, and cut a diagonal path up through the Everglades and across the top of the Gulf of Mexico was detected by the United States Weather Bureau in the act of hatching itself in the West Indies as early as noon on Tuesday, September fourteenth. Any doubt about the weight ascribed to the discovery by persons thoroughly familiar with weather can be settled by the fact that no vessels bound for the Bahamas left Miami after noon on September fourteenth.

Like all hurricanes, this particular hurricane was shaped like an enormous doughnut. In its center was a calm spot where no wind blew; and toward this calm spot the wind and the storm clouds and the rain rushed with terrific velocity, and with the same sort of whirling motion that would be seen in a reversed motion picture of a pin wheel.

It was one of the most tremendous and violent doughnuts of wind that have ever been recorded by official students of hurricanes in the United States. Weather-bureau instruments at Miami and Miami Beach showed that the wind blew 128 miles an hour for five consecutive minutes, and that the barometer reading was 27.61, which is the lowest barometer reading on record in the United States.

How hard the wind blew during short and violent gusts at the height of the storm can never be known, for the wind-measuring machine at Miami Beach blew away after it had registered 128 miles an hour for five consecutive minutes. There is little doubt that it reached a speed, in gusts, of 140 or 150 miles an hour; and it is quite within the bounds of probability that a more violent hurricane will never be encountered by anyone now living in North America. It may reasonably be considered as great a storm test as buildings and construction work of all sorts will ever be required to stand.

The great wind doughnut was upwards of 300 miles in diameter, but its violently destructive portion was only about sixty miles in diameter. This fact proved to be very surprising to residents of, let us say, Palm Beach.

Palm Beach is some seventy-five miles north of Miami, and the center of the hurricane passed over or very close to the center of Miami. Palm Beach, by comparison with Miami Beach and other cities inside the sixty-mile storm path, was untouched. Yet while its inhabitants were listening to the crash of tiles departing from their roofs and the roar of a seventy-five-mile wind, it was their unalterable opinion that no storm could possibly be greater than the storm that they were enduring.

South Ocean Drive, Miami Beach, Immediately After the Storm

Plotting Storms

GENERALLY speaking, there was no damage done outside of a path sixty miles wide; though many persons who lived outside of that path will hereafter know the sensations of regiments who remained under shell fire at the front for several days, and later learned from official communiqués that their particular sector had been quiet during these days.

In spite of the great size of the wind doughnut and the terrific speed of the wind in it, the doughnut itself moved forward slowly at a rate varying from ten to twenty miles an hour. This

PHOTOS, BY VERNON SUNROWS, TRIBUNE, MIAMI, FLORIDA

Flagler Street, West of Third Avenue, Looking East. From a Photograph Taken a Week After the Storm

the Hurricane

L. Roberts

forward movement, it might be remarked, is one of the many peculiarities of hurricanes. If one has barometer readings from a number of localities ahead of a hurricane, the course of the storm center can almost always be plotted with hair-raising accuracy. This fact seemed better known to the newspapers of other hurricane-hardened cities than it did to the newspapers of the less experienced cities of Florida's east coast.

Occasionally, however, for no reason known to man, a hurricane will change its course. And occasionally, also, a hurricane will stop its slow and terrifying progress and sit immovable in one spot for many hours; and nobody can predict when such an occurrence will take place, or tell why it happens. Some sixteen years ago a number of hurricane experts in a Tampa newspaper office were closely watching the progress of a hurricane that was majestically moving northward about 200 miles west of Tampa. It suddenly stopped its forward movement and remained stationary for more than twenty-four hours, and by so doing it gave an exhibition of how the hole of a hurricane doughnut sucks moisture toward itself. The air in Tampa became bone-dry.

Timely Warning

BODILY moisture evaporated like ether or gasoline, so that the townsfolk shivered with the cold in spite of the normal Florida summer temperature that prevailed. Wall paper that had been on the walls for years cracked and peeled off. When one moistened a stamp it instantly curled into a tight cylinder.

When the great wind doughnut moved on the Florida coast, with its center near Miami, on the morning of September eighteenth, the people had been duly warned of its approach.

"Advisory messages," stated Assistant Meteorologist R. W. Gray of the Miami Weather Bureau in a message to the chief of the United States Weather Bureau, "relative to the intensity and progress of the storm were received at regular intervals from the fifteenth to the seventeenth inclusive, and these advices were given such wide distribution that it can safely be said that the entire population of the lower east coast of Florida were informed of the approach of the storm." In spite of this fact, the residents of the sections that received the full force of the storm showed themselves dangerously ignorant of hurricanes.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE MIAMI HERALD

Miami County Causeway on October 11, 1926

South Ocean Drive, Miami Beach, Three Days After the Storm

As the doughnut moved in, the wind smashed down from the northeast with ever-increasing fury.

Above the roar of the wind sounded the crashing of tiles, the roaring of water, the breaking of glass, the falling of walls and chimneys, and an indistinguishable tumult of noises. As the front edge of the doughnut approached a given spot, the wind at that spot steadily increased; and then, as the hole of the doughnut arrived, the wind slowed down or stopped entirely.

Between Blows

SAYS Mr. Gray, "There was an abrupt decrease in the wind velocity between 6:10 and 6:16 A.M., when the center of the storm reached Miami. Many persons who had spent the night in downtown buildings rushed out to view the wreckage that filled the streets. I warned those in the vicinity of the Federal Building that the storm was not over and that it would be dangerous to remain in the open. The lull lasted thirty-five minutes, and during that time the streets of the city became crowded with people. As a result, many lives were lost during the second phase of the storm. With the passage of the center of the storm, the wind shifted to southeast at 6:47 A.M. and immediately increased to gale force."

In another hour it was again blowing more than 100 miles an hour and the wind blasts were freighted with solid sheets of rain that bruised the exposed flesh and forced themselves in streams through the smallest apertures. The hole of the great wind doughnut had passed over and the back edge had arrived.

The hurricane intensity of the wind lasted for about five hours before the lull, and for another five hours after the lull—a ten-hour period that gave many people a wholly new conception of time measurement.

Florida learned many lessons from the great storm—lessons that may or may not be permanently remembered; and one of the first lessons should have been the desirability of making sure that all summer residents of the hurricane belt—which is not by any means confined to Florida—have full and complete knowledge of the wind action of hurricanes, and a realization of the folly of abandoning shelter during the hurricane lull.

It is probable that the wind violence of this particular hurricane will never be realized by any persons other than

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PHOTOS, BY VERNON BURROWS, TRIBUNE, MIAMI, FLORIDA

Biscayne Boulevard From the Everglades: Hotel Roof Garden, Showing How the Boulevard and Docks Have Been Cleared

AND DID THOSE FEET—

By Donn Byrne

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BEFORE the war each of them had occupied a position of solidity in his little world. Niblett was known to have been the best house painter in Middleford. Porky was supposed to have had two butcher shops in the Midlands. Le Gros had been a gamekeeper. Napper, the business man, had been for a year at a public school. Denton, whom the war had left without arms, had been chauffeur to a great financier. Strangways was a master barber.

With the exception of Porky, who had been too old for the war and whose ruin had been drink, the war had, in their own phrase, done them in. Only one had achieved profit out of it, and that was Jerusalem, who had gained the Victoria Cross for valor at Gallipoli. These were the main potentates of the County Club. They kept also, as a sort of mascot, the boy who was called alternately Razor and Lightning. As Razor was the harmless type of village idiot not uncommon in England, the reason for his nickname is obvious. Still, Razor had his uses.

The caddie house was a sort of cellar near the professional's shop, with very little light in it, and warmed in the center by a huge iron stove, the fuel for which the caddies had to provide themselves. When the caddie master, the professional's son, called a name, one of the club peeped through a spy hole to see what sort of prospect the player was. If he did not please the outer guard, no caddie was forthcoming, and the player had to take a small boy or carry his own clubs.

Her Face Drained of Blood, Like the Face of a Guillotined Man. She Said Nothing; Only Looked at Him

The caddie master—and the professional himself, for the matter of that—had too much respect for the members of the County Club to force any of them to caddie. The professional had tried it once, but the night of that occurrence all the windows in his house had been broken and his fowl run denuded of life. Of course a fox may have taken his chickens; but there were strange stories of a midnight feasting on the Barley Downs, and on the morrow the County Club seemed replete and pleasant, and marvelously sympathetic. The professional, who was a Scotsman and therefore a philosopher, cut his losses and said no more.

But if the outer guard proclaimed that the visitor was all present and correct, the member of the club whose turn it was came out and stood blinking in the light. Niblett, the former house painter, invariably caddied in a derby hat, and smoked a clay pipe while caddying. Porky was the most picturesquely dressed of them all. He had trousers of tweed, an aged and greasy coat of the type called in America a Prince Albert, a double-breasted white waistcoat, and a stiff white shirt without a collar or tie. The frock coat was a reminder of the days when he was a capitalist and had two white and shining shops. His daughter, one of the town laundresses, used to fit him out on Sunday morning with shirt and waistcoat, but as the week went by they lost their glossiness, until by Saturday night they were a blue gray from drizzling rain, with brown splotches of beer lost through unsteadiness of hand or gesticulation in debate.

Napper, the business man, wore in all weathers, dark January or flaming June, an overcoat which had started by being black but was now a dreadful green. The sleeves of the overcoat hardly passed his elbows, but the skirts were down to his heels. The barber was a dapper little man, with his hair done in a wave. Denton, the former chauffeur, was always decently dressed, with his two armless sleeves pinned across his chest. The boy Razor looked as if a suit of reach-me-downs had been flung on him any way.

Jerusalem, the young V. C., always was clean and sprightly, with the stilted walk of the horseman. Even in his face there was something of the alert look of a horseman. He seemed to be listening silently to a trainer giving him instructions: "Just breeze him over the last three hurdles, Joe, and push him along up the stretch. If he pigs it, hit him once, and no more." Jerusalem always seemed to be listening to an invisible trainer giving him orders about an invisible horse. When he walked he started away crisply, as if going to his mount.

Le Gros, the gamekeeper, always caddied in leggings, and his sleepy small green eyes missed nothing. The County Club relied on him for their weather forecast.

Of them all, good caddies, splendid judges of distance and condition of ground, Jerusalem was by far the best. He had won two open artisans' meetings, and it was known that he could give the pro one up and a beating on his own course, though the pro was no mean player. His peculiar nickname was from his singing of Elgar's setting of Blake's beautiful poem:

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills?

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

The clients of the County Club, as the County Club called the players on the Middleford Links, considered Jerusalem to be a pure patriot, and were glad that England produced such men as this—men who could win the Victoria Cross, and were not pessimistic about their country, as so many old soldiers were. But the truth was that the County Club was as fine a collection of ruffians as the shire could boast, and that Jerusalem was their presiding spirit.

When the players had finished, or there were no players, the caddie house became a secret place. Young non-serious caddies were driven forth, and only an occasional visiting tramp was allowed to remain. Then a strange ritual took place. And the secrets that master caddies seek were not lost secrets.

They dealt mainly with the abstraction of iron clubs from bags and the proper losing of balls; of prospects who would pay cheerfully for holing out in one on the blind seventeenth, where the boy Lightning lay in the bushes; of stealing dogs from old ladies by means of liver in the cuff of the trousers, and of bringing them back for a reward; of information as to racing jobs, heard from jockeys; of poaching; of new "pizzies," who are detectives; and "flags," who are policemen. And hushed talk, too, which would appall the members of the golf club proper, of a day when the rich would not be rich and the poor poor, and you

would not have to say "Sir" to every Tom, Dick and Harry with a golf bag, and stand their impatience and—worst of all—applaud their womanish shots.

II

EACH of the County Club had a client for whom he caddied regularly. Strangways, the barber, caddied for the parson, for Strangways had a strong religious strain in him; and though he would suffer any amount of cursing in the caddie house, yet for a client whose language was vehement he would not caddie at all. Le Gros carried for the local surgeon, in whose house he also cleaned boots and kitchen knives.

Porky attached himself to a former officer of the Brigade of Guards, broken through drink. Drink was never mentioned between them, but that each knew a terrible land haunted by demons was a tacit bond. Razor caddied for the low-handicap man of the club, a solicitor's clerk, who believed that the idiot boy brought him luck in tournaments.

Napper, the business man, considered the sporting dentist his peculiar property. The business man carried on an extensive correspondence as a tipster on races, following the fortunes of a couple of small stables in the South of England. He had been and was still on occasion a ticktack signaler on the race course. When a bookmaker in the Silver Ring found himself overlaid against a horse, he would bet on that horse with the big bookmaker at Tattersall's. He would give his bet to the head of the ticktack men, and that would be coded across to a runner in the Big Ring. Sometimes the Big Ring would ticktack across bets to the Silver Ring, for though pounds and fifties and hundreds are bet in Tattersall's, yet the Silver Ring took in immense quantities in half crowns and half sovereigns.

A ticktack man was paid well—three pounds a day—but Napper's own failing was betting, and as he owed so much to every bookmaker, he could hardly show his face on a course. So he had to fall back on the profession of tipster. He took his tipstering very, very seriously, claiming it was strictly a business. There might be periods of bad luck in it, as there might be in the building trade, but nevertheless it was a business.

He lived in a small hotel, "for business men," out of which he was always being driven for lack of room rent. The other business men at the Shepherd and Flock were small peddlers, ruffians employed by mock auctioneers, two railroad porters and a drunken compositor in the Shire Gazette, who took precedence of the others as being in the literary business.

The armless chauffeur caddied for an American gentleman who had taken up residence in England, and who was not above picking his own club out of the bag, making his own tee and lifting his ball out of the tin when it succeeded in getting there. The fee for the round was one shilling and sixpence, which included cleaning the clubs, but the American gentleman always gave five shillings. When Denton came in with the clubs Jerusalem would take them from him with a sharp "'Ere, you!" and clean them. Denton always wished to split his tip, but Jerusalem would have none of it. "Shut your face! You've 'elped me. I 'elp you." The occasion on which the chauffeur helped the V. C. was when Jerusalem had got a "buckshee," or "free" motorcycle. He had picked it up outside a pub in Putney, and Denton had helped him disguise it so its maker wouldn't know it. Denton also advised Jerusalem as to where he would find purchasers for brand-new tires he found, which he claimed to have fallen off the racks of motor cars.

Jerusalem himself had two regular clients, Lord Kirkoswald, the captain of the club, and his daughter, the Honorable Ishbel Bruce.

III

EVERY member of the County Club knew about the private affairs of the others—more so, perhaps, than the man whose affairs they were. They knew, for instance, that Porky's daughter had two professions, and they admired her for clinging to that of laundress instead of giving up hard work for the easier. They knew, too, that of the second Porky was ignorant. The boy Razor had no private affairs except in his own mind, and they were too dark and contorted to be of interest to sane philosophical men.

Napper, the business man, might sit writing to his clients from the caddie house: "Dere Friend, Our run of bad luck has been inpresendented but I am confident that I have Discovert one wich will come home spinning next time out."

His clients might smile at the misspelling, but the County Club knew that Napper could spell if he wanted to. They knew he had been for a year at Eton before his old man had come a purler in the Hooley business. They knew also he had been in a military prison during the last part of the war. That shambling gait, that dreadful mottled face, that lank gray hair, told their own story. A civilian or a regular officer might call Napper harsh names, but they had all been through hell, and they knew some could stand it and some couldn't. Napper couldn't—that was all. He might have let down his country, but he never let down a pal.

The drama in Denton's life they knew, though Denton didn't. The girl to whom he was engaged had insisted on marrying him in spite of the loss of his arms, and had taken a job as typist in a big garage. She was a bouncing, emotional girl, but she had become the garage man's mistress. The County Club didn't blame her. Yet she took care of Old Stumps. The man to be blamed was the garage man. There was a dog for you.

Niblett's Rabelaisian amours among the hop pickers and the pseudo gypsies on Epsom Downs were all too public for a private life. Le Gros, the gamekeeper, was known to have a warm bank account. He was paid well for the trout and hares and grouse he provided for the swank butcher. Still, he always had a pint for a pal.

And as to Jerusalem—everyone knew that Jerusalem was Lord Kirkoswald's natural son. The old man himself

"You Did It," O'Rourke Prompted, "to Protest Against the Prosperity of the Middle Classes"

knew it. The County Club knew it. But none ever mentioned it, gentlefolk being reticent.

IV

THE Middleford Golf Links on the Barley Downs was of considerable antiquity. It dated from a time when people of means in knickerbockers, red coats, caps too small for the modern schoolboy, and spats played with a gutty ball and wooden clubs faced with leather. Before that it had harbored a race course, where stakes with equal value with those of Newmarket and of the Curragh of Kildare were offered. But now the race course was only remembered by old sporting prints.

There was about the whole of the Barley Downs a feeling of failure. On one part of it was a great hollow chalk pit, which antiquarians insisted had been a stable of Roman cavalry, and that gave a feeling of loneliness, for even great Rome had failed here. The Barley Downs were common land, but the lord of the manor had certain rights over it. The lord of the manor had given, with the consent of the House of Lords, the right to play over it to the golf club. But the townspeople resented this and there were continual wrangles about it. The feeling about the golf links was one of unrest and contention. A player could not drive a ball while anyone was in the fairway. Whether anyone had the right to play without paying was also moot.

The links themselves were ridiculously out of date. The holes had not been lengthened since the introduction of the elastic-wound ball. Great giants of golf links were close by—Worplesden with its vast greens, Sunningdale with its terrain of gorse and heather. To the young school of hard hitters, each hole of Barley Downs was a drive, or drive and chip. At most a drive and pitch. But the greens were so small, the bunkers so contracted, the fairway at such an angle, the rough more like a matted jungle than rough, that the scratch golfer from a great links made a ridiculously poor score on it. The home players, with two staccato hacks, a bumpy running-up shot with some sort of iron, and a putt mean and effective as a bailiff's writ, got their par or bogey figures, while the visitor's golf ball went to and fro, over and back over the green like a tennis ball. Not a long course, y' know, but frightfully sporty.

The majority of the members of the Barley Downs were former civil servants in the colonies, former managers of small branch banks abroad, retired officers of worthy but socially unimportant regiments, people who had spent their lives in the service of somebody else and were now spending their remaining days on a pittance, in England because it was home, in the South of England because the climate was equable.

These men viewed with dismay the motor bicycles and silk dresses of what they called the lower classes. Their remedy for labor troubles was quick and drastic. They were certain that England was going to the dogs, and equally certain that it was the greatest power the world had ever seen, or, for the matter of that, would ever see. They voted conservative to a man, not being mentally able to afford liberalism, and played bridge for threepence a hundred. They were careful to explain to everybody that they used the Barley Downs links while waiting to be elected to one of the great clubs. The period of waiting for one of them might be five or six years, and even then it was a ten-to-one chance against their making it. In their hearts they were satisfied with the Barley Downs.

A second class of men belonging to the local club were rich men who could easily make the bigger clubs, but for whom the long carries, the subtle bunkering, the greens large as a small garden, were too difficult. They complained bitterly that these links were made for scratch men. Chief of these latter was Lord Kirkoswald. Although he had been a stonemason in his youth and was a Scotsman by birth—his native county was Ayrshire—yet he could only achieve less than mediocrity in the ancient Scottish game. Arms, no matter how powerful, if used in one's young manhood for short chopping blows, cannot get the long sweep of the good golfer or the timing of the crisp iron shot.

In his old age he had no amusement but golf, yachting not attracting him; and coming from a stock to whom horses are either drudges or wild animals, not methods of conveyance in a hunt, he did not take the interest in racing and breeding that many of his fellow peers and fellow millionaires did. All his life had been concentrated in hard work and in the recognition of opportunity. And now that hard work was no longer possible and opportunity no more to him than an autumn-driven leaf, only this baffling, maddening game of golf was left him.

The old man was tall and spare and fierce, and although three and sixty years of age, there was a great handsomeness about him. His eye was sea colored, a blue nearly green. It looked at you from under white brows in a sort of baffled anger. You were never certain whether his hair was white from age or naturally the color of ripe corn. For all that he was a peer of the realm and a millionaire, yet there was a dreadful rage about him. He had found the world no granite set to be chipped and shaped. What he wanted no man knew, but whatever it was, he hadn't achieved it.

Two things gave away his plebeian birth—his accent, which was the harsh Scots of the Ayrshire workingman, not the speech of the Caledonian aristocrat, who loves the tongue of Allan Ramsay and James I and Drummond of Hawthornden, and despises English as a genteel language, but that dreadful Lowland rasp that is a physical defect, and a warning; also, his hands were splayed and clumsy, and no washing would take out that fine pattern of stone dust that labor had worked into the wrinkles of his hands as gold is worked into a Damascus blade.

Had Lord Kirkoswald been proud of these, or had they not mattered, they would have been no defect. But he despised any man who worked with his hands as being a fool. Also, he had never been in Scotland since early manhood. He had taken the name of the town of his birth merely to satisfy his vanity over the town for the slights he had received as a youth.

He had been quick to perceive that the Scotsman's road to fortune is the London road. He had argued that there must be profit in a man's work or none could hire him. Then if there were profit in one, what about fifty, a thousand, ten thousand? He arrived in London at a time when the gray dignified city began to put on a portly abdomen of villas on the Surrey side, and finding a Scottish partner as shrewd if not as hard as himself, had launched into contracting.

One of his first great successes was around Middleford. Railways had begun to rob the shire capital of its importance

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"'Ere's a Thousand Pounds." And He Handed Her a Vast Bundle of Treasury Notes

MY FIRST YALE PROM

After Lunch Henry Took Me for a Most Romantic Walk, to Look at All the Old Familiar Places, While the Chaperon Rested

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

AT THE time I received the invitation I didn't think I had any more chance of going to a Junior Promenade at Yale than a goldfish has of spraining its ankle. It was a complete surprise.

Mamma was absolutely thrilled to pieces, and I was simply wild over the idea myself. To begin with, Henry Hart was a splendid catch. If he were, during the festive week, to pop the question, I would have done better for myself than any other bud of the season. He was a howling swell, and was reputed to be a perfect peach in every way, while his family had stacks of money. His father, however, was supposed to be an awful old lobster and a little nutty. But mamma wasn't planning on my marrying the father. She thought I might, and should, hook Henry, though; in fact, it was my duty to do so, for we were hard up, and in those days, in an impoverished but swell family such as ours, every bud was expected to do her duty. And as mamma pointed out, Henry must have had serious intentions or he would never have invited me. It certainly looked as if I was going to have a corking good time.

In such naïve, simple slang were couched some of the girlish thoughts that went on under the rat in my pompadour when the invitation came. The delightful strain of it was almost too much for me, and so, putting on my button boots, a clean starched shirt waist and my suit with the leg-of-mutton sleeves and short, sensible, five-gored Rainy-Daisy skirt that came just below my boot tops, I pinned my pompadour carefully to the brim of my hat, stuck in my hatpins, adjusted my white veil with the black polka dots, and went for a nice brisk healthy walk, avoiding Madison Avenue with its noisy horse cars and choosing the quiet of that stately residential section beginning at the reservoir at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue and running south.

I wanted to think the great event over, for alas! I was just fearfully in love with a perfect corker who wore the loveliest peg-top pants and a brown derby, and not only got away with it but was given credit for the act. Not surprisingly, this object of my fancy didn't have a red cent, and my family thought he was entirely too fast. He not only drank cocktails but knew how to mix them, and made no secret of the fact. He had even come to see me with liquor on his breath, and smoked a cigarette after asking my permission, which I was too thrilled to refuse. For such was my depraved taste that I was the more fascinated by all this wickedness. He had a crush on me too—anyone could easily see that, from the way he was rushing me.

And now came this invitation from Henry, whom it was my obvious duty to marry if it could possibly be worked. A most original and appalling situation, truly, with no way out except failure to catch Henry. But if I were to fail I realized that mamma would in all probability not speak to me for weeks and weeks after the prom. No, I must sternly put Basil, as my dude was named, out of my head and sacrifice myself upon the altar of the family bank account. I sternly tore my thoughts from my admirer and fixed them on clothes for the prom.

I must have two evening gowns, of course. Some of the girls would no doubt take along as many as three, but that was a frightful extravagance. And silk stockings—I would really need silk stockings for evening wear, although my lisle were all right for the daytime. And long evening gloves. They were ghastly expensive—simply ghastly—but *de rigueur*, of course. If clothes counted for anything, I was going to be a hit or know why! I was walking along, dreaming this, unheedful of the passing crowd or of the flashing carriages and proud horses on the Avenue, when I suffered a cruel awakening. Someone was speaking to me. I came to with a start. A lady in a perfectly stunning matinée hat had touched my elbow.

"Excuse me, miss," she said, "but your placket hole is open!"

I felt so mortified! I at once remedied the fault, but the outing was ruined, so I hurried home to mamma and her endless coaching in the art of dropping the handkerchief, or landing a husband. Sometimes I think the Canadian Mounted Police must have been trained by those old-style mammas; at least none but a woman ever invented their motto of Get Your Man! I'd have made a good member myself, after the lectures I got, I'm telling!

Well, at last the great week of the prom hove in sight, and I was duly escorted to the train by my father and there turned over to the chaperon—a Mrs. Winthrop Watts—who looked her part, her integrity and double chin being simultaneously upheld by a black-velvet dog collar with a diamond sunburst pinned to the front of it. Need more be said of her? Either she was without blemish or she

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"This is the Matter, You Big Crook," and He Flapped Page Four of the Times Directly Under My Eyes

Royal Blood, or Loved and Lost

By Horatio Winslow

Formerly Beaver Center Correspondent for the Belport Times

A Page From a Reporter's Notebook

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE remarkable international events which follow I will try to describe in due order, and will begin by quoting from Page 208 of my personal scrapbook:

BEAVER CENTER JOTTINGS

Never did the K. of T. Hall present a more dainty or recherché appearance than last Wednesday, on the occasion of the Patriotic Evening given by the Ladies Auxiliary of the K. of T., when the following entertaining program was splendidly rendered:

Piano Solo—Stars and Stripes Forever *Miss Leonore Ruhland*
Flag Drill . . . . . *Pupils of Third Grade*
Group Recitation—My Country Forever . *First Church S. S. (Intermed. Class)*
Song—Columbia, Gem of the Ocean. . . . . *All present*
Address—Our Country's Defenders . . . *Col. G. W. Ruhland*
Closing Ode—Star-Spangled Banner

Bountiful light refreshments consisting of Parker House rolls, sausage, sauerkraut, fried potatoes, cakes, pickles, jellies and coffee, all prepared by the loving hands of the auxiliary, were then served with much éclat and a grand good time voted by all. Among those present was Prince Turguesco, a foreign Rumanian artist who has come to Beaver Center to hand-paint the portrait of Col. Ruhland. Ye Correspondent hopes before long to have the happy privilege of examining this work of art.

Great attention was paid to the piano solo by all present, but particularly by Mr. Ben Parker, our public-spirited fellow citizen and well-known man about town, manager of the E-Z Seat Folding Chair and Bunting Factory, who loaned the tasteful decorations of red, white and blue which decorated the hall. Ben, when are we going to get an invitation to the wedding?

I will state frankly that the above entertaining program had been rendered before Ye Correspondent entered the hall; and this was not only because I had lingered at the bountifully served silver-wedding-celebration dinner of the Reverend and Mrs. Milton, but also because, when just outside K. of T. Hall, I had been stopped by Ed Weber, the popular pool-hall proprietor and boxing fan.

"What is the matter, Ed?" I asked when I saw his face.

"There is a foreigner inside," was the reply.

"What is wrong with him, Ed?"

"At a rough guess, I would say everything, and besides he can't talk the American language. I am off all foreigners, and have been off them ever since the war. And the sooner this one gets out of town the better I will like it."

There seemed to be no use trying to cheer Ed up, so saying good night in a pleasant voice, I walked into the hall, where the ringing of laughter mingled with the sounds of disappearing refreshments and the throbbing of hearts which on this patriotic occasion were breathing renewed devotion to the country so dear to us all.

Ye Correspondent was just making his way to the refreshment table, which was groaning under loads of Nature's choicest viands, when he was caught by the arm, and looking around, saw it was none other than Ben Parker. As usual, Ben was dressed elaborate, but his face hung down even more than that of Mr. Ed Weber.

"Have you seen it?" he asked in an intense voice.

"Have I seen what?" asked Ye Correspondent.

Ben Parker pointed. On the other side of the room a large portion of the youth and beauty of Beaver Center were surrounding a foreign character about five feet six in height, with black whiskers and a dress suit; and as each was introduced this foreign character would bend over and kiss her hand.

"He calls himself Prince Targuesco and a portrait painter," said Ben Parker in a bitter voice, "but it is my guess that if a New York cop was to look at his finger prints he would be called something else. He is a prince the same way I am Abraham Lincoln. Looking at him I wonder why I let him make eyes at Leonore and those other girls. Here I am, six feet of red-blooded muscle and American manhood and an all-round sportsman, and I stand for an impostor like that. Why do I do it? The only reason I can think of is because I am afraid if I ever hit him I would be arrested for murder."

It was the first time I had heard that the foreigner was a prince and a portrait painter as well, and I immediately became interested, being as I was working along much the same lines. Not that I was in any way a foreigner or had royal blood in my veins or was painting portraits, but merely that I had always had a marked artistic temperament and was saving up my money so as to get six hundred dollars and then have a literary career in New York. Only judging by what the Belport Times paid me for acting as distributing agent and correspondent, it seemed likely that by the time I saved up six hundred dollars I would be too old for a literary career in New York or anywhere else.

Well, having left Ben Parker, and after hastily eating a roll and a wienie and a cup of delicious steaming coffee and a few more titbits, I made my way toward the foreign Rumanian artist, determined to talk with him about matters of mutual interest.

Colonel Ruhland, who was on the governor's staff from 1900 to 1902, introduced me to the prince in his usual military manner. The prince, bowing very low, gave my hand a hearty shake and said in a dialect, "I salute ze press. It is ze palladium of our liberties."

"Prince," I asked, "what do you think of America?"

"I salute America," he said with enthusiasm. "I salute ze grand Washington and ze brave soldats American."

"What do you think of our American girls, prince?" I next queried.

"I salute ze American girl," replied the prince with even more enthusiasm, and bowing in the direction of the colonel's daughter. Leonore blushed, while on the other side of the room Ben Parker turned to the open window the same as if he needed fresh air. "Yes, I salute her. Zere is nossing like her, nossing so wonderful."

"Prince," I said, "I would be very much pleased if you could manage to make a little sketch of the American girl that I could send in to the Belport Times." For I could not help feeling that the presence of the prince was the greatest event which had happened in Beaver Center since the P. O. safe was blown open in the summer of 1919.

The prince did not wait to be persuaded, and inside of a few minutes the welkin rang with compliments as, using only an ordinary pencil and a piece of stiff paper, he took a likeness of Leonore Ruhland that was almost as perfect as a photograph.

And as Each Was Introduced This Foreign Character Would Bend Over and Kiss Her Hand

"Oh, prince," said Leonore, "I hope you're going to give that to me."

"I make anozzer for you," said the prince. "I give zis to ze press."

I had thanked him very kindly and, with the picture wrapped in a tissue-paper napkin, was once more about to

visit the groaning refreshment table, when Ben Parker, catching hold of my arm, drew me toward the door.

"It is rotten," he said, looking at the sketch, "but what could you expect? Listen—when you send this junk in I want you to say in the usual squib underneath that Leonore is engaged to me. He may as well know it officially, and then if he gets fresh I will teach him a good lesson. And now watch me take him down a couple of pegs."

So saying, Ben started to where the prince was still standing in the midst of the youth and beauty of Beaver Center, and without waiting to be introduced, slapped the royal character on the back with considerable éclat, at the same time saying, "Well, prince, you don't know me, but I don't know you either, so we're even. Listen—how did you get to be a prince, anyhow? By having a cousin who was a janitor at Princeton?"

For a minute the prince looked puzzled, as if he did not understand. Then a smile came over his face. "Ah, I see," he said. "Princeton—a college joke. I salute ze college joke. Raw, raw, quite raw."

There was considerable laughter, in which Ben Parker did not join and during which he got very red.

Ye Correspondent got red, too, though not from embarrassment, but from laughing at the wrong time. Because, as a result of his artistic temperament, Ye Correspondent had forgotten he was only half through his wienie and mixed-pickle sandwich.

II

THAT was my first introduction to the prince, and I can only say my impression was favorable. But different people in Beaver Center regarded our royal visitor in different ways.

Ed Weber's opinion remained as at first, namely: "I have not got any confidence in foreigners. They cannot fight fair and would foul you as soon as look at you, and anyway, they are not game."

Colonel Ruhland, on the other hand, seemed proud of his connection with royal blood, and when meeting people, stated, "My portrait is being painted by a prince."

Mrs. Ruhland liked the prince because he was polite, in which sentiment she was joined, though not for exactly the same reason, by her daughter Leonore.

Leonore's attitude might be called mixed. As previously stated, Leonore was engaged to Ben Parker, but in spite of this, she seemed to enjoy the prince's company. And when laughter was to be heard ringing until the wee sma' hours, Leonore could often be seen dancing with the prince, while Ben Parker bit his nails in the cloakroom.

With a Wild War Whoop, the Prince Sprang From the Bed and Began Dancing Around the Room

But, though perhaps somewhat discouraged at being engaged to Ben Parker, Leonore had no intention of breaking the engagement. On one occasion, when not talking for publication and probably unaware that I was passing on the other side of the door, she said to a girl friend, "No, I wouldn't throw Ben down now if the prince were a king and an emperor into the bargain. Everybody would say I had done it just to get a chance to marry royal blood, and I am not that kind of a girl."

So that was the situation. Everybody could see Leonore was not happy. Readers of character, like myself, could observe that the prince was not happy. And this latter was not strange because Leonore had the royal personage standing on his head and walking sideways, as the saying goes. And the only time Ben seemed to be happy was when he was running down the prince.

"What did he do to win the war?" was Ben's favorite question, though, since Ben had spent 1917–18 running the E-Z Seat Folding Chair and Bunting Factory, about all he could boast of personally was that he had helped win the war by making it easier for officers to sit down.

As previously stated, Ye Correspondent's impression of the prince was altogether favorable, and I used to enjoy talking with him about my artistic temperament and how I was saving up six hundred dollars so I could have a literary career in New York. And the better I got to know the prince the sorrier I was about the sketch he had made of Leonore, even though same had not yet been published. It seemed kind of tough to have Leonore's engagement to Ben stated under the sketch which had been drawn up by the prince himself.

What especially aggravated me though was to see Ben always trying, as he said, "to show the prince up."

"Prince," I would say after hearing about one of these sly schemes, "don't ever let yourself get drawn into a poker game with Ben Parker."

"For what not?" would be the reply. "I have play pokair with a king."

"Well," I would say with a meaning smile, "don't play it with Ben Parker unless you have got four aces."

Ben and the prince played together just once. I didn't see the game myself, but those who did stated that the prince didn't know any more about poker than a rabbit, and was always asking if three of a kind beat two pair. But when the game ended at three in the morning the prince was cracking jokes in dialect with all present, and putting the dollar bills in little stacks at his right hand and the fives and tens and twenties in little stacks at his left, and Ben wasn't cracking jokes with anybody and he wasn't stacking any bills either.

Everybody that saw the swimming race said the prince didn't know any more about swimming than a paper duck, and a couple of people got sick with laughing watching the prince play tennis. But somehow or other the prince beat Ben both times.

What hurt Ben most was one day on State Street when he stopped about twenty yards from the prince and yelled, "Hello, prince, how about a game of catch?"

"What is zat, please?" the prince asked, very polite.

"Zis is zat," Ben yelled back; and pulling a baseball from under his coat, socked it at the prince as hard as he could sock it. But the prince put up his hands just in time, stopped the ball somehow, and then with a large amount of éclat burned it right back at Ben. And all Ben stopped was a lot of sarcastic laughs from everybody on State Street.

But though the prince had been consistently lucky, everybody, including Ye Correspondent, knew that such wonderful luck could not last, and feared that eventually something serious would happen.

It was a Tuesday night about two weeks after the arrival of the prince in Beaver Center. There had been a wreck on the Belport line and Ye Correspondent had just returned from the station to find out if the afternoon's Belport Times had finally arrived. They had not arrived. Consequently Ye Correspondent had been at liberty to follow duty's next call, which was to see the prince at the Merchants and Farmers' Hotel and give him a solemn warning.

It was an unpleasant task, because during the last few days the prince had acted especially down-hearted and miserable. But delay was not possible. That afternoon I heard that Ben Parker was arranging to run into the prince on a street corner and then start a fist fight with him. Since in such an event the prince would have no chance at all, I figured that the least I could do would be to tell him to keep off all public highways when not accompanied by friends.

I had just turned into State Street when Ben Parker appeared. He came dancing out of his automobile, or so it seemed, holding in his right hand a copy of a paper which was none other than the Belport Times. Still dancing, he hissed in my direction with sudden éclat, "I am going to get you. I always knew you were double-crossing me, but now I have the proofs. I will make you remember this the longest day of your life, and the prince with you."

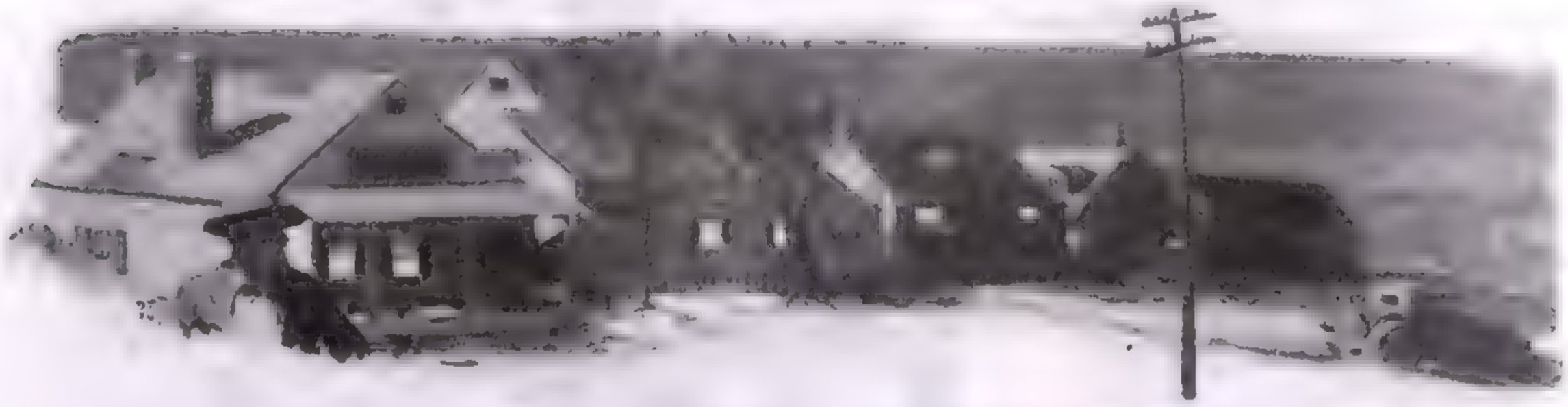
Continued on Page 66

With One Jump He Leaped Forward, Sinking His Teeth in the Prince's Right Shoulder

THE BAD END

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



"He's Crazy, the Way He Spends Money," Race Agreed. "Never Had a Cent Since He Left Here, Till His Pa Died; and Now It's Gone to His Head"

IT WAS the spring of the year; that is to say, it was that month which in more lenient latitudes brings apple blossoms and the first gently daring flowers. But April can hardly be called spring in Fraternity. The hillside pastures still wear last fall's garb of brown, the trees are stark and bare; you may find here and there in the deeper wood a shrinking patch of snow; the ponds are fast in a soiled, slack mask of rotten ice, and the roads are full of frost and set with treacherous honey-pots.

Nevertheless it was, by the calendar, the spring of the year; and the days had lengthened. In the past, Will Bissell would not have troubled on such a night to light the oil lamps in his store; but he had of late installed an electric-lighting plant, and tonight he switched on the current with a mild pride. The mail had come; but a little group of men still lingered, and they discussed this new convenience with a grudging admiration.

"Easier than lamps," Luke Hills agreed. "But it costs more too."

"You have to pay for improvements," Will Bissell reminded him.

"Don't have to have the improvements though," Luke retorted.

Chet McAusland was there; and Andy Wattles, busy behind the counter. Gay Hunt and Joe Race lounged by the front door, inclined to agree with Hills that the electric lights were an extravagance. Thrift has ceased to be a conscious virtue in Fraternity; it is become a matter either of necessity or of habit. But though it be habit and nothing more, the taint of virtue clings around it still; and the lack of thrift is viewed with an austere disfavor. The danger in such a point of view lies in the fact that it is so easy to confuse thrift with parsimony.

Outside, dusk was falling, the last of daylight draining fast away; below the store, the river tumbled and sang through the gorge beneath the dam; and along the Liberty road Joe Race saw the lights of an approaching car. The machine was making heavy weather of it; the lights bobbed sickeningly; they slued and lurched from side to side; now the right was higher, now the left. And Joe laughed and pointed with his thumb scornfully.

"Look at him," he bade Gay Hunt.

Hunt turned to see and watched while the car came to the store and passed it, going down the hill.

"He paid fourteen hundred dollars for that machine last fall," he said, with a certain unction. "And he's had it out all winter, through the snow and all. Won't be much left of it, time the roads are dry."

"He's crazy, the way he spends money," Race agreed. "Never had a cent since he left here, till his pa died; and now it's gone to his head."

They considered, with something like a sense of personal wrong, the conduct of the man who had passed by. "He's been building on to his place since he come back," Luke Hills pointed out. "Like it wan't good enough for him. Good enough for his pa for forty years."

Chet McAusland said defensively, "His folks let the farm run down."

"He ain't bringing the farm back any," Gay Hunt argued. "He sold off the best part of his orchard last fall, and he's spent that money, and more, too, on the house since then."

Will Bissell spoke for the absent one. "He's been used to having things right," he suggested. "And it don't do any harm to keep a place up."

Joe Race grinned at him. "Good customer, ain't he?" he derided.

"He pays cash," Will replied, and that for the moment silenced Joe.

"He's a good feeder," Chet confessed. "But he's a big man. Needs food. I like to have enough to eat, myself."

They might have said more, for there were many things to say; but as Chet spoke the car labored up the hill again and turned into the space beside the store, and the man himself came in by the side door. He stood in the doorway and threw up his hand and called a greeting to them, somehow boisterously. His name was Bert Woodman; and he was, as Chet had said, a big man. Not fat, but big all over, with broad shoulders, with a head that lifted better than six feet above the floor, with a tremendous chest and heavy legs and huge feet; a man planted solidly upon the ground. His voice had always irked them, for it was loud and free and uncontrolled. He had a way of saying what he thought, in a jovial fashion; and they were more used to silence or to half-furtive words. He had come back to his father's farm the summer before, and since then his ways had become a scandal to the neighborhood.

"'Evening, men," he called from the doorway; and then he spoke to Chet by name, and to Will Bissell and to Andy. Closed the door behind him and stripped off his gloves—the night was damp and cool—and loosed the buttons of his coat.

"Put up some stuff for me, will you, Andy?" he directed, and listed his necessities. At the same time he moved along the shelves of canned goods, scanning the labels there.

"Those canned peaches ought to taste good too," he decided. "Give me half a dozen cans of them, and two jars of that grape jelly. Got any blackberry jam? You ought to carry that, Will. Get some for me, will you? And three cans of that corned beef. I never tried it."

"He's a Good Feeder," Chet Confessed. "But He's a Big Man. Needs Food"

They listened soberly; but Joe Race looked at Hunt, and after a moment he said to Woodman, "Guess you're giving a party, ain't you?"

Woodman chuckled. "No; but I like plenty to eat. Never was one to stint myself, Joe. Have to keep my strength up."

"Beans'll do that," Joe reminded him, grinning at his own jest.

"All right, Joe," Woodman tolerantly agreed. "I'll eat what I want, and you stick to beans."

But his very refusal to argue made it impossible to let him alone.

And when Bert Woodman was done giving his order to Andy, Gay Hunt took him to task for abusing his automobile.

"The roads, the way they are, don't do a car no good," he said impersonally.

"It has to be handled right—eased along," the big man assented.

"Some of these ruts don't handle it right," Hunt insisted; and Woodman chuckled, spoke good-humoredly. "I never could see the use in having a thing," he protested, "if you just kept it put away."

"Guess you won't have that car long," Hunt retorted; and Luke Hills and Race laughed at that, but Woodman was undisturbed.

"I know it bothers you folks," he confessed. "I was brought up here; I know the way you feel. But I've changed, that's all. You can't get, just by saving."

"No, but you can't have without you do," Hills reminded him severely.

Woodman still smiled, but they had goaded him. He said gently, "Have you saved much, Luke?" And that hushed them for a while.

Then Will Belter came in; Will Belter, who always knew, a little ahead of anyone else, what had happened or what was going to happen. They saw his glance fix on Woodman with that eagerness they had learned to recognize, and Woodman felt it too. He said casually, "'Evening, Will."

"How-do, Bert," Will replied. He looked around at the others, and he seemed to wish to speak but held his tongue. A little constrained silence held them all for a moment, and Andy Wattles said to Woodman's elbow, "Anything else?"

"That's all," the big man told him, and drew money from his pocket to pay. Belter, behind him, caught the eyes of the other man, and nodded suggestively, and stopped by Woodman.

"What you aiming to do with them farms, Bert?" he asked. "Must plan on doing a lot of farming."

Woodman looked down at him in momentary perplexity; and then he laughed, without offense, touched Belter on the shoulder. "There's not much you don't find out, is there, Will?" he said, and took his bundles in his arms. "Good night, men," he called, in that loud, friendly voice of his; and Andy Wattles helped him carry his purchases out the door. Within, no one spoke till they had heard the car start and slide down to the road and go plunging and rocketing away toward the old Woodman farm.

Then Gay Hunt drew nearer to Will Belter, and he asked, "What'd you say about him buying some farms, Will?"

"He's bought the old Holman place," Belter replied in that shrill voice of his. "And the Byron farm, right beyond his, and Gillaspie's, this way." He looked around at his audience. "He's just been over paying down the money on them."

"The town's got them on tax deeds," Hunt protested.

"Redemption's run out on them," Belter retorted. "He's took title, all right. Bought 'em, all proper."

Gay made a scornful sound, half snort, half laughter. "If I had to spend money I could find better ways," he declared.

"He might go to farm them," Chet McAusland urged. "There's money in farming, done right. The Saladines make it pay, save money right along. But a man's got to work," he added doubtfully. "And Bert ain't much of a hand, except puttering."

"He don't farm what he's got," Luke Hills pointed out. "Just spends money clearing up around, and carpentry on the house, and new paint and all. Paint don't grow potatoes."

They were puzzled, and they were full of resentful disapproval of that which they could not understand. The incident was sufficiently sensational. Fraternity is a town that has long been consuming its own substance. Seven years ago there were seven hundred people there; now the number is less than five hundred, and there are better than a hundred abandoned farms within a mile of the village. When a farmer gives up the struggle, there is no market for his place; he pays taxes while he can, but eventually the taxes fail, and the town's only remedy is to take a tax deed and hold on, while the buildings crumble and the meadows go back to wilderness again. So if Bert Woodman was in fact inclined to the purchase of abandoned farms, he would find a continuing supply ready to his hand.

They looked at the matter from a dozen angles, finding no answer anywhere, coming back always to the theory of a fool and his money. Once Will Belter reminded them, casually, of Emily Byron.

"She always figured to redeem their old place," he pointed out. "Wouldn't surprise me if she come trying to buy it back from him."

But they thought this unlikely. "She's too sensible," Gay Hunt urged. "It ain't worth anything; just a hole to pour money in, and taxes to pay."

Luke Hills said, with a faint relish, "Well, long as he's got to get rid of his money, he might's well pay it to the town. That way we'll all get a piece of it."

"Trouble with that," Hunt reminded him, "take it three-four years and he'll be on the town his own self. Nobody can spend the way he does and not come to a bad end."

And save only Will Bissell and McAusland, the others at this sentiment wagged assenting heads.

Sheer weight of circumstance had driven Emily Byron away from Fraternity; her mother died, and then her father; to work the farm, a losing game at best, was fairly beyond her powers. She went to Augusta, and to teaching school; and though for a year or two she managed to pay taxes on the place and hoped to sell it, in the end she permitted it to go the tax-deed route, solacing herself always with the thought that when she should have saved a little more, she would buy it back and go home to live again.

The city wearied Emily. She had been used to hard and steady work the day long; but she had not been used to that more grinding mental toil which lacks even the solace of physical fatigue. She lost some weight, and she was forced to the adoption of spectacles; and though she bore herself as erectly as before, it was stiffly now, rather than with the alert poise of old. When she received the word that the farm, which had been her grandfather's, was sold she sat down and cried; but afterward she computed her savings and considered what to do; and when her school was out for the summer she made a hurried trip to Fraternity. She could stay only a day or two, since the summer term of normal school would presently demand her attendance; but in that day or two, she thought a little wearily, she might find some way. She might at least draw strength from the well from which her life had sprung.

Bert Woodman's farm lay along the Liberty road, and the Byron place was on the side toward Augusta; so Emily, who had come thus far in the car of an acquaintance bound for East Harbor, alighted at her own old home and stood there, her bag beside her, while the car rolled away. The house was, she saw, unchanged; its need of paint had become a little greater; yet the roof was sound, the shuttered windows had escaped damage, and, save for the tall grass in the yard, it was as she had left it. But she remembered now that the door would be locked and that she had no key. Bert Woodman must have the key; word that he was the purchaser had come to her. So she left her bag and started to walk along the road toward his farm.

She remembered Bert well enough; he had left home before her, himself in his early twenties while she was still in her teens. Emily was very small and Bert was very large, and she had always been a little afraid of him and a little angry at him because of this difference in their statures. To outweigh this sentiment, as she went to seek him now, she managed to drum up a certain indignation because he had bought her farm; had, she tried to tell herself, taken advantage of her negligence to seize hold upon the property she meant some day to reclaim. So she approached his place in a certain frame of mind; but she almost forgot this in her surprise at the changes she found there.

The Woodman farm backed along the river; and the river was a stream cool and dark and still, with deep woods beyond the deep, black water. There had used to be along the water a straggling fringe of alders and such stuff, ugly in itself, detracting from the beauty of the river. Someone now had cleared away this screen; and, since the house was set upon a knoll beside the road, it was possible to look across a smooth meadow, just now lush with young grass, and see the pleasant sweep and bend of the water, with the black growth climbing the steep hillside beyond. It was, she thought with faint surprise, a pleasant spot, and restful to the eyes; and the tall elms in the meadow towered so gracefully.

Someone had been busy about the house as well. Its white paint was renewed; its green trim was fresh; and the blinds, that had been used to sag, were all in good repair. Behind, toward the river, there was a little garden of flowers; a few of them were already in bloom. Immediately about the house the grass was cut short, making something very like a lawn; and when Emily at last approached the door she found hung there a new screen, its copper mesh glinting like gold.

Bert, a carpenter's apron over his overalls, came to let her in. When he opened the door she saw that the floor of the hall was newly laid, still littered with shavings, not yet painted or stained. But she had no time for more, because he recognized her; and he cried, "Why, Emily, where'd you drop from? Come in. I didn't look to see you."

His great voice embarrassed her as his great size had used to do; and she said, a little sharply, "Guess you don't want callers till you've cleaned up some. I come to get my key."

He laughed. "I am in a mess, that's a fact," he agreed. "Pretty near through though. Come in and visit a minute. Where you staying?"

(Continued on Page 88)

"I've Got a Woman From East Harbor Looking Out for Me," He Explained. "Guess She Thinks I'm in a Bad Way; But She's a Good Cook and Keeps Things Nice"

SPAIN IN TRANSITION

A Magnificent View Ruined by the Old Telephone System in Barcelona

A Telephone Linemen's School in Barcelona Under American Direction

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE of the discouraging features of present-day Europe is that most of the major countries refuse to stay put. Almost invariably the procedure is the same. Whether through dictatorship, international agreement or return to labor sanity, they start on the road to fiscal and political readjustment. Suddenly a wrench is thrown into the machinery and progress is imperiled.

England, for example, saw some degree of daylight ahead when the coal strike broke and set the business clock back indefinitely. Germany was attuned to the Dawes Plan and a movement for its revision started. France's postwar recovery halted because scheming politicians blocked necessary tax legislation and the franc paid the price. Belgian currency went on a sympathetic fall with its French money mate and King Albert became economic dictator. Pilsudski's new deal in Poland suffered a temporary reverse resulting from a cabinet crisis, and the grizzled old marshal was forced to take the premiership himself and dictate in the open. Everywhere those traditional well-laid plans have more or less come to grief.

Back in the Spotlight

SO, TOO, with Spain, where the new unrest and uncertainty have a peculiar significance not only for Europe but for the rest of the world. It grows out of the fact that for the first time since he dissolved the parliament, sterilized the constitution and set up a military directorate in 1923, Primo de Rivera's autocratic rule is menaced. If the institution that he represents should fall it may possibly signify that the twilight of dictatorships has set in. Here, as in Italy and Poland, the old parliamentarism that persistently set selfish partisan motive above patriotism has been scrapped. Will it come to life again? Spain may possibly point the way to some degree of emancipation from the strong-fisted gentry who have held the reins and the stage ever since Mussolini got on the job at Rome.

Primo de Rivera is not alone in his troubles and anxieties. King Alfonso also is up against an acute problem. Primo put the props under the throne and made Spain safe, temporarily at least, for monarchy. But his ruthless rule on the one hand and a dissatisfied coterie of powerful grandees and politicians on the other have brought the king to the crossroads. He must decide sooner or later whether he can afford the overhead of a continued dictatorship or resume play with the parties and politicians who want a constitutional régime.

But this is only one reason why the land of Ferdinand and Isabella holds the spotlight. Spain's ambition to dominate Tangier may upset the still-precarious European balance, because both England and France have big strategic interests in that Northern African domain. Primo and Mussolini are seeing eye to eye with regard to mastery of the Mediterranean. Italy is land hungry and must have an outlet for her fast-growing and surplus population. The Duce looks longingly toward certain African colonies and through a joint understanding with Spain may lay hands upon them. Furthermore, Spain's withdrawal from the League of Nations may portend another rift in that not altogether harmonious international lute at Geneva. Again, the revival of Spain's sentimental interest—it has commercial trimmings as well—in South American republics means a new adventure, or rather a return of old prestige, in a part of the world in which we have an increasing economic stake. It means that the Mother of Twenty Nations is seeking to revive part of the over-sea glory and grandeur that was hers when the red-and-yellow banner was the symbol of mighty conquest. Spain's voice is being raised outside Spain for the first time in a century.

Finally there is the economic situation, which is of growing importance to the United States. For one thing—and typical of our penetration—the telephonization of Spain is being brought about under American auspices. It is a little-heralded but emphatic evidence of our world business march. America in New Spain, especially south of Panama, is an old story, but her advent as an economic factor in the land that sent forth Cortés and Pizarro is a more recent evidence of Yankee enterprise.

General Primo de Rivera Making the First Call From the New American-Built Telephone Exchange of Ronda, Province of Malaga

Presidential Timber

THUS, all things considered, Spain offers a timely and fruitful field for analysis. That she is in transition no one can doubt. It is merely a question of whither bound. Will she remain a charter member of the dictator club, or will she, as I have intimated, go back to a constitutional government under which Alfonso might take a long chance on holding his job? The likelihood is that revolution lurks between. With a muzzled press, practically no public opinion and a 45 per cent national illiteracy, it is difficult to make an adequate diagnosis.

One thing seems certain, however. Whether the king business is to become a lost art in Spain will probably be determined during the next few years. Contrary to the general impression, Alfonso is not a hectically popular person. When I saw him at San Sebastian in October he not only failed to raise a cheer when he landed from his racing yacht but was regarded by the small crowd that assembled with a casual, almost apathetic, interest. It may have been the Spanish way, but it signified little concern one way or the other.

Alfonso's hold upon the Spanish people, such as it is, grows out of two things. One is his undoubted courage,

The other comes from the sportsmanship that has always marked him. He is perhaps the most human of living rulers in that he rides, yachts, plays polo, and is, as the phrase goes, a good sort. Gayety is one of his winning assets. That he has no illusions about the future is shown by his repeated declaration that when Spain gets tired of having a king he is willing to run for president.

Spain, as any newspaper reader can attest, has not lacked publicity this year. Nor have the periodic attempts to assassinate Primo de Rivera been responsible.

Primo de Rivera has given the country an iron government and also a sort of economic rebirth. In that respect the dictatorship scheme of things has run true to form. As in Italy, and to a lesser degree in Poland, the boss business has been good business. Primo lacks the quality of economic statesmanship that is part of the Mussolini heritage, but his eye is on the main commercial chance for his country. Whatever idea you may have about his methods and, like those of his Italian colleague, they are not exactly amiable—he has made it possible for the alien capitalist and builder to get action. In the old days you had to deal with a town meeting, mostly politicians, to negotiate for a concession or a contract. Since 1923 there is concentration of authority and, what is more important, the ability to get results.

One concrete example will show how the dictatorship has speeded up business. In the pre-Primo era Spanish bidders had first crack at all public construction. If their bids were 10 per cent higher than outside aspirants they got the contract. Today all competition is open and the Spanish contender must take his chances with the alien.

I went to Spain because it was off the beaten track of most European historians. It was something of a luxury to get to a country where there was no grouch about the war debt, and where there was not continual criticism of America. Being perfect gentlemen, the Spaniards have apparently forgotten our little brush with them back in the 90's. In the matter of war hang-over they seem to be better sports than their more powerful European neighbors.

A Tower of the Old Overhead Telephone System in Madrid, Now Being Replaced by Underground Cables

Jazz Palaces and Windmills

AS I RODE into Madrid, I could not help thinking of my last visit there. It was in 1917, when my principal object was to study the German penetration. Spain was a pivotal neutral country and the Teutonic propagandist was hotfoot on the job. He believed that he was winning the war and a considerable portion of Spain was sold on the idea of German prestige—past, present and future. Today the German is still busy in Spain. He has discarded propaganda, however, and is busily engaged in rebuilding his business fences, as you shall presently see.

Spain cashed in handsomely on her wartime neutrality. It gave her the first big boost economically since the depression that followed the loss of Cuba and her other island possessions. The gold that flowed in from the belligerent countries was employed to good use. It went into hydro-electric plants, railroad development and industrial expansion, especially in the Barcelona district. Spain got a real grip on herself and it continued until the disasters in Morocco and the unrest in Catalonia forced the new deal which brought Primo de Rivera to the fore.

Spain is still the land of paradox and contrast. Like Italy, antiquity and progress are side by side. The cumbersome bull cart blocks the way of the smart limousine in Madrid. The windmill at which Don Quixote tilted overlooks a scientific dry-farming system. You hear jazz and the fandango in the same dance hall. One institution has yielded to ultramodernity. I refer to the familiar high Spanish comb which once adorned the tresses of so many proud and haughty dames. Bobbed hair has put the comb out of commission as well as the mantilla that hung from it.

In Spain, as in South America, you must qualify the word "American." When a New Yorker of my acquaintance told a Spaniard that he was from America he was immediately asked, "What language do you speak there?" The man thought he was an Argentine. You must say that you are a North American or you get off wrong.

This reference to America brings me to our opportunity in Spain. For the moment our progress is slightly hampered by two things. One is that there is literally a fly in the Hispano-North American business ointment. I refer to the embargo set up by the Department of Agriculture on the Almeria grape, due to the presence of the Mediterranean fly, one of the most destructive of fruit pests. Both Spanish pride and pocketbook are pricked by this quarantine. The other is the excessive tax levied by Spain on American banks doing business within her confines. The Spanish want to use the removal of the grape embargo as a bargaining asset for tax reduction, and a delicate situation has developed.

A Good Customer

DESPITE these two episodes, which are now in the realm of diplomatic discussion, we are forging ahead for a new entente which is helping to bulwark Uncle Sam's increasing European business. I have already indicated the telephonization of Spain, which, let me repeat, is a clear-cut and commanding achievement. Last year we took first place as exporter to Spain. Alfonso's people now get nearly 20 per cent of all their imports from us. We have put a crimp into Germany's postwar expansion and outdistanced France, which is bound to Spain by many ties, not the least of which is the kinship in the North African war. France helped to pull the Spanish chestnuts out of the hot fire built by Abd-el-Krim. Furthermore, 55 per cent of the automobiles that speed through Spanish town and country are made in the U. S. A. Even the tourist has become a part of our growing movement in Spain. In 1916 there were only 6000 American visitors. This year the number passed the 50,000 mark.

But there can be no adequate measure of our progress and possibility in Spain without some understanding of the chain of events which precipitated the unrest and

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At Left—Landing the Intercontinental Submarine Cable That Connects Africa With Europe, on the Beach at Algeciras, Spain, in December, 1924, Four Months to the Day After the American Concession Was Signed. At Right—A Forest of Telephone Poles Between Madrid and El Escorial, in Which the New Type Is Readily Distinguishable From the Old

THE LADY KILLER

The Other Taylor Infant—Peggy—Was Sucking Her Thumb as She Was Propelled Along

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

PEEBLE PLACE they named the new street. Some few dwellers in the minute and placid suburb of Willow Manor voted to call it Imperial Avenue, or Morningside Drive, or Grandview Boulevard; but by a decisive majority it was decided to name the new thoroughfare in honor of Mr. Ellis O. Peeble. This is why.

To look at him you would never think that here was a man who had had a street named for him, and deservedly. Mr. Peeble was not cast in a heroic mold. He seemed no more colorful than a pint of fresh air. The mark of genius was not on his brow. He was a baldish man in his early thirties, whose nondescript face did not linger in one's memory. His was not a chest for medals. With difficulty could you imagine him charging up a shell-swept hill into the red mouths of hell-belching cannons. Nor had he ever done any such thing. In the late war his function had been to count and stack spiral putties in an arsenal in Delaware.

He did not look like the type of man who has ventured to the North Pole in a canoe, or single-handed beaten a potent political gang, or snatched a maiden from the maw of a shark, or tracked down a dangerous germ, or discovered a new planet or gasoline. As a matter of fact, the high point of his life was the night he got Des Moines on his homemade four-tube radio set. Yet a grateful citizenry named a street for him. There must have been a reason. There was.

To understand it, you must first understand Willow Manor and its people. It is one of those clumps of new, near-colonial cottages set on quarter-acre plots on the edge of a smallish Ohio city. Here dwelt in a pleasant state of friendly intimacy a couple of dozen families—ordinary people of no special importance in the history of civilization, who, nevertheless, in their modest way, worked some, played some, had their dreams and pains, and contrived in the main to enjoy life. They had a Community Association, a common tennis court, a playground, a bridge club, a Ladies' Thursday Literary Society, and there was talk of some day clearing the hay off Wilson's meadow and boring some golf holes.

When the wives of Willow Manor met to be literary—as they did on alternate Thursdays—the local newspaper in reporting the event described them as "members of the younger married set." They averaged seven years of married life and two babies apiece.

Their husbands played minor rôles in the huge Donaldson Pump Works—James Blaine Donaldson, president—the town's chief industry. Ellis O. Peeble, for example, was one of a squad of lesser auditors. He audited diligently each day and in the evening rode home on the 5:42 trolley, glued to a strap. People said, "He's all right." Just that. He was a dub at tennis and played a fumbling hand at bridge. He danced indifferently. Sometimes, for even in such an Eden as Willow Manor there was a certain amount of mild gossiping, people said they wondered why so vivacious a girl as Elsie Peeble had ever married him.

They admitted that they appeared to be a devoted couple and that the two Peeble babies, called Bupper and Twister, were bright little things, even if they did take after their father in looks; a circumstance which may have been unavoidable but was deemed rather a pity, for Elsie was quite pretty in a plump, dark way, whereas even Mr. Peeble's best friends admitted that his countenance was somewhat piscatorial.

Life was flowing along in an unrippled stream in Willow Manor when an event occurred which made the members of the Ladies' Thursday Literary Society forget all about discussing Mrs. Luther Gunn's paper on The Life of Lord Byron, and she had gone all the way to the public library to get it out of the encyclopedia too.

"I saw him today," announced Elsie Peeble, a trifle breathlessly.

"Not Lord Byron, my dear," said Mrs. Gunn. "He passed away some time ago in the isles of Greece."

"Not Lord Byron, dear," said Elsie Peeble, "but a man who looks like him."

"I know," said Mrs. Luther Gunn. "Mr. Donaldson."

"Yes," said Mrs. Peeble. "I understand his first name is Malcolm."

"Malcolm!" breathed Mrs. Luther Gunn. "Such a manly name! When I do my novel I think I'll call my hero Malcolm."

"He carries himself well," remarked Mrs. Floyd Taylor. "He was wearing a cream-colored suit of pongee and a bright cerise tie."

"Is he going to be here long?" asked Elsie Peeble.

"Permanently, I hear," said Mrs. Floyd Taylor. "He's staying with the Whites. He's their distant cousin, I think."

"Is he related to James Blaine Donaldson?" Mrs. Peeble asked.

"Yes. He's a distant cousin."

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Luther Gunn. "All my distant cousins are terrible."

"He has a position at the works," said Mrs. Floyd Taylor. "In the selling department, I understand."

"What a world!" sighed Mrs. Luther Gunn. "A poet selling pumps!"

"How do you know Mr. Donaldson is a poet?" asked Mrs. Fred Ross.

"He must be," said Mrs. Luther Gunn, "with a face like that. There's so much whimsey in it."

"And a touch of sadness about the eyes too," remarked Mrs. Peeble.

"He looks," said Mrs. Floyd Taylor, "as if he had lived. I wonder that he hasn't gone into the motion pictures."

"Or on the stage," spoke up little Mrs. Walter Brink. "He has a perfectly thrilling bass voice."

"How do you know?" the ladies asked in chorus.

"I've met him," said Mrs. Brink.

"You did?"

"When?"

"Do tell us about him."

"I met him," said Mrs. Brink, enjoying her moment, "at the tennis court yesterday. Martha White introduced us."

"What is he like?"

Mrs. Brink blushed a little.

"He has lovely manners," she said. "When I shook hands with him and said I was glad to make his acquaintance, he bowed very low and said, 'The pleasure is mutual, I am sure'"

"What else did he say?"

"Nothing much. Something about Willow Manor being a charming spot and how he felt at home here already. Then he played tennis. He beat Walter easily. Mr. Donaldson has a beautiful serve."

"I was sure he would have," murmured Mrs. Luther Gunn.

"He isn't married, is he?" asked Mrs. Fred Ross.

"No."

"Engaged?"

"I believe not," said Mrs. Brink.

"Think of it," exclaimed Mrs. Fred Ross; "a perfectly unattached bachelor in Willow Manor!"

"And such an interesting-looking man too," said Mrs. Peeble

It developed shortly that Mr. Malcolm Donaldson, formerly of Detroit but now firmly ensconced in Willow Manor, was quite as interesting as he looked. He was a tall and athletic young man, which made him stand out in a community where none of the men were distinguished for size or muscularity. He was handsome in a dashing, leading-juvenile sort of way, whereas the men of Willow Manor ran to snub noses, freckles, noticeable Adam's apples and large, ruby ears. Mr. Donaldson had a bountiful supply of clothes which leaned toward the fanciful in cut, and a galaxy of emotional neckties. The husbands of Willow Manor were not speculators in the haberdashery market. After their salaries had been stretched to appease the grocer and the building and loan association, and had provided a beaded georgette for mother and tonsillectomy for junior, there was usually just enough left over for one suit per annum—a conservative business model with two pairs of trousers, $42.50—and possibly for summer wear, a new pair of ice-cream pants. Mr. Ellis O. Peeble always wore blue serge, chosen for its mileage, and he had to wear it till the trousers glittered like a fire chief's badge. So, sartorially and otherwise, Mr. Malcolm Donaldson caught the eye like a butterfly at a picnic of moths.

Having caught the eye, he held it by a dazzling display of many talents. Nature, it seemed, in addition to a cleft chin and wavy hair, had dumped her entire cornucopia of gifts on him.

Dance? Mr. Donaldson, to quote Mrs. Gunn, danced divinely. To dance with the other men of Willow Manor came under the head of duty. They waded through a dance like men fording cold brooks, and their faces wore a look of moist concentration. But Mr. Donaldson! To dance with him was an adventure. He whirled and pivoted and glided with a greyhound's sinuous grace, and if the dance tune happened to be something like Honey, I Don't Want Half of Your Heart—It's All or Nothing With Me, he sang the words—and he knew them all—into his partner's ear in a deep and pleasingly masculine voice. Moreover, he could Charleston. He loved nothing better, he averred, than to teach a pretty woman its mysteries; and he clapped his hands and shouted, "Hey! Hey!" while the matrons of Willow Manor brandished limbs and elbows and the men stood about glumly, oppressed by the knowledge that if they essayed to do it they'd probably dislocate their knee joints or fall inglorlously on their noses.

Sing? Mr. Donaldson could and did. He favored virile ballads like "Out of the night that covers me, black as the pit from pole to pole," and "Give a man a horse he can ride," and his voice was both powerful and melting. Of course he accompanied himself on the piano.

His tennis was meteoric, and when he played the other Willow Manorites they looked like so many lame, blind men buffeting at bumblebees with fly swatters.

On top of it all, he had a way with him. He liked to talk, particularly to women, and his conversation was copious and engaging. He could tell anecdotes in many dialects and did so freely. He knew when to be playful, and then, suddenly, serious. Among his endowments was a robust self-esteem. This enabled him to speak without reticence of himself, his experiences, which were varied and vivid, and to keep the conversation on a personal plane, which the women of Willow Manor found much more absorbing than discussions of spark plugs, pump making and real estate.

"He's just full of charm," was the way Mrs. Gunn put it to Mr. Gunn.

"Huh!" said Mr. Gunn. "Charm!"

He made a face and said words under his breath. One might have thought he was not entirely captivated by Mr. Donaldson. Indeed, a certain growing coolness toward Mr. Donaldson might have been detected among the Willow Manor husbands. To it he seemed happily oblivious. He slapped their backs and caroled out, "How goes it, old horse?" as heartily as ever.

With the wives it might be said that Mr. Donaldson was an unqualified success. That it was richly merited was unquestionable, as a report of his first meeting with Mrs. Elsie Peeble, to cite only one example, will show.

Introductions having been effected, he took possession of her, saw that she was comfortably seated beside the community tennis court at a spot far enough away from players and spectators to be out of earshot, and looking at her with large, steady eyes, began:

"I've wanted to know you, Mrs. Peeble."

As he said this in a low, earnest voice and did not take his eyes from hers, there was nothing for Elsie Peeble to do in the circumstances but color and say, "Really, Mr. Donaldson"

"Yes. Would you be interested in knowing why?"

Mrs. Peeble said she would be.

"You see," said Mr. Donaldson, "there's something about you that strikes me as being different from the other girls I've met here, or anywhere, for that matter. I can't be sure what it is, for, after all, I hardly know you—yet."

Mrs. Peeble colored more deeply, plucked a blade of grass, chewed it.

"I hope, sincerely," went on Mr. Donaldson, "that we can be good friends. People say I have an outgoing nature. I like people—when I'm attracted to them—very much. I'd like it, for example, if you'd call me Mal and let me call you Elsie. After all, life is too short for formalities; don't you think so?"

Mrs. Peeble ate another blade of grass and nodded

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He Clapped His Hands and Shouted, "Hey! Hey!" While the Matrons of Willow Manor Brandished Limbs and Elbows and the Men Stood About Glumly

THE PRIMITIVE MOTIVE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Know Where Such Things are, But They are Difficult to Get. Yes, it Would Need Time and Diplomacy"

DELIBERATING in the doorway of one of his clubs, considering all the possible ways of avoiding the stupid evening threatening him, Willie Gerald found himself suddenly faced by Landon Custis. Custis demanded to be told where Willie had been for at least three months.

"What is her name and where does she live? It must be in Unalaska. I saw Rose Brincker last night, and asked her, but she was only mysterious." At the point of reply Willie was stopped. "No, don't make it up here. You can lie much better when you're comfortable and had a drink. Come up to our rooms."

This, at least, furnished Gerald with a temporary relief from what had seemed to reach interminably before him, and he followed Custis into the elevator. He liked Landon Custis, and he liked Harry Barnes, who lived with him; neither of them was married; they lived in the greatest imaginable comfort in a private succession of rooms at the club; and their cocktails before dinner were one of the inimitable ceremonies of that masculine social existence. Formerly Willie Gerald had often been present, but through the past three years he had drifted farther and farther from his old places and habits of pleasure.

He was glad, just now, to be with Custis again; and in the long cool tiled hall of their apartment he shook Barnes' hand hard. He was in a dressing gown and bath clogs. Custis informally undressed at once, wandering from room to room, and Gerald fell immediately into the relaxation of a place without women. He told himself that he was as sick as possible of women; they had always been a cause of endless trouble to him; and so, since he was tired of being victimized by their specious attractions, he found a great relief in his present situation. Women were at times entertaining, but no more; they weren't a practical necessity. For example, the rooms about him were as handsome and orderly as any he knew; both Custis and Barnes had remarkably fine old furniture; mahogany that had never known an antique dealer, and silver that had spent its life—since the early Georges—on not more than two sideboards. The walls were covered with Landon's celebrated collection of sporting lithographs, the floors with rugs the color of old wine.

But, more than that, the atmosphere was completely peaceful. Barnes had put out the familiar silver cocktail glasses and he was busy with measurements. He proceeded with a tremendous and minutely careful solemnity; making, Gerald remembered, only one drink at a time; there could be nothing wholesale, left to the dilution of melted ice, in that operation. There were footsteps along the hall, and Andy Scrine appeared, short, thickset, and as powerful as he seemed. Scrine was unusual—an athlete with an active and independent mind; he talked with conviction, picturesquely using the vocabulary of sport for all the various subjects which engaged him; while Barnes, who was interested in abstract ideas, added opinions with an insistence of his own.

It was all, Willie Gerald told himself, as pleasant as possible; and he had thought of how to meet the subsequent unpromising evening—he simply wouldn't go! Nothing, he discovered, would happen if he didn't; he couldn't be arrested or shot or branded; it would not affect his credit at the bank. The cocktails had helped him to that decision and he was immensely grateful. It seemed to Gerald that he hadn't been so happy and relaxed for years. Women—he thought specially of Rose Brincker—were a tyranny. They cunningly planned to make themselves appear invaluable; they were, undoubtedly, to certain large classes of men—the less intelligent. Here Landon Custis was perfectly contented without them; Harry Barnes was doing very well indeed in a purely masculine world; and he, Willie Gerald, had never been better off. The thing for him to do was get two rooms at a good club and have superlative drinks for the men he liked in the late afternoon. Women, in a strictly ornamental capacity, were admirable; they were sometimes good in the kitchen—but the best cooks were men, even the most celebrated dressmakers. He looked up and saw Fairman Lane entering the room. Of course Landon and Fairman Lane were connections of a sort.

Willie Gerald's sense of peace abruptly left him; he rose formally and acknowledged Lane's presence, and then pulled his chair around until, with its back to the others, he faced Scrine. They had been discussing the psychology of the training table and football squad, and Gerald continued with no reference to the latest arrival.

His peace of mind, the truth was, had changed to an aggressive annoyance; everything about Lane, the very sound of his voice, exasperated Gerald. What the devil had he meant by prying into Govrosky's early pine table! Why had he wanted to buy it? It was simply a piece of cursed impertinence. Willie Gerald was prepared to tell him that. At the same time he must be careful. He didn't know how much Lane had discovered. Something evidently. Gerald went back over all the transactions he could recall, but he could find nothing which might provide Fairman Lane with a definite accusation. No, he could have only the suspicions borne in his resentment at what had happened in connection with The Governor Berkeley Society for the Perpetuation of Virginia Splendors.

It would have been wiser, perhaps, not to have planted Govrosky's highboy in the Slashes for Lane and his cousin, Mrs. Lampner, to find, but Willie was glad that he had hooked them. The time was gone when he was afraid of making enemies; he was no longer an object for the social elect to try their ill tempers on.

"I like the English system of training better," Scrine was saying; "it keeps the men in a more cheerful frame of mind. If they need a little pleasure or a bottle of good ale I'm in favor of it."

"You are," Barnes agreed; "you are for a fact, and you show it." He had done a hundred bends that morning and a hundred in the afternoon, Scrine replied, and played a lot of court tennis between; with eight more pounds off he'd be perfectly satisfied. Lane was examining the print of a famous English sporting moment—when a terrier had killed an incredible number of rats in almost no time at all. His back was exactly like him, narrow and opinionated. Willie discovered another cocktail at his hand and he drank it. Lane, it had developed, as usual, was superior to such hospitality, and Willie muttered a phrase about wasting good gin.

Scrine looked at him surprised. "I didn't say gin," he pointed out. "It was ale. I'm interested in what you said. It's right. I've seen it work. You have got to know what's going on in those birds' minds. But I had no idea you understood about it. You better come out to college and look them over. They need something. Landon, here's Willie Gerald explaining the football squad to me, when I thought all he knew about was old chairs. I want you to hear what he said too. It's scientific."

Willie Gerald held himself tensely on the edge of his chair, since he was certain Fairman Lane must take advantage of the opening Scrine had given him. Willie thought, "If he tries any of his sarcasm I'll smash him." This determination was quite automatic; it seemed the natural, the inevitable, thing to do, after cocktails at a club and his conversation with such a notable athlete as Andy Scrine. Lane did turn from the print he was examining and cast a fleeting cold glance at Gerald. But he said nothing. Later he congratulated Landon Custis on a loo table.

"You are fortunate it's English," he added; "since it will have been finely built. It was made by a cabinetmaker. America had only journeyman carpenters."

Willie Gerald said quickly:

"Phyfe was a cabinetmaker, and so was Savery. There were first-class cabinetmakers in Virginia and the Carolinas; the early Pennsylvania dressers were beautifully constructed, and there were a dozen men, anyhow, whose Windsor chairs were infinitely better than the English. There are no Georgian mantels finer than McIntire's." Barnes cut in on him to say that what followed promised

to be good. Landon was already a little concerned by the sharpness of Lane's and Willie Gerald's voices, and Scrine frankly grinned at them both.

"What Gerald means," Fairman Lane explained, "is that American antiques are more useful to him than English." He paused. "They can be copied more easily."

Perhaps, Custis told Lane, he had better make himself entirely clear. "Now you've said so much. I don't know what it's all about, but I can see Willie is getting thoroughly annoyed. And I have a passion for peace."

Lane was standing with a hand on the table he had commended, and he turned deliberately to Willie Gerald. "Now that we are here," he declared—"and remember I didn't come looking for you—you will have to have it. We might have found a more relevant place, but the thing itself couldn't be avoided. Well, Gerald, it amounts to this - you are a thoroughly dishonest individual."

Willie Gerald rose quickly. "You understand me absolutely," Lane proceeded. "I oughtn't to have to say any more. But I will make it plain to the others—for three or four years now Gerald has been manufacturing antiques and selling them as genuine to women. To women! He has kept it very well covered, but he couldn't hope to go on, and he didn't stop soon enough. I must admit, though, that in a way he caught me first. He had an imitation highboy carted down to Virginia and put in a dark house, where I advised its purchase."

Willie Gerald stepped up to him. "You're a liar," he said. A variety of pleasure swept over Gerald; he knew what was coming, and it seemed to him that all his rebellion, his suppressed personal liberty, was to find full expression in one swift act. Lane was the complete figure of all that he had come to detest; and thinking this, he hit Fairman Lane as hard as he could manage in the face.

Yet the instant he struck him Willie's satisfaction vanished. He gazed in an appalled amazement at the blood streaming across Fairman Lane's face. Lane had fallen back and was half supporting himself on the loo table. There had been an exclamation from behind them, but now Gerald was surrounded by a deep silence. Scrine's face, he saw, was blank, wholly noncommittal; Harry Barnes was clearly shocked, and Custis showed traces of anger.

"I'm sorry, Landon," Willie apologized.

"You can't be sorry now," Scrine asserted. "It's past that."

Lane was recovering. He was turned away, wiping his face on an inadequate handkerchief. "If you will excuse me for a minute, Landon," he said, "I will go into your bathroom."

When he had gone Scrine continued, "There's no use in our getting into a lather. As I see it there was only one thing for Willie to do. And of course he did it. I must say Willie's been a great surprise to me this afternoon."

"We can't discuss any of this until Fairman is back," Landon Custis replied. "Personally, I think Gerald is either drunk or crazy."

Barnes objected. "My dear Landon, you forget what he said about Willie." He stopped abruptly—Fairman Lane was again in the room. Already one eye was half hidden in a blackening swelling and a long cut was visible, and still bleeding, on his cheek.

"I understand," he said in a slow precise voice, "that generally there is considered to be only one satisfactory answer for a blow, but, unfortunately, I don't agree with it. I can't see that a thing would be gained by a fight with Gerald. What I said before I will repeat—he is a thoroughly dirty and dishonest character and not fit for decent associations."

"Now, look here, Fairman," Scrine protested. "You can't just keep on like that. You might make it necessary for Willie to crack you again. I don't care whether you smash him back or not. That's a question of personal choice. But what you must do is make plainer what you've said. You have to prove it. The truth is, that has got to be your answer."

"How did you get in this?" Lane demanded.

"Let me tell him, Andy," Custis spoke for him. "You will remember, Fairman, that I'm a governor in this club, and both Barnes and Scrine are on a lot of the boards. I hate all this, but it has happened and it's got to be met. I mean this, to be still more direct—this club isn't as stiff, really, as some other clubs we may belong to; we want it to be a pleasant sort of place; and at the right times, with the right men, we have been more lenient than not. But there has to be a line somewhere, and here it is either Willie or you can't keep on being a member. I don't pretend to say which of you is wrong; we'll have to find that out. Well, I propose to do it. I don't want a liar around me, and no more do I want to associate with any kind of cheat. I don't have to do either."

"The thing for you," Scrine continued to Lane, "is to show us your proof. Until that happens, if you will allow me to say so, Custis and Barnes and I would be obliged if nothing was said publicly about this. Even a rumor, if it were not a fact, would hurt Willie, and you can't be letting men call you a liar and beat you up and get away with it."

Lane addressed Willie Gerald. "I'll have details about you inside a month that will keep you out of every club and house I know. I'd have you tomorrow if the chairs you sold Olive Crenshaw hadn't burned up with their Morristown house last year. But I don't really need them; some of the early pine Govrosky sold lately will be enough. You may be very sure I'll trace it back to its source as well as forward."

All sense of triumph had departed from Willie Gerald; he was profoundly disturbed by his violence. He felt that his body was trembling and he desperately hoped no one would notice it. He was so weak that he couldn't have raised a hand; if he spoke he knew that his voice would shake. Fairman Lane would ruin him. No, he had ruined himself. Ignominious. Thrown out! He thought of Eliza Grinling and the vague possibility that he might have married her. He could perfectly see her amused disdain when she learned what he had done with the furniture from her mother's negro school.

Willie Gerald carried away from the club a feeling of increasing uneasiness. He told himself, but to no purpose, that he had been wholly justified in hitting Lane; if he hadn't he would have lost the good opinion of everyone else in the room. He had upheld in himself one of the oldest and most important masculine traditions. Probably, but hidden from him, his act had won a large approbation. He was in his rooms, in the attitude in which he had dropped onto a chair; and instead of coming to his assistance, his pride apparently had left him entirely. He should naturally have resented as violently as possible Lane's violent accusation—if it had been false. But it

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Lane Addressed Willie Gerald. "I'll Have Details About You Inside a Month That Will Keep You Out of Every Club and House I Know"

THE JOY GIRL

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Well, Mother, it Started Like a Game. Such Fun! I Said, as a Matter of Fact, 'Don Juan Courage' Is My Father's Uncle'"

VIII

THROUGH the first three weeks of a moist, warmish November Mrs. Courage watched and feared. She knew something was afoot. Never had her girl designed in such feverish haste so many hats for the milliner Isolde, and never had the accruing money vanished so palpably on personal adornments. The girl was out so much; those late nights multiplied, when the mother would lie awake listening for the sound of the latchkey and the stealthy flying feet on the stair; and there was never a man's voice in the garden below saying "Good night"; never the urgent voice of Sandman or the jolly giggling one of Flora as there used to be when Jewel went out with her crowd.

Yet there must be a man in it somewhere. Who was he to send this young beauty home alone, night after night, even in the small hours?

And there were those Sundays; two—three of them. "You'll spoil that suit in that old side car of Mr. Sandman's," Mrs. Courage angled.

"I'm not going in Hugh Sandman's side car; I've something better than that." Now where and with whom did she go?

From these Sundays she came home quiet and moody and unhappy, like a child struggling with problems too big for it; vexed, distressed, hectic, perplexed. From the late evenings she awoke determinedly hilarious, receiving her breakfast tray from the hands of the mother slave with a "You won't be doing this for me much longer, mums. You may be breakfasting in bed with a maid all frills to wait on you by the time the year is out."

"Flora," said Mrs. Courage, meeting her in the road one twilight, "we see nothing of you now."

"Can't stop this afternoon, Mrs. Courage."

"But why don't you call to see Jewel?"

"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Courage ——"

"Or to see father and me. Come in now and talk to father and me, dear."

"I suppose Jewel's out?"

"Well—yes. But she may be in any minute."

"I expect she's gone off with her new friends, Mrs. Courage."

The grievance was not bitter; it was soft and plaintive in Flora's voice.

"I'm sure she doesn't mean to neglect her old ones, dear."

After hesitation—"Besides, Mrs. Courage," said Flora softly, "there's something else." Mrs. Courage saw Flora's face gentle, rapt and happy. "I'm engaged to Hughie Sandman, and ——"

Mrs. Courage suddenly felt her heart sink as in dismay. Why should she grudge this plain girl the crumbs from her beautiful daughter's table? She could not justify her distress, and yet she knew that she grudged Flora her happiness. Would it be so much less for Jewel?

"Really, Flora, you take my breath away. So sudden! I wish you all the good things, of course, you and Mr. Sandman. Does Jewel know?"

"No."

"How long "

"We've been engaged three weeks."

"Fancy! And Jewel not knowing!"

And she wrestled again with the agony of wondering. "Where does she go? Whom does she see then?"

"You see, Mrs. Courage, it was like this: Jewel was going out with Hughie one Sunday morning—he'd arranged to take her to Hyde Park—see church parade, you know—and she put him off at the last moment to go motoring with someone else. And what should he do but come straight round to me, fetch me out and—and —— I do hope Jewel won't feel I've stolen him from her."

"My dear, you know Jewel has the choice of dozens."

"Is that so, Mrs. Courage?" said Flora calmly.

"That is so."

"Fancy!" said Flora indifferently.

"You might have written to tell her though."

"Hughie said —— It was Hughie."

"I suppose she piqued him," said Mrs. Courage, with, somehow, that faint distress still at her heart. "She does try men hard, though I say it. And when are you being married?"

"At once," Flora answered.

"At once?"

And suddenly Flora was all bride: "He's tired of being single. We're taking a little house—five rooms—at Barking; much such a house as yours, Mrs. Courage, only it happens to be brand-new. I'm so busy getting ready that I don't know if I'm on my head or my heels. My aunt in the country is giving me my trousseau. My relations do like Hughie so! We've been going around seeing them in the week-ends in the motorcycle outfit, you know. Oh, I would love Jewel to see my things!"

"She'd love to see them, Flora," answered Mrs. Courage with a sinking heart.

And going home, she told her husband, "Flora is engaged to Mr. Sandman."

"And Jewel?"

"He was never good enough for her!"

"Mother," said Courage in pale gray anger, "where is this girl of yours going?"

"She's all right, Herbert. She has a head on her shoulders. Brilliant as she is beautiful."

But going upstairs, she knelt down and prayed for Jewel—that she should be safe, happy, lucky, loved; that she should never be without those who strewed flowers before her.

That night Jewel was out. She had left at eight in the new frock which she had sat making all day, and the embroidered shawl which Isolde was letting her pay for by installments. She looked abstracted and triumphant, and could be roused neither to reason by her mother nor to anger by her father. She made the most modish, the most daring apparition the meager dining room had ever seen when she looked in to say good-by. And passing the open sideboard drawer wherein still lay folded the materials for the hat that had yet to be created, she flicked them contemptuously with her manicured fingers

"This hat'll never be made, mums; at Christmas I'll give you a beauty from Paris, not from Wallflower Road, Dulwich."

Behind her father's paper: "What happens at Christmas then?"

"Wait and see!"

He seemed to cover himself with the paper, in despair, inadequate.

"Did you know, Jewel," asked Mrs. Courage to rescue the situation, "that Flora is engaged to Hugh Sandman?"

"No. She can have him." And the door closed upon her.

"She wouldn't be going by bus in those clothes," muttered Courage behind the paper.

"No, she—she wouldn't, would she?"

"My heavens, can't you look after just one girl? Can't you have an idea where she goes, what she does? Are you crazy?"

Mrs. Courage ran upstairs and looked from a top window. But she saw no lights of any private car in Wallflower Road. She could not see into Prince's Avenue, down which Jewel flew toward Vicary, who, in a taxicab, waited at the far end.

Mrs. Courage was still up and dressed that night when, soon after twelve, Jewel let herself in.

"Mother! Well, of all the spying!"

"Sh! Father's asleep."

"Never mind who's asleep and who's awake tonight Mums, come into the dining room. Is there a fire?"

"I've kept it in."

On the hearth they crouched, by the careful sulky embers, the small slim girl and the small thin woman.

"Oh, mother! Oh, mother! Oh, mother!"

Mrs. Courage's face also flashed like the face of a girl, eager for news, for splendor, for sweetnesses, for triumphs, even if vicarious.

"I'm going to be married, mother." And all over Mrs. Courage's face ran flushes and fears. "To a marvelous man, extremely wealthy, with a big house in Westminster he hardly ever uses; and cars—everything! He travels a lot. We—we shall go abroad for our honeymoon. What I'm afraid of is—is ——" The girl was gasping

Mrs. Courage grew quiet. Through the anguish that swept up all through her body at the thought that now, all at once—just as, of course, she had known it must happen one day—she was to lose the baby, the girl, the beauty around whom her whole meager life revolved, she achieved heroic quietness, a bravado of smiles.

"Just tell mother everything."

"What I'm afraid of is that he'll know—before we're married."

"Know?" Then Mrs. Courage's glance swept round, seemed to turn inward on herself. "About this? About us? He doesn't know then?"

"Oh, mother, if a rich man sees a girl come out of a place like this, trailing round the West End, what would he think? That she was just out to—to hook the biggest fish she could get. Now wouldn't he? Rich men—men of the world—wouldn't marry that sort of girl unless she was—oh, terribly clever—cleverer than I shall ever be."

"What does he think then?"

"Why, that you and father are rich too. He thinks we live in Prince's Avenue; one of those great big stone houses with the large conservatories. I've never let him drive me quite home or come here to fetch me; I've said you were awfully strict; that I slipped out without your knowing; that you didn't let me visit any friends but stuffy old rich people like yourselves; and that you'd got a husband all picked out for me and I was pretending I'd marry him next year, just to keep you quiet. He—he's crazy about me—this man—and he says we'll get married quietly and he'll carry me off, and—of course, he doesn't want to estrange me from you, he says. He says, don't I think you'll forgive me and come to terms quite happily as I'm your only daughter. I said I knew you would, once it was too late for you to do anything, because I was the apple of your eye. Besides, I said—and somehow he himself seemed to think—that I'll have plenty of money in my own right when I'm twenty-one. For some reason Mr. Silvio ——"

"Who's that?"

"The manager of the Tree Top Club. He seems to think all this about me too. He says lots of young girls do just what I do nowadays—slip off from home and indulge in all manner of escapades. And he seems to know something about some Courages—there's a very moneyed family of the name, it seems; people from Jamaica, with huge estates there—and he said to me carelessly one evening, 'I suppose you're related to the De Juan Courages.' And I seemed to—and you know how it is—I seemed to give him the impression I was. Well, mother, it started like a game. Such fun! I said, as a matter of fact, 'De Juan Courage is my father's uncle.' 'Old De Juan, you mean?' he said. 'Of course,' I said, 'I mean old De Juan. I went out and stayed with them last spring.' I said, 'It is heavenly.' You know, mother, it all piled up and piled up ——"

"Oh, my darling!"

"He's crazy about me, adores me. Of course I had to say to him, 'I shan't have any trousseau if I can't tell my people.' He said, 'Come just as you are. You're all I want.' And we're going to be married."

"Jewel! But what do you know about him?"

"Oh, that's you all over! Questions, questions! I shan't tell you any more if you can't take it on trust."

"But, my baby ——"

"Now listen, mums. It is the real, real thing. Silvio told me a lot about him. All I want you to do is not to say anything; just wait, and—and keep father quiet; father mustn't know anything."

Mrs. Courage murmured, excusing her husband: "He doesn't understand quite."

"That is all I want you to do, mother. I shouldn't have told you, only ——"

(Continued on Page 34)

Her Eyes Distended in Horror, Her Face Whitened, Her Heart Burned Suddenly His Savage Anger Broke "Get Out!" He Yelled

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 27, 1926

Vigilantes of Crime

THERE was a time in the life of America, especially in the West, when crooks, gamblers and gunmen became so free and careless that a determined group of honest citizens, men who wanted to live decent lives in a decent town, organized a group of vigilantes, hung the most notorious offenders to convenient lamp-posts and ran the lesser culprits out of town. That was pioneer stuff, rough-and-ready justice, a method of dealing with offenders against law and decency that has gone out with the passing of the handy lamp-post.

Other times, other customs. Today our vigilantes are criminals organized against decent citizens who try to interfere with their activities. They pot the police and the inoffending citizen almost at will; shoot down their critics, as in Ohio; and carry on their private wars, as in Chicago. But as yet there has been no uprising of citizens banded together to see that justice is meted out to native-born offenders and that alien criminals are run out of the country.

There is today a real need in almost every city in America for vigilantes—not the old type who took the punishment of criminals into their own hands, but organizations of determined men to see that the officers of the law, from the lowest to the highest, mete out justice without fear, favor or delay. Such organizations, composed of men resolute to obey and to force obedience to the laws, could quickly throw the fear of God into complaisant city officials, slack judges and minor grafters, and force them to clean up.

Every slack city government is kept in power by slacker voters. Graft and corruption can live only because the majority are willing to tolerate graft and corruption and, too often, to profit by it. There could be no better example than the way in which minor violations of a law distasteful to many good citizens have fostered the major crimes of bribery, highway robbery and murder. In the annals of crime there has been nothing more naïve or more sobering to those who love their country than the remark of the bootlegger who opined that no necessity existed for the rival beer gangs to murder each other with machine guns, as there was enough profitable business for both.

Every good citizen must believe that the Volstead Law should be enforced or repealed—that no middle course is possible. But it must not be forgotten that graft, bribery, rotten politics and crime were as much in evidence under the saloon system as they are today, though the propaganda to play them up as almost solely a result of prohibition had not begun. So whether we decide to live under prohibition or under the saloon, the fight for law enforcement must go on.

Again, prohibition is only one part of our problem, and not the major part. The school of thought that believes our troubles will be over when the workman can sip a legal glass of beer and the millionaire "open wine" unhampered by the law is in for a jolt. We shall still have a liquor-law-enforcement problem, and we shall not have one crook less to deal with. While the repeal of the Volstead Act may alleviate thirst, it will not repeal crime. Only continued vigilance, official and unofficial, can deal with that problem. There must be vigilance at our ports of entry, to make sure that only those who want to become Americans and are fit to become Americans are allowed to enter; there must be vigilance by Federal authorities, to make sure that those aliens whose crimes have proved their unfitness are deported; and there must be eternal vigilance by every good citizen, to make sure that weak, complaisant or crooked men are kept out or forced out of office. If we do not want to be ruled by vigilantes of crime, we must be vigilantes of law and order.

The Cotton Situation

THE October cotton reports of the United States Department of Agriculture revealed a crop so large as to provoke a critical decline in the price of cotton. In fact, however, the development of the present position has not been so sudden as would appear from the price sheet; it was a gradual development. In 1921 the cotton crop was scarcely more than 8,000,000 bales. It has increased progressively to more than double that figure in 1926. The cotton crop of the current season represented a record acreage, favorable moisture and surprisingly little depredation of the boll weevil. The crop of 1925 was in excess of current world requirements and the carry-over into the present crop is estimated at around 5,500,000 bales. Thus the carry-over plus the crop for the present season is not far from 23,000,000 bales. If one were to assess domestic consumption during the current season at 7,000,000 bales and exports at 8,000,000 bales, one would arrive at the inference that something like 8,000,000 bales will be carried into the next crop. Possibly 1,000,000 more bales might be consumed and still another 1,000,000 bales be purchased by manufacturers at the lower price level. At the best, therefore, one is compelled to anticipate a carry-over of more than 6,000,000 bales.

The average price of average-grade cotton, basis New York, for the crop of 1924 was more than twenty-four cents. The average price for last season was close to twenty cents. With the announcement of the figure for the new crop, the price fell below thirteen cents. This decline in price is nothing less than catastrophic to the average cotton grower, since the cost of production is believed to be not far from eighteen cents, somewhat higher east and somewhat lower west of the Mississippi.

The President has appointed a special cotton commission to coöperate with existing agencies in handling the emergency. The existing agencies include the Federal Reserve system, the intermediary credit system, the Farm Loan Board, coöperative associations, banks and cotton factors. It is universally agreed that the decline must be checked, and the price stabilized, before cotton can be expected to move freely into manufacturing channels and into export. Manufacturers at home and abroad are being urged to lay in stocks of cotton. Growers are being urged to restrain the marketing of cotton. The ginning is delayed this season, which represents an advantage in the situation. The immediate critical problem lies in the disposition of the currently unexportable surplus.

It is proposed to withdraw from the market and impound 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 bales of cotton. Difficulties will arise in securing adequate and advantageous storage facilities; but apart from this, there is no technical problem in storing a nonperishable staple commodity like cotton, that lends itself admirably as security for credit. If this quantity of cotton could be withdrawn from the market and not returned until the crop of 1927 is harvested, it is to be expected that the price of cotton through the season might be stabilized at considerably above the present price. Apparently the financial problem is not regarded as difficult, since the amount of money required could be raised easily in the present condition of credit in the United States. From the standpoint of growers, it is imperative that the burden of carrying cotton should not be added to the burden of low price.

The real question concerns the acreage for next year and thereafter. The present situation is the inevitable result of overproduction. If the existing emergency is not to be reënacted next season, the acreage must be reduced. It seems agreed throughout the South that unless some compulsion is applied, acreage will not be substantially reduced. Out of this has proceeded the general consensus of opinion that the financing of the surplus must be made contingent on agreements by growers to reduce acreage by something like twenty-five per cent.

No matter how the decrease of acreage is prorated, it seems necessary to exempt small holdings of less than, say, twenty acres. Difficult and delicate as the problem of determining the acreage reduction by states may prove to be, acreage reduction represents the crux of the problem for the present and for the future. Argue as one may that the world needs cotton badly, the fact remains that with her present buying power Europe cannot be expected to expand her purchases of cotton at prices corresponding to cost of production in this country. It is for the present clearly a case of overproduction rather than underconsumption, in the effective market sense.

One of the difficulties of the situation lies in the lack of a large and effective cotton growers' coöperative association. Several local associations are in existence, notably in Mississippi, Texas and Oklahoma. The handling of the present emergency would have been substantially facilitated had an effective national cotton growers' coöperative association been in existence. It is believed that the experiences of the present season will operate in the direction of the creation of a national coöperative cotton growers' association. At the same time it is clear that one of the prime functions of such an association would be control of acreage. Not long since, we called attention in these columns to the political suggestion that the price of cotton be valorized. We hold the view that the cotton of the present acreage could not be valorized. We draw the further inference that if the acreage were reduced to the plane of demonstrable world needs at the price, valorization would not remain to be considered. The present distressing emergency emphasizes the view for cotton that overproduction is the critical problem in American Agriculture, and that the problem of price is not to be divorced from the problem of volume.

Enough is a-Plenty

RECENT overproduction of cotton gives a peculiar significance to the protest made to the President by members of the Farmers National Grain Dealers' Association against the opening of new agricultural areas by Federal reclamation projects. Opposition was based upon representations that no more grain land is now needed.

Membership in this association comprises eleven states from Oklahoma northward. In view of the situation in the cotton states, it seems likely that the sentiments of the grain dealers will carry considerable weight in Washington. Several Federal reclamation projects have turned out rather badly both for the Government and for the farmers who have taken up newly reclaimed lands.

Restriction of acreage, which, next to Federal financing, is the most popular remedy for overproduction and a demoralized market, is sound in theory, but is difficult in practical application. The policy of going slow in making artificial additions to our present area of arable land is not only a sane course but a simple and effective one; and it is entirely consonant with a program of steady tax reduction based upon rigidly controlled expenses of Government.

The country should learn to differentiate between booster real-estate and needed agricultural projects.

THE PASSING STRIKE

By James J. Davis

Secretary of Labor

EVERY time another newly made economist breaks into print with the naïve discovery that the American workman has common sense, I am reminded of the young iron salesman who conceded that Andrew Carnegie had a fair business mind. The statements are equally inadequate, but I cannot believe they are of equal unimportance, since an underestimate of the mental capacity of vast numbers of people is at the root of every great human disturbance. And I have been wondering recently whether the limited point of view reflected by the reference to the workman is not making us as blind to other and more significant developments of his mind as the salesman was to Carnegie's.

One of these developments is in the workman's attitude toward the strike. It is common knowledge that this has undergone a marked change in recent years. It seems to me, however, that we have failed completely to appreciate the influence it has had in the improvement of industrial relations and on the whole structure of national prosperity. We are willing enough to give the worker credit for his acts, but there seems to be a disposition to regard them as having no origin in the realm of thought. We say he has common sense to imply in a way that he is merely going along; that he has had little or no part in creating the improved conditions which he shows common sense in accepting.

A study of the strike history of our country reveals that we have been taking for granted, in this connection, a great many things which are not true. Chief among these are the erroneous beliefs that all employers' associations were organized to combat labor and that the ultimate function of a labor organization is the strike. Another is the tacit admission that the United States is strike-ridden. If we admit that these statements contained an element of truth fifty years ago, or at any period since then, the evidence is instantly available, in the numerical record of strikes, that they are not true today. But the more one delves into the details of this record the more he is impressed with the idea that on a relative basis they were never true.

I probably had contributed as much as any other American to the defense of these propositions before I discovered that the facts furnish a refutation. When I set out to review the history of our strikes, with particular reference to the past fifty years, my purpose was to see what I could find in the past that might help to guide us in the future. I knew in a general way, after five years as Secretary of Labor, that certain apparent changes in strike strategy must be traced to new habits of thought on the part of the worker as well as the changing attitude of many employers. But, although I was born in an atmosphere of strikes and had lived and worked close to them ever since, I soon found that I, too, had been taking things for granted

Today I am convinced that not only the leaders but also the rank and file of labor have developed a wholly new conception of the strike. I believe they have made more progress toward social enlightenment in the past fifty years than their forbears were able to make in the preceding five centuries. In the minds of most workingmen the strike today is regarded as a weapon efficient in inverse proportion to its use. The theory always held, that cessation of work must be resorted to only after everything else has failed, is being developed so rapidly into policy and practice that even when major strikes are called it is having the result of minimizing the losses to workers and employers and the inconvenience to the public.

The outstanding proof of this is to be found in the actual record of strikes. During 1925 the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the United States Department of Labor reported a total of 1301 strikes and lockouts, as compared to 3789 in 1916. Actually, the reduction is even greater than the direct comparison would indicate. The bureau has no authority to compel reports of strikes, and must get its information from such sources as are available. During

(Continued on Page 106)

CARVE DAT MELLON

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Kitchen Library

OF ALL precious books that our household possesses -
And, frankly, we've many of which I am proud—
There's one little volume whose wisdom impresses
Me most, and whose praises I utter aloud.
The dictum of savants whose keen erudition
Was gleaned in an ancient Athenian grove
Must bow to this tome with a practical mission—
The old fam'ly cookbook that hangs near the stove.

The chapter on Puddings, the section on Strudels,
The pages marked Muffins and Stuffin's are fine,
While Icings and Spicings, Spaghettis and Noodles
And Biscuits and Briskets of Beef are divine.
The theme's somewhat hackneyed, the writing is hasty,
The plot that the author so carelessly wove
Is scarcely original—oh, but it's tasty—
The old fam'ly cookbook that hangs near the stove.

The old fam'ly cookbook is spattered and battered,
It's dog-eared and dirty, it's yellow with age;
Some pages are missing, the binding is tattered,
But still it reigns on as our nutritive sage.
Alone in the kitchen, sans flurry or flourish,
Through three generations it patiently strove
Our palates to pamper, our bodies to nourish –
The old fam'ly cookbook that hangs near the stove.

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

The Statuary Exhibit Takes a Day Off

No Wonder

"SAY, squire," Mr. Mose Johnson announced to the village merchant and justice of the peace, "dat woman you married me to las' week had ten chillun, an' every one ob dem kin play some kin' ob a musical inst'ument."

"Is that so?" inquired the dispenser of village supplies and justice. "What do you want me to do—send off for some late sheet music?"

"No, suh," was Mose Johnson's fervent reply. "Ah wants to git disbanded!"

Daydreams

SOME of these days I'll be famous.
Only a few years to wait,
And folks will exclaim, when they mention my name,
"Say, boy, but that geeser is great!"
Some of these days all the papers
Will columns devote to my praise.
And they'll have me, for sure, in the rotogravure,
Some of these days.

Some of these days I'll be wealthy.
Hundreds of thousands I'll earn.
I'll have money to spend and to lend to a friend,
And what I have left I can burn.
Some of these days I'll be basking
In the sun of prosperity's rays;
I'll not need to go shy of what money can buy,
Some of these days.

Some of these days I'll be calling—
Some time you're not at the store
And I'll say to you, "Mame, I got riches and fame,
But, oh, kid, I am needing you more!"
Some of these days you'll quit stalling—
Although I like all of your ways—
And your answer will be that you'll hitch up with me,
Some of these days.

—*Kennett Harris.*

The Scenario Writer's Catechism

WHAT is the first experience of the innocent country girl on her arrival in the big city? Answer: A suave but designing young millionaire offers to place a thirty-room apartment and a fleet of cars at her disposal.

What does she do? Answer: She spurns his advances, and he causes her to lose her job.

Does the heroine starve? Answer: No. The noble-hearted young man from the country always finds her just in time. For the first time she sees him as her true love and they go contentedly back to the cows and chickens.

New York Scenes: Distinguished Composer Being Escorted Through Tin-Pan Alley

What happens after a happy young couple have been married a few weeks? Answer: A wealthy admirer of the little wife begins to tempt her away from the fireside.

What finally draws the estranged couple back together? Answer: A little child.

How does the young husband learn he is soon to become a father? Answer: He finds his wife sewing on little garments.

How do college students spend their time? Answer: What time they are not at football games is passed in wild roadhouse orgies.

How does the hero of the college movie prove his sterling worth to his sweetheart? Answer: He wins the big football game of the season by a touchdown against tremendous odds just as all hope seems gone.

(Continued on Page 43)

DRAWN BY WILLIAM "BILL" SCHNAD

American Citizen in the Average American Library: "The English Say We Lack Appreciation of Good Literature. Then I Have Been Reading the Wrong Books These Past Years"

How easy it is to serve the finest tomato soup!

DO YOU know why tomato is the most popular of all soups? "That is very easily answered", you will probably reply. "It is because tomato soup happens to have the appetizing flavor that appeals to most people." And certainly this is true. But it is only part of the answer.

It is a well-known fact that the blending of tomato soup to suit exactly the tastes of many different people is a task that challenges the highest skill of the soup chef. There is required an exact, nice balance of the ingredients which cannot be varied without disappointing results.

Haven't you had this experience at some time or other? A plate of tomato soup has been set before you. You looked forward to real enjoyment of its refreshing flavor. You took the first spoonful and it tasted somewhat "flat". Something was missing, you could not tell what. You continued to eat it and every spoonful was less and less attractive. That perfect smoothness and richness of flavor, to which you were accustomed, not too pronounced, not too thin, was lacking. No matter how fine the ingredients which were used, the soup did not measure up to your expectations.

Why? Where did your sense of taste get its "education" in tomato soup? With what flavor did you, consciously or unconsciously, compare the soup you did not care for? The tomato soup you serve regularly at home, the tomato soup which is most likely to be served to you when you are entertained—that has taught your appetite the true blend. Anything less is bound to be a disappointment.

And this blend is a condensed tomato soup—Campbell's. Before this soup was offered to the public in condensed form tomato was not the king of all soups it is today. You now have the complete answer to the extraordinary popularity of tomato soup. By blending it from an exclusive recipe that produces always the same uniform richness of flavor, and by condensing it so that it is available everywhere to the public in such convenient form, Campbell's lessen the housewife's work in the kitchen and offer even to the humblest table in the land, tomato soup as fine as it can be made.

So people everywhere have learned the important lesson of Soup. The sheer enjoyment of its delicious flavor. The healthfulness and invigoration which are derived from it. Its tonic and stimulating effect upon the appetite. More and more people every day are realizing that this hot, liquid food called soup, encourages the flow of the digestive juices and increases the benefit from all the food we eat. In countless homes throughout the land, soup is taken for granted as one of the regular daily dishes on the family table—an enjoyable and necessary part of the diet.

Tomato is an ideal soup—appropriate for formal occasions, a wonderful standby for the regular family menus, splendid for the children, and untailing in its invitation to the appetite. And housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Delicious mixed with roast beef gravy. Of course, it makes the most tempting Cream of Tomato Soup!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

OUT-OF-DOORS

Other Vanishing Americans

ON THE island of Nantucket, some thirty miles south of Cape Cod, is a prophetic monument to American destructiveness.

There, making the island their last stand, may be found the last few survivors of what was half a century ago one of America's most valued game birds—the heath hen. As this is written the colony numbers scarcely a score—all that stands between the species and extinction. And if Massachusetts loses her long and costly fight to preserve the pathetic remnants, the heath hen, like the passenger pigeon, will be found only in museums.

The heath hen is not the only form of wild life occupying this perilous position. If statistics mean anything, dozens of other American song and game birds are being gradually swept from the face of the globe by the ruthless march of a commercial civilization and a policy of conservation that fails in its purpose.

Who has not thrilled to history's accounts of the struggles for existence of early settlers on these shores? The hardy Pilgrim father with his musket, a huge wild turkey slung over his shoulder—a familiar Thanksgiving Day illustration. The Indians of the forests with their contributions to the feast—the red deer, the big gray goose, ducks and all the other tokens of a generous Nature's bounty.

How would that dauntless pioneer fare today, should he come to discover anew and be left to his own resources? Very likely he would have to subsist on English sparrows. The English sparrow is the only wild creature, except the starling, that can be rightly said to be on the increase, without fear of contradiction, and they are foreigners.

Dr. William T. Hornaday, internationally known zoologist and a leading figure in the fight to preserve America's wild life, sounded the following warning upon his recent retirement as director of the New York Zoölogical Park:

"The grinding march of civilization is sweeping all forms of wild life out of existence at a frightful rate, and extinction will most certainly result if the injustices and harassments now in practice are continued."

Doctor Hornaday's Prescription

DOCTOR HORNADAY, now seventy-two, has spent fifty years studying and in close association with all forms of wild creatures. He is retiring to his home at Stamford, Connecticut, to continue his writing and his work of conservation.

"It was thought the supply of prairie chickens and wild turkeys could never be exhausted," he said. "Now both birds are close to the vanishing point. Migratory birds are perhaps in the most immediate peril. They are under fire from the time they leave the North until they reach their winter destination in the far South. Because these birds assemble in comparatively large numbers during flights, the report is sent out that they are multiplying. Statistics absolutely refute this claim."

Doctor Hornaday prescribes the establishment of additional bird and game sanctuaries and has been instrumental in having more than a million acres set aside as refuges and breeding grounds. He also advocates control of natural enemies of wild life, but the extermination of no species, and is one of the strongest supporters of legislation which would enforce a lower bag limit. This proposed measure is meeting weapons difficult to associate with true sportsmanship. Doctor Hornaday cannot explain why the sportsmen themselves rebel at preserving their own favorite recreation.

No more irrefutable condemnation of the country's ineffectual policy of conservation can be found than in the tragedy of the passenger pigeon. A committee of the Ohio State Senate conducted an investigation in the year 1857 and rendered the following report:

> The passenger pigeon needs no protection. Wonderfully prolific, having the vast forests of the North as its breeding grounds, traveling hundreds of miles in search of food, it is here today and elsewhere tomorrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them, or cause them to be missed from the myriads that are yearly produced.

The last passenger pigeon died September 1, 1914.

Pennsylvania has long been justly known as an excellent game state, and, compared with the average commonwealth, must still be classed as such. Her methods of conservation and protection are equal or better than most. With this in mind, consider the report of the Pennsylvania Game Commission of a season's average bag for 47,000 licensed hunters, and decide for yourself if wild life is so plentiful it needs no further protection:

SPECIES	POUNDS
Deer	1 02
Bear	16
Squirrel	1 04
Rabbits	23 43
Ruffed grouse	1 14
Quail	07
Shore birds—all species including woodcock	01
Wild duck	04
Wild goose	04
Wild turkey	09

It should be clearly understood that these figures do not put Pennsylvania in an unfavorable light as a hunting ground by comparison with others. Few states could present as favorable a report.

In the past few years a mysterious disease has appeared as an able ally in the campaign to wipe out the ruffed grouse, commonly known as the king of American game birds. Much money is being devoted to investigating the disease, while a long closed season might give the splendid bird a chance.

Two black marks against Congress in its dealings with wild life are the placing of the sweet-throated bobolink on the game-bird list, and the legalized slaying of the beautiful red-winged blackbird in the District of Columbia. There is just as much sportsmanship in the slaying of either as in the murdering of a canary in its cage.

The following inscriptions for gravestones to vanishing Americans are furnished by The National Committee of One Hundred, organized to prevent the extermination of wild life:

There is no longer antelope hunting in the United States.

The sportsman's rifle has totally exterminated the Arizona elk.

They have totally exterminated the California grizzly bear.

There is no longer caribou hunting in the United States.

There is no moose hunting in the United States this year, except in Wyoming.

There is no longer white-goat hunting anywhere in the United States, save in Idaho.

There is mountain-sheep hunting only in Northwestern Wyoming.

There is elk hunting in three states only, instead of thirty-two as formerly.

In nine states squirrel hunting is extinct.

The Eastern prairie chicken is now within a few birds of total extinction.

The butterball duck is predicted to go out in about two years.

Because of duck scarcity, twenty-four states have been compelled to reduce the bag limit below Federal regulations.

In twelve states quail disappearance has stopped all quail hunting.

In seven states sage-grouse disappearance has stopped all sage-grouse hunting.

In fourteen states wild-turkey disappearance has stopped turkey hunting.

In six states ruffed-grouse hunting is now extinct.

In five states all grouse hunting is extinct.

In four states woodcock hunting is prohibited.

In nine states prairie-chicken hunting is extinct.

Besieged by the Automobile

THE Eskimo curlew, which once darkened the sky and was slaughtered by wagonloads, has joined the passenger pigeon in the museum. The last of the species known to have existed was killed in the West in 1915. Edward Howe Forbush, state ornithologist for Massachusetts, is the authority for the statement that the upland plover, once known in countless thousands, is all but extinct.

"Our children's children," he says, "may never see the once abundant upland plover in the sky, or hear its rich note in the summer air." The country's destructive course is not by any means confined to birds and animals, according to Doctor Hornaday.

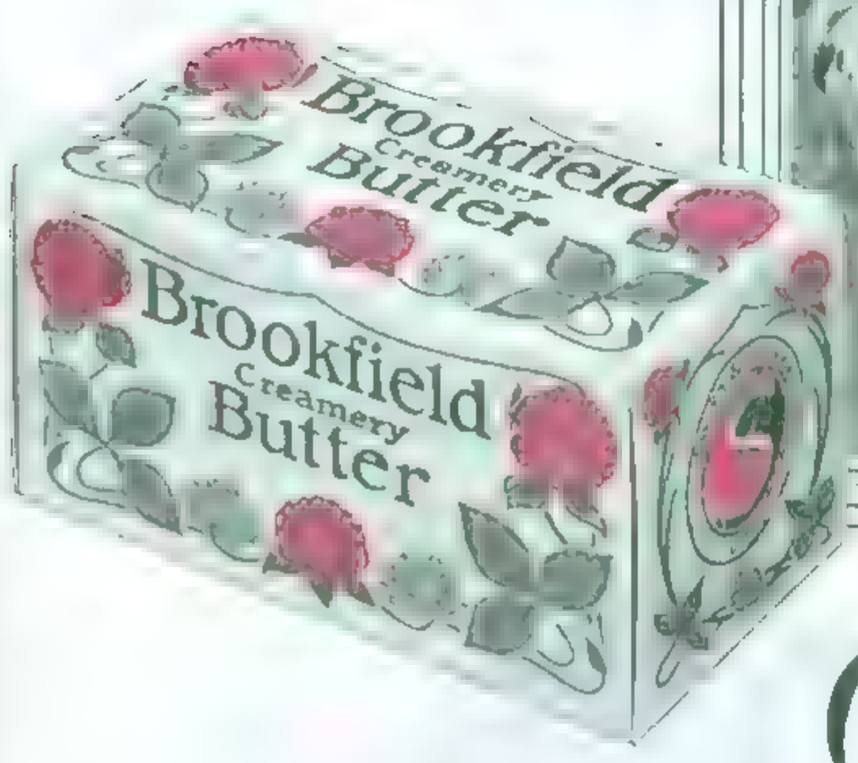
"A great many of what were formerly our finest trout streams are now hardly worth fishing," he said, "and hatcheries can hardly keep up in the uneven struggle to prevent ponds and streams from being entirely fished out."

He believes the popularity of the automobile one of the most important factors in the decrease of game of all varieties. Doctor Hornaday was himself, until about twenty-five years ago, an ardent sportsman, but "grew tired of seeing things killed and hearing talk about it."

—TOM HORGAN.

PHOTO BY COTTRELL

Evening on Lighthouse Beach, Near the U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida



Creamery fresh!

From spotless churns direct to you

THAT wonderful freshness and fragrance when first the churns are opened . . .

It is so delicate, this freshly-churned goodness—so easily lost.

And yet, how perfectly it is preserved for you in Brookfield Creamery Butter!

Brookfield Creamery Butter is delivered to your dealer by the shortest and quickest possible route.

Spick-and-span refrigerator cars carry it from spotless creameries in the country direct to Swift branch

houses. From one of these your dealer receives it.

There are no extra steps. No lost hours. No delays.

Constant refrigeration and the most scrupulous cleanliness are maintained.

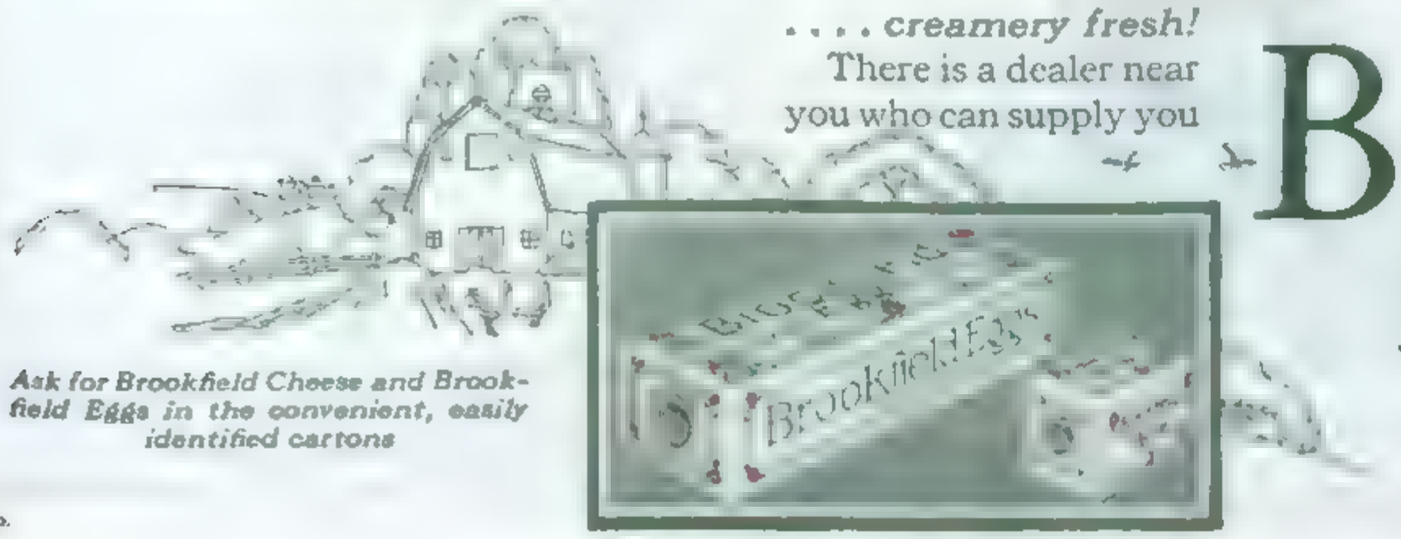
And the result is Brookfield Creamery Butter as it comes to you. All the goodness of the finest, pasteurized cream new-churned. Butter sweet and delicate of flavor . . . . *creamery fresh!*

There is a dealer near you who can supply you with Brookfield Creamery Butter.

The same dealer is also supplied, through Swift & Company's nation-wide food service, with the other Brookfield farm products, Brookfield-Premium Poultry, Brookfield Eggs, and Brookfield Cheese.

Each of these products is distinguished by the same uniform fineness of quality. Look for the name Brookfield on the carton.

SWIFT & COMPANY



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The entire automobile industry urges you not to buy oil indiscriminately.

Your instruction book tells you how much importance the maker attaches to correct lubrication.

609 automotive manufacturers approve the Mobiloil chart··· because···

they know that scientific lubricating facts alone form the basis for these recommendations. They know that Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers thoroughly and painstakingly study each make and model of car before the recommendations are made.

Today, 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name ask for Mobiloil.

Let the nearest Mobiloil dealer fill up the crankcase of your car with the correct grade of Mobiloil. Then see for yourself how much longer Mobiloil lasts, how it increases power, cuts carbon and repair bills.

30c a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures range from 2° F. (freezing test) to zero prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Austin	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cleveland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Durant	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Elcar	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Graham-Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jewett	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc		
Jordan	Arc	Arc						
Kissel	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lafayette	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Marquette	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc		
Pontiac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Winton	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Wolverine	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Yellow Cab	A	Arc	A	Arc				

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:
For these correct lubricants, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

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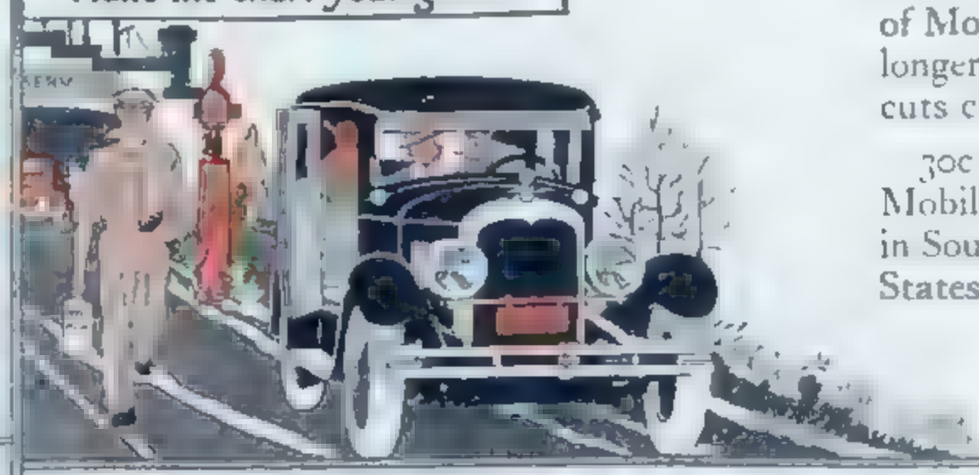
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide



Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

MY FIRST YALE PROM

Continued from Page 11

belonged successfully to a large class, typical of the period—the great unfound-out. Her function was to ruin the party, but we boys and girls of 1904 were thoroughly accustomed to having our youthful fire modified by a damper.

There was a strange girl going up on the train with us—a Miss Elsie Easterfield—and I saw at once that she was a cat. What was worse, she wore earrings that made her look rather swift. I was almost sure she used powder on her face, too, which certainly was not quite ladylike. My own face was of the shining-morning variety, and nobody could possibly mistake me for anything but nice. I wish that Elsie Easterfield could see my dressing table now. It has everything on it except fresh caviar, and I really believe it was Elsie who started me wrong, for she later insisted, in the privacy of our bedroom at the New Haven House, upon my putting just a scrap of powder on my nose while dressing for the glee-club concert. I liked the result, but hoped profoundly that Mrs. Watts would not notice. But that is beating the train to New Haven.

Henry and his chum Alec, who was escorting Elsie, were at the station to meet us, with a barouche. To those readers whose memory goes back no farther than the last time the motor people changed their models, I may mention that a barouche was an oversized coupé. It had two seats on the inside, alleged to hold four persons, and the gents drew the front ones, which made them ride backward, if you know what I mean. We were crowded in the cabin, with five of us, so Henry climbed on the box with the driver—the gay young devil—and we tore off down the street with a great clattering of hoofs, going at least six miles an hour!

The New Haven House was overflowing with a gay throng which jostled each other good-naturedly in the narrow corridors and on the stairs. The gas chandeliers were hung with blue ribbons and banners, and a band was playing My Merry Oldsmobile. It was fearfully exciting. Henry and I had scarcely exchanged three words as yet, but when I reached my bedroom for a wash-up there was a huge bunch of violets from him, waiting. It was so heavy I could scarcely pin it on, and then my joy was punctured by noticing that Elsie had its duplicate. Evidently the flowers were a formality, not a sign of sentiment. And when we had them nailed to our fronts—I pinned mine, right through the orris-root pads in the bust of my corset—we descended to the dining room and battled our way to lunch.

The hotel was run on the American plan and the waiters were sun-kissed Southerners. The captain was of unforgettable caliber—one Moses, of black and beaming countenance, with a white smile as broad as his massive face. The Taft, in its solemn Empire main dining room, has a row of funeral urns above its stately pilasters. Where is Moses now? Where his grinning flock of obsequious assistants, unless, perhaps, their ashes repose in those receptacles? The Taft stands on the site of the old New Haven House, and I hate to think that Moses has left the spot forever!

My father was a Yale man, and all my people had been Yale since the first class ever held by the young university. I had been born in New Haven, and so it was doubly exciting to me to be there as a prom girl. So after lunch Henry took me for a most romantic walk, to look at all the old familiar places, while the chaperon rested in order to have all her strength for the heavy work of the evening. We walked from tea to tea. Everybody in the world was giving a tea excepting Henry and Alec, and they were giving one on the next afternoon.

The teas were small and select, and so numerous that we were obliged to dash madly from one to another in order that none should be neglected. And the peculiar thing about these teas was that tea was served at them; not only served, but partaken of—and nothing else. I know the younger generation will hardly believe me, but not the rattle of so much as a single cocktail shaker broke the pure quiet of the dormitories. The only thing that rattled was the brains. We had so much tea and so many little cakes that we nearly burst, and the men talked over my head about mysterious things like football and fraternities, and though it was all as clear as mud to me, I kept on saying "No, really?" or "How wonderful!" at what appeared to be proper intervals. Which was also how most of the other young ladies managed to get by, what with the additional effort of giggling every now and then when somebody made something which was supposed to be a joke.

I was scared pink inside, and tried dreadfully to hit just the correct medium in my attitude toward these gods in peg-top pants. I was out for serious business, so I didn't want to be taken for a terrible lightweight, but, on the other hand, it would have spoiled my chances even more to have been put down for a bluestocking. I realized fully that these modern, unfeminine girls who went to women's colleges were almost as terrible as coeds, and hadn't even as good a chance of making a decent match as a girl who was ridiculous enough to work for a living. Brains in a woman were, according to the then-current standard, something to be concealed until after marriage, and even then the wise young lady let her husband find them out for himself, along with any other little defects she might have.

But in spite of my yessing him sufficiently to soft-soap the most junior junior in the world, it was plain from the start that Henry and I were not making the progress we should have. Up to the hour when we parted to dress for dinner, he hadn't paid me a single compliment. I began to be a trifle nervous. Was my method wrong? Oh, if only mamma could have been there to advise me! But mamma was not there. She was back in the trenches, anxiously awaiting news from the front. It was up to me to carry on as best I might, and it was at this critical moment that I allowed Elsie to persuade me into powdering my nose. I felt, you see, that something really had to be done.

At that, dressing for the evening was no joke. Nowadays, when I blow in from a late-afternoon party and have to make a quick change, I undo one hook, drop the dress on the floor, kick off my you-knows, plunge through the bathtub, and out again, and then array myself in three layers—the first one being bath powder, the second a fresh whateryoucallum, and the third a hookless, eyeless frock that goes on at one jump, run a comb through the head, and there you are, all but the lipstick, which can, if necessary, be added while joining the awaiting escort.

But on the opening night of my first prom week it was more like building a steel-constructed skyscraper. The bathtub, I am ashamed to confess, entered into the question very little—I mean I entered the bathtub very little. Bathing was a serious affair, not to be undertaken without good reason, in those days, and this was only Thursday. But the construction of the costume was another matter. After washing for low neck, it began with a lisle knitted vest. Over this went a sort of portable steel one-car garage, into the upper front portion of which was fitted a pair of young sofa cushions which, when the structure was complete, amply made up for what my youth and immaturity lacked in the making of a fine figure of a girl. And next came a bustle and—well, yes, exactly! Ruffled muslin ones. And a muslin chemise. And a short white-flannel petticoat, to the knee.

Then—so help me heaven, it's the truth—seven white petticoats. Count 'em—seven! Very fine and sheer around the upper portions, but heavily ruffled in washable lace around the hem, and three of them with trains. Over this a dress of white net, cut princesse, and made over a lining and a drop skirt! I don't blame you, supposedly gentle reader, if you don't believe me; I can scarcely believe it myself. But that's what I wore in the young days, when I was old. And when all this truck was on, the hair was still to be put in place over a rat as thick as my arm, and sixty hairpins to hold the darned thing together. How I ever had strength left to go to the party is a wonder, and one of the miracles of a past age. But it could be done. Elsie and I retrieved our violets from the cool of the window ledge, and, under the wing of the doughty Mrs. Watts, joined the gentlemen.

In the coupé, on our way to the glee-club concert, Henry showed a little more action. It was slightly *risqué*, driving three blocks alone with a man, but the larger carriages had all been taken. He did not try to kiss me, or hold my hand, or anything naughty like that. But he asked me what I really thought about love. I told him I thought it was the most wonderful thing in the world. And that sounded like a good beginning. Unfortunately, we reached the theater before anything more came of it, but I was in high feather. I'd at least have something to report to mamma when I wrote home that night!

The concert was a riot. I was thrilled to the bone. So many wonderful-looking men, and practically all of them single! Of course they sang and all that, but what of it? It was hard to tell why girls often died old maids, when there were chances like this! Oh, I couldn't be an old maid! Mamma had married at seventeen. I'd been seventeen for three months now. It was dreadful. I'd be disgraced in mamma's eyes if I didn't land Henry or somebody! What was worse, I'd become poor old Aunty Nina, living in my married sister's house. Phooey! That would never do! I'd run away with my penniless dude first—that is, if he ever got to the point of asking me to. My head was in a whirl.

Meantime the top gallery was in an uproar. In it were imprisoned the freshmen, barred from all the regular festivities and making the most of their sole privilege at the prom—that of attending the concert, in the upper regions. They threw paper ribbons, catcalls, gifts, notes of passionate love, to the girls in the parquet. I made a dozen engagements with strangers, written on pads lowered to me by long strings—made them with no intention of keeping them, of course. Our seats were in the fortunate row just outside the balcony, and Henry seemed delighted at the attention I drew, for my lap was full of offerings by the end of the evening. It was certainly one wonderful concert. There was even music at it, too, as I remember.

When I was undressed and all the confetti was brushed out of my own personal hair and my false Janice Meredith curls, I wrote mamma a line of encouragement. Now get me right. I honestly wasn't a bit keen on making this marriage, but it never occurred to me not to obey mamma. I was just one of millions of such dutiful daughters. Yep, you are correct; they'd put 'em in a museum now, if they found one—and serve the girl good and right too. But in those days about the worst disgrace a girl could have was to last out her second season unmarried. So we nearly broke our necks trying to get ourselves off the family's hands as soon as possible.

Well, anyway. The next morning Henry took me for a buggy ride. He had his own rubber-tired runabout and a sleek chestnut horse, and I admired it all I could think up. But Henry seemed to consider such things mere trifles. He was going to get an automobile as soon as his father could be made to see reason in the matter. It was a bitter cold day, with snow on the ground, and I nearly froze, and was quite miserable; the end of my nose getting redder by the minute, and I more conscious of the fact by the

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address.

BELLE BENNETT in *"The Fourth Commandment"*

I think *"The Fourth Commandment"* will be one of Universal's most entertaining pictures this year. The title is strong and I can assure you the picture is a human drama which might fit any home anywhere.

The story, written by Emilie Johnson, has its origin in a situation that is common in many families—the presence of the husband's mother in the household, and the jealousy of the wife, which, in this case, flames into a consuming passion with dire results.

BELLE BENNETT is starred in *"The Fourth Commandment"* and in stories of the *heart*, she reigns supreme. She portrays the varying phases of a young girl in her twenties, living in luxury, thence to the old hag of the streets grinding an organ for a living. There is a remarkable and thrilling climax, but I leave it for you to see. In my estimation, the work of the star is a little short of marvelous.

This is an Emory Johnson production. The supporting cast includes those excellent and popular folks—MARY CARR, ROBERT AGNEW, HARRY VICTOR, JUNE MARLOWE and KATHLEEN MYERS.

Unquestionably this is going to be a UNIVERSAL year. The list of *extraordinary* pictures is pretentious. In particular your attention is directed to *"Les Miserables"* and *"Michael Strogoff."* They are two of the world's most magnificent productions. You will see acting that will put you on your toes.

In *"Michael Strogoff,"* for example, IVAN MOSKINE, one of Europe's leading players, portrays Jules Verne's great hero. As a result of his marvelous work I was quick to beat all other American producers who sought to bring him to Hollywood, and am proud to announce that this great artist will soon be a Universal star in American made pictures. Watch for him in mighty *"Michael Strogoff"* and you will know what wonders are in store.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Belle Bennett

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Week of November 29th

Has the dealer an original no-trump bid in the hand below? If he did bid no-trump what would you do if you were Mr. Ferres? Bid and play this hand your own way, then with the experts by radio.

John H. Smith, N. Y., dealer, South—

Spades	K, J, 3
Hearts	A, K, 2
Diamonds	Q, 10, 9
Clubs	Q, 5, 4, 2

Allan J. Ferres, Ridgewood, N. J., West—

Spades	A, Q, 8, 2
Hearts	Q, J, 10, 8
Diamonds	K, 5, 3
Clubs	K, 3

Wilbur C. Whitehead, N. Y., North—

Spades	9, 5, 4
Hearts	5, 4, 3
Diamonds	A, J, 8
Clubs	A, J, 9, 6

Milton C. Work, N. Y., East—

Spades	10, 7, 6
Hearts	9, 7, 6
Diamonds	7, 6, 4, 2
Clubs	10, 8, 7

Tues., Nov. 30, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WWJ.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WRC	Radio Corp.	Washington
WGY	General Elec. Co.	Schenectady
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WSOK	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros.	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KJR	Seattle Times	Seattle
CFCN	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CFCN	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CFCA	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. Co.	Winnipeg
CFQC	Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Daily Province	Vancouver
CFCF	Free Press	London, Ont.

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PLAYING CARDS

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Write your name and address in margin, and mail to The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada—or Auction Bridge Bulletin, 30 Ferry Street, New York.

second. As we were passing Center Church, Henry drew up for a moment and gave me a thrill.

"See that big fellow over there—the one walking with the blond girl?" he said. "Well, that's Ted Coy!"

"Who is he?" I wanted to know.

"He's captain of the football team," said Henry coldly, and we drove for a while in silence. I could have killed myself for displaying such ignorance. I had instantly lost caste with Henry through it; that was plain. What in the world could I do to make him overlook my stupidity?

It worried me all afternoon during the tea in Henry's rooms, and by evening I was in despair, because Henry, according to the conventional procedure, would escort Elsie to the german, while I went with his roommate, and it was going to cramp my style dreadfully. In short, the situation was fierce.

As nearly as I remember the german, alias the cotillion, it was a cross between a barn dance and a Rotary banquet, the whole being punctured at intervals by police whistles when the cotillion leader wanted the traffic to change. Next to the football captain, he was the most important person at Yale that week. Perhaps he was even more important. He skipped prettily about the great bare barn of a hall, blowing his whistle like the boy who does the five P.M. trick at Forty-second and Fifth Avenue. And that was the signal for us to do the figures all wrong. Then he would blow for a fresh start and we would do it all wrong again.

There were large tables with favors on them at either end of the hall. Why they were called favors is still a mystery to me, unless we did the manufacturers a favor by destroying most of them during the evening. We wore foolish-looking paper hats, which were supposed to make us feel gay and light-headed, threw around a lot of confetti and paper ribbons, which was a favorite indoor sport of the day, and then, when the band struck up Since I First Met You, the german really began.

First, the boys, favor in hand, wished themselves on a girl. There was no escape, and she had to dance. But that wasn't the worst of it. She might not receive any favor from anybody! Never shall I forget the cold chill of horror that possessed me when the male rush began from the far side of the room, with nobody apparently headed in my direction. Then, just as I was about to die on my feet, a large fat boy, a social outcast as I had earlier learned, stood before me, perspiring freely and dangling a small velvet monkey on a gilt string. At that anguished moment he seemed to me like an angel of light carrying a harp. I grabbed the toy, we galumphed away in the dance, and the occasion was saved.

For the remainder of the party I was favored enough to win Henry's approval. As a matter of fact, the number of favors I received was traceable directly to him, and was far more an indication of his popularity than of mine. It was proof positive of his reputation for picking peaches, and he took little trouble to conceal his awareness. But I was doing him credit, and I felt humbly grateful for his nod of approval.

When it came my turn to do the favoring I nearly died all over again. I picked up a funny-looking object which might have been a stuffed rabbit or a sponge—I couldn't be sure which—and made a blind slide in the general direction of the line of black-and-white figures across the room, collided with one of them, and found myself dancing with the football captain. Great goodness! That was certainly putting one over, and marked the high spot of the evening.

It was hard to make friends with the other girls. Those who sat on either side of me at the german were faintly antagonistic. They sat lightly, like young leopardesses, waiting to spring on their prey. In our room at the hotel Elsie gave me the same feeling. And very likely I gave it to her. Girls hadn't yet learned to be friends. They might be chums, but they were rivals first of all, and the prom was one huge battlefield, for all we my-deared each other with every breath. While matrimony remained the only respectable method of earning a living, the competition was too great to permit any real friendliness among the contestants. So practically all I knew of my feminine companions at that german was the kind of clothes they had on and whether they were stylish enough to be feared

After the german our crowd was invited to a supper party at the rooms of one of Henry's friends, in Vanderbuilt. The boy was a terribly gay dog. He had an actress' slipper on his mantelpiece, and Henry whispered to me that he had drunk champagne out of it at a theatrical supper. Horrors! Believe it or not, I was shocked at the idea, but I thought it policy to laugh. What a wicked world it used to be at Yale! There was no wine in the slipper that night, however, or anywhere else in the room. We reckless young people sat up late, though, eating chicken salad and singing Barber Shop.

The only similarity I can see between that party and its modern equivalent is the endurance-contest quality of both. For only when the chaperon could stand it no longer did the festival break up, and the last bar of Good Night, Ladies, freeze gently into the cold of the early morning.

As Henry parted from me in the dim doorway of the New Haven House he gave my arm a little squeeze.

"You've been a corking good fellow this evening," he said in his lordly way, "and I want to have a long, serious talk with you before you go. There is something I want to ask you." Then he turned and ran through the snow to the waiting cab, while I rejoined Elsie and the sleepy Mrs. Watts, my heart thumping fit to burst. At last! Henry was glad again! Something to ask me, had he? It could mean only one thing, and how pleased dear mamma would be! Now perhaps she'd lay off picking on me all the time. I don't know which was the greater relief that night—the prospect of Henry's proposal or getting off my tight corsets. But relief was in the air. I thought, before I dropped off to sleep, of my beau in New York—that he vamp, with his black-and-white pin-check suits. And though a pang went with the memory there was a note of triumph in my feeling too. After all, he had never actually asked me; and just wait until he saw me with a solitaire ring in a high-pronged mounting, then he'd be sorry!

Next morning heralded the coming of the big event—the actual Junior Promenade itself. The entire day there was talk of nothing else. I received my program from Henry early, since, due to his popularity, he had no trouble in filling it. All my dances were taken, and the encores left blank for me to have filled according to fancy and good fortune. And it was some program. It looked like a miniature pink-satin-quilted bedspread, with the date on it in gold, and attached was an undernourished little pencil of pink enamel—a feeble little thing that had never grown up.

But by this time my mind was on only one thing, to wit: The exciting moment when Henry would speak his piece. I even started planning my wedding and what I would have in my trousseau. The streets of the town were gay with young people. Noisy sleighing parties drove by singing:

"If you like-a-me
Like I like-a-you,
And we like-a-both the same,
I'd like to say
This very day
I'd like to change your name!"

That was going to be me all over. I began to think Henry very handsome, and to wonder, with no slight qualms, what he would say after the wedding when he found out about the artificial curls, not to mention the orris-root pads. And meanwhile the day wore on, with luncheon parties, fraternity teas, and still he had said nothing. I dressed for the prom with particular care, and when I looked at the result in the cheval glass I was forced to admit that I looked like a regular Gibson Girl.

No flowers were sent to the girls on prom night. The committee knew that the crush would be so great that innumerable bouquets would spoil the floor. So posies were forbidden. But the flame of color in the armory decorations made up for this, and it was a truly gay party despite the fact that it was almost 100 per cent pure. The grand march was a thing of majesty and the enormous dance floor was packed to suffocation. We had a box at the ringside, where our partners returned us at the end of the dance. The Boston had just come in and was new to me, but I picked it up easily, and I could two-step like the wind. I was giddy that evening! The ball was a veritable whirlpool of color and excitement which seemed to be sucking me down to an iridescent fate—the proud moment when Henry would break the news, which I, of course, would claim was a big surprise to me. And then—ah, then!—I would claim the enviable status of the engaged girl.

But the magic moment did not arrive until early morning, when Henry and I found ourselves alone at last, under a potted palm, our ice cream fairly melting under our ardent gaze.

"You know, I wanted to tell you something," Henry was beginning, when Alec stuck his head around the corner and saw us. He wagged a knowing finger in our direction.

"Oh, you kid!" he said.

"Hey, twenty-three, skiddoo!" said Henry angrily. "I'm busy!" Then, as Alec vanished, he turned back to me. I was just waiting to flop into his arms—if he put down his plate. "Say," he said, "I want to ask your advice. You see, I'm in love with a girl back home—simply dippy about her. I want you to advise me what to do to attract her. She's a baby doll; honestly, I'm just daffy over her. Now what would you do ——"

What would I do? There was only one thing for me to do. Go home and face mamma. And I did, thoroughly disgusted with Yale and Yale men. But I got my revenge. I married a Harvard boy—a scholar from a university where they don't have such tricky Junior Proms. But revenge always brings its punishment, and I have mine, for I shall always feel, at the big games, that I am sitting on the wrong side of the field.

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THE JOY GIRL

(Continued from Page 23)

. Out of the wisdom—mixed with all her unwisdom—of her middle years, the mother knew just why the girl sat on the hearthrug telling her these brilliant secrets in the dead of night. She was so young! Her heart was crying out to her! Her heart was wanting happiness, reassurance, a pillar to lean upon. And bracing her little narrow shoulders, Mrs. Courage appeared all the pillar there was.

"I suppose, mother, that if a man loves a girl he forgives any deceptions, if she—if she can persuade him after they're married that she—she loves him really."

"Oh, Jewel," said Mrs. Courage in a low hurried voice, "I hope you love him!"

"He's awfully good-looking. I'm sure I do."

"You've had so much admiration."

"A girl can't be blamed for looking for something solid besides love. And then, you see, mother, if he saw all this, he'd never believe ——"

"He mustn't see this!" After a while Mrs. Courage said steadily: "The parents of girls often have to put a good face on things, make the best appearance possible if a man isn't to be frightened off. It's often done. In your case, owing to father's extraordinary ideas, you have to do everything yourself, dearest. Nobody could blame you, least of all a man who loved you, if you let him go on thinking ——"

"It isn't as if I'd told him all of it. He takes it for granted. And then there's Silvio."

"Well, no one would think you were what you are," said Mrs. Courage proudly. And she added: "Everyone should put the best face on things; make the best of themselves. There's many a man who has pretended his position was better than it actually was, to win the girl he wanted. Many a man has done it!"

"Why shouldn't a girl?"

"My precious, she should!"

"After all, it isn't as though he wanted money, whether I have it or not; or position, whether I have it or not. He has everything himself. It's only that, now that things have begun this way—now he believes everything I've said—you never know how a man will take things if——I mean, as I say, men of his position don't want to marry girls in mine; not very often, that is."

"My darling," Mrs. Courage faltered, "go right on. I'll say nothing. We'll just see how things turn out. Perhaps the right moment will come for you to tell him more about yourself before marriage, and perhaps it won't be till after. What will it matter to him when you're away honeymooning in Rome or Venice ——"

"—— or the East. China, mother, and Japan!"

"What will it matter to him, I say, who you are? He'll just laugh. Who could help forgiving you for anything you said or didn't say? Who could help adoring my baby?"

"I've had to keep up appearances a good deal. Those new shoes of mine—and two new pairs of chiffon silk stockings danced into rags first time I wore them. There's no way of being sure with chiffon silk. That's why I haven't given you any of Isolde's last two checks."

"Oh, Jewel, don't worry!"

"After all, it's better for you in the long run—and not such a very long run either."

"Jewel, you won't hurry? I must know ——"

"Know what?"

"Just a little about him; see him somehow, so that I can feel sure I can trust him with you."

"Mother!"

"You're my all!"

"Mother, if you want to spoil everything ——"

"Oh, darling! But it seems strange letting you go off and manage everything like this, so inexperienced as you are."

"Are you more experienced, mother?"

Mrs. Courage was not. She was less experienced. She knew her husband, Wallflower Road and the West End at white-sales time. She knew how to make one shilling do the work of two; how to wash, cook, scrub and sweep, and still give her own imitation of ladyhood. She knew how to adore, how to sacrifice. She knew the world was too big for her. She knew there were wicked people in it but could not have separated sheep from goats. She didn't know and never had known how to make herself welcome, free of charge, at Tree Top Clubs; how to excite the desire of men; how to look like a reigning beauty on twopence; how to behave like a princess when she was a nobody.

These accomplishments were not of her time and generation. She was far, far less experienced even than her inexperienced daughter.

But her mind—that was like the novelettes she read now and again when she had time—fluttered to and fro in a high state of perturbation.

"It's a mother's duty to advise and protect her daughter."

"Do you suppose you're competent to do either, mother?"

With a wringing motion of her hands—"No," Mrs. Courage confessed, "I've done all I could. Brought you up beautiful; never let you soil your fingers; massaged your scalp and treated your hair right from the time you were a tiny, so that now it is—like it is. There's not another girl in this road who looks always as if she was straight from a Bond Street hairdresser, like you do. And your hands—I've kept them manicured. People have said to me, 'Your daughter might be a society debutante the way she's turned out.' I've done what I could. I suppose—with that I'm finished. I haven't the brain for more, nor the energy."

"No one asks you to do more. I only wish I could have handed over that last check of Isolde's."

"I didn't let father know."

"I had to have the shoes."

"It's December," said Mrs. Courage. "I hope you will spend Christmas at home with us."

"Mother, I don't know. Don't you see, it's just a question of making sure of things. If I put it off, or he began to want to meet you and dad, and he heard dad talk, and ——"

"But it won't be before Christmas, dearest?"

"It may be—any day."

Quick alarms seized Mrs. Courage again. "What do you mean?"

"He's been carrying about a wedding license for a week now. Of course, I—I seem to hesitate. It makes him all the keener."

"But—but has he introduced you to any of his friends?"

"No, not yet. We're keeping it all so secret. He says he likes the romance of it. No one is going to butt into our affairs. He—he—I tell you, mother, he is mad about me!"

"But surely you know who his friends are?"

"Oh, yes! Yes! He speaks of them often. There's Lord Marchfield and General Beacon—the airman, you know; they were together a great deal in the war. And then he's been hunting in—in Tanganyika, or somewhere like that, with a very well-known man, a man with big steel interests, who is well known in society and artistic circles—a Mr. Fleet, or some name like that. And lots more. He speaks of the Riviera. You can tell he's led an awfully smart life, mother."

"What—what kind of man, please, dear?"

"Tall and fair and well-known among motoring and racing people here and on the Continent. Silvio says so. He spoke of driving one of his cars across the Alps."

"Couldn't I just know his name, please, dear?"

"Vicary—Arthur Vicary."

"Arthur Vicary? Rather distinguished."

"Oh, it's a distinguished name. Mrs. Arthur Vicary will be distinguished too."

"This Westminster house," said Mrs. Courage, weeping with weariness, grief, anxiety and elation—"have you seen it?"

"No. But I could, of course. He doesn't care for it much, I think. I did hint one day I'd love to see his home, but he said it was full of painters and decorators at the moment."

"He's doing it up for you!"

"I suppose so. Though, of course, he says we shall have other places too."

"Couldn't you see the work that's being done in the house? Oh, I would love to go round with you quietly one afternoon—just you and me alone—and plan things! The workmen could think I was an old childhood's nurse of yours or something."

"He wants to surprise me, he says."

"I suppose," sighed Mrs. Courage, "he must have his whims. These rich eccentrics do."

"Eccentrics?"

"Well, these ways of doing things ——"

"Oh, mother! Mother! You make me weary! Positively you do! He's done so much in his life that you couldn't expect him to do anything just in an ordinary way, according to pattern. We modern people don't fuss so over patterns, mother."

"Still, a girl's wedding day is her great day."

"You're old-fashioned."

And presently, she was trying to sleep—sleeping—tossing—dreaming—she loved this man! She did! She did! She loved this prince of all delights! She was in a white robe with flowers in her hands and church bells chimed. She was under blue skies in far lands. She was in a thunderstorm; she was out in the storm in rags—in rags—a beggar maid.

Jewel awoke on that December morning, thinking: "You never know quite how parents will take things—even her. I'm glad I didn't tell her last night—that it is to be this morning."

IX

THE Registry Office was in the Covent Garden neighborhood. She met Vicary there at twelve o'clock, alone. And she longed—even knowing how disastrous the thing would be—for the supporting smile and devotion of Flora; for her mother, quiet in the background; or just some face that she knew. It was too lonely, this; too big.

Here a girl signed away her life and future and—and no one to whisper to her, "You'll be so happy, dear. He's a wonderful-looking man. Good luck! Good luck!"

Never had she felt so light, so forlorn, so childish and inadequate as she felt this morning. She had dressed quietly in her usual suit, for her mother had watched her ever since the moment of taking up the breakfast tray; watched her as if all her instincts called to her, "Guard your child!" And the near-fox tie and the little hat that pulled down right over her forehead. She carried under her arm her bag like a vast envelope with all her money in it—some eight shillings and a few coppers. She brought to Vicary, literally, what she stood up in—except that she had, in fact, managed to get a small suitcase away from home unobserved, in which a few necessaries were packed.

"I shan't be able to get luggage away," she had informed Vicary; and he had replied with a laugh, "Leave it behind. What's it matter?"

Vicary was waiting for her in what seemed to her to be a queer mood, which he could only partially conceal. His mood increased the reluctance with which she entered the Registry Office; his mood strung up her already overstrung nerves.

Strangers witnessed the ceremony. She had thought as the omnibus bore her along toward this climax of adventure that now perhaps she would see a couple of his really nice men friends. Undoubtedly two of his best friends would attend him, witness the ceremony, wish bride and groom good fortune. Perhaps, she had thought, Lord Marchfield himself and General Beacon would perform these kind offices. But no; it seemed that utter privacy was Vicary's wish, just as he knew it to be hers, and so the strangers obliged them.

"A girl's wedding day is the gayest day of her life."

"Old-fashioned," she thought, coming out. But she knew that she would have loved to make a white bride, with a great sheaf of flowers in her arm, with all the panoply of romance. Sophisticated as she considered herself, still, she desired secretly to hear the wedding march; to hear choristers singing; depart on the new life to the ovation of love and kindness.

Vicary had not kept his taxicab. With a frugality that faintly perplexed her, he had paid and dismissed it; but another was crawling by. Into this he handed her. "Now, Mrs. Arthur," he said, smiling the strange smile of this morning into her face, the smile that had something furtive and something challenging in it, "I think a little festive lunch at the Carlton, don't you? And then ——"

And then—and then? That was just what she was asking within herself. He had said, in the taxicab last night as he drove her home, "I'm making all our arrangements, my dear girl. Paris first, eh?"

Paris!

"I'll show you life, you little pet geranium in a pot in mamma's conservatory," Vicary promised. They were going to travel.

She looked down at her new wedding ring, a slim circle, gold. She had rather hoped it would be one of those platinum ones

Vicary put his arm about her and kissed her. Then the color poured into her face and she tried to laugh: "What an adventure—being married!"

"We'll have a marvelous time," said Vicary.

So, luncheon at the Carlton, down in the grill. Not a very wonderful luncheon—chops and a sweet; but champagne too. Vicary drank a good deal of champagne to arrive at the point of resolution which he must reach.

The girl trusted him so! He was sentimental about her; she was so pretty! But he was not soft about her. All her life she'd had the good things he'd wanted all his life, and if now she had put herself recklessly in the position of having to share out —— Well, her old nuts of parents should have looked after her better. He wasn't sorry for that class of people.

If it wasn't that the little girl loved him so, he might be going to have a bad hour of it by and by. But she wasn't like that widow woman; she was not too old, too wise, too hard. She was still a dear little child of raptures and illusions. She loved him so.

"Mad about me, thank heaven," said Vicary to himself, half closing his eyes and regarding her loveliness across the table.

"She'll talk 'em round," he thought of the old nuts of parents, secluded so safely in Dulwich.

In spite of John Jeffrey's innocent generosity, the wedding ring, the taxicabs and this luncheon had nearly cleaned out his pockets this morning.

He had not been able to buy the tickets to Paris yet. He wondered what she carried about in that vanity bag of hers. Some girls carried all their cash loose. She probably had her check book with her anyway, setting off, as she was, for the unexplored.

(Continued on Page 39)

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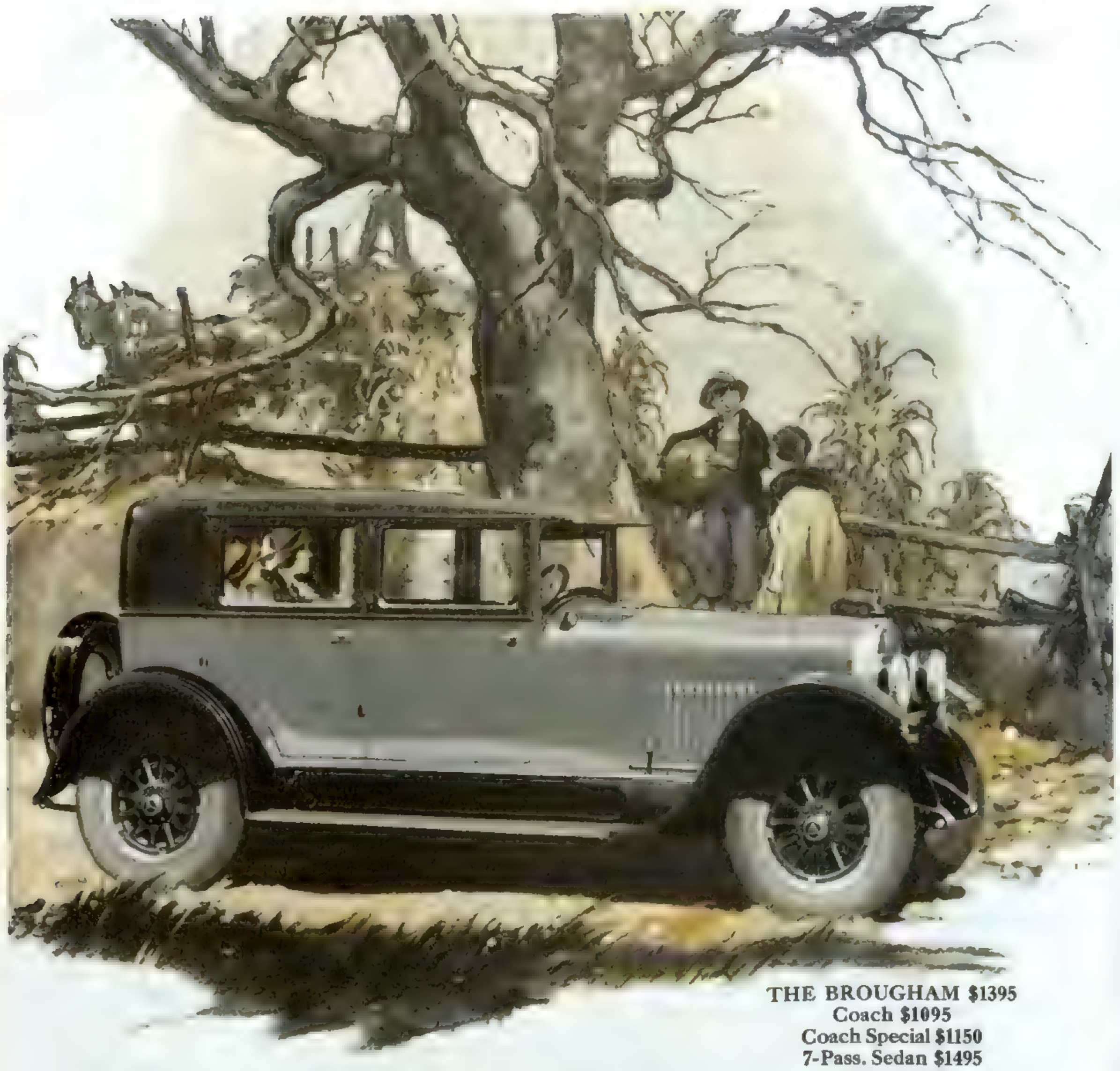

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(Continued from Page 34)

He had said to her one evening, apropos of the vexed question of strict parents: "Still, nowadays, I suppose they allow even a little girl like you a bit of a banking account and her own check book. Teaches a woman to be methodical. Surely they allow you that, eh?"

And nonchalantly she had confirmed: "Of course." So he knew she had a check book. Directly he got at her parents and trustees and what not, things would be, no doubt, arranged somehow; but the matter of immediate expenses loomed.

"What time does our train go—and the boat?" she asked dreamily.

Her mind was in a haze of imagined Paris shops, where he would buy her gifts without stint. She was the beloved bride of a rich husband.

Vicary had the best part of two bottles of champagne inside him. He had screwed himself up. He could remember another occasion when he hadn't quite screwed himself up to the requisite pitch of audacity—had blundered somehow. He leaned over the table toward her.

"Tell me once more—you married me because you loved me, didn't you, sweet'eart, eh?" Champagne had a way of robbing a poor man occasionally of his carefully cultivated h's. "Tell me, sweet'eart."

"You know I married you because I loved you, Arthur. Why else should anyone marry anyone, dear?"

"And I married you because I loved you; was crazy about you the moment I saw you. Perhaps I ought to have stopped myself, told myself I hadn't the right; but what's money to come between a man and a woman who love each other?"

"Money doesn't matter," she answered dreamily, on a drift of cigarette smoke.

"What I told myself. 'Money isn't everything,' I said. 'Go in and win.' And I went in and won, didn't I, darling?"

"You did," she smiled; and yet, with what a strangely beating heart!

"What does it matter who's got the money—he or she? What does it matter, I say? I haven't meant to deceive you, but if a man's badly in love, he feels a little natural deceit's justified when in ordinary cases he wouldnt dream of deceiving anyone. Love plays the deuce with a man."

In the half emptiness of the white grillroom, straight into the corner where they were sitting, it was just as if she heard her mother's voice blowing in: "There's many a man who has pretended his position was better than it actually was, to win the girl he wanted."

She leaned forward, drooping over the table toward Vicary, her lips parted, her eyes widening.

"But it's a wonderful thing, too, love," Vicary went on. "It makes even a man forgive all. And a loving woman forgives a man any little deception he may have practiced to win her. 'All's fair in love and war,' I suppose she thinks. Now, sweet'eart, I knew you're a rich girl, though I'd rather have you a poor one; yes, I would—and you've been thinking me in a similar position. Partly, you've imagined it to your sweet self and I've let you; and partly, I've told you this and that; and that Silvio fellow, he has such a way of boosting his clients up, now hasn't he? I don't know just what you think I am, but I'm a poor fellow; I'm very poor. I'd keep it from you for a while for the sake of my own pride if I could, but I can't. In short, I can't even pay for me own honeymoon in the way you're accustomed to. Not to mince matters, that little gold ring I've put on your finger and this fizz has brought me down to ——"

With a whimsical, wheedling, ingenuous sort of look, Vicary brought out a fistful of money. Setting some notes aside—"for this lunch and fizz," he explained—a paltry amount of silver remained.

And then, as she drooped toward him—all drooping, her head, her eyes, her mouth, her cigarette drooping in her lax fingers—in total silence he returned the money to his pocket, and in total silence looked at her—a long, shrewd, hard, opaque, gleaming look. Now she could think back and read that smile of his at the Registry Office; the smile furtive but challenging.

"I don't understand," she whispered, huddling back in her chair away from the look of Vicary's eyes.

"It's easy, sweet'eart. My salary's just a weekly affair, and not too big, at that."

"You—you keep up a big house in Westminster ——"

He hesitated: "Well, it isn't exactly my own house."

"Your cars ——"

"I'm drivin' a lot, certainly; but I haven't—that is to say ——"

"Haven't you a car of your own?"

"No; not exactly. What does it matter whether I have a car or not if you love me?"

"But, please, I—if you haven't told me the truth ——"

"All's fair in love and war," he reminded her, solemn with champagne. And looking at her, his eyes misted over. "You're my little wife."

"You haven't told me the truth," she repeated, feeble with fear.

"I wanted you," replied Vicary glibly.

But she seemed unmoved, the frozen child, just staring at him from her big eyes as a baby might stare, affrighted, at a bogy.

"I'll make you so happy!" he asseverated.

She said from trembling lips, "You have a lot of friends—General Beacon and—and —"

"I said I knew them. So I do."

"But—b-b-but they're your friends."

Vicary twisted his lips. "Don't know that they'd say so."

"D-d-do you mean you work for a living?"

"I've worked—yes."

"Wh-wh-what are you, p-p-please?"

"I drive a car—cars," said Vicary, quietly watching her.

"You're a chauffeur?"

He nodded: "Well, yes—yes."

She pressed a hand over her mouth as if to press back a shriek. Her cigarette fell smoking on the table.

"A chauffeur!"

"Well, I was a chauffeur. When we came to an understanding I gave in my notice. I got a day off this morning on private affairs. I hadn't thought of going back, you know. No, I'm all packed and ready for our trip to Paree."

In a voice of fear she said to herself, but aloud, "Oh, I've married a—a servant."

"Come, girlie," said Vicary in a hard voice into which he still infused the element of coaxing, "that isn't worthy of you. You, a fine little girl, married a man because you loved him, which is why he married you, and you've got the courage of your convictions. Now you know you have. We're going to be happy."

She trembled all over. "On what—on what—shall we live?"

"You've got plenty."

"I- I I ——"

"Well, your people have. They can't see you with empty pockets—the little only daughter. It's up to you to play 'em. It is indeed. And we could carry on anyway till you're twenty-one and have a fortune of your own. There's ways of raising cash on expectations. You leave it to me."

"But I—I—I ——"

"This has knocked you over. Afraid papa and mamma will be angry? You leave 'em to me. I thought we'd get over to Paree before we told them. It gives us a bit of a strangle hold, that."

She understood him in an unwonted flash of intuition. He meant: Once a man had taken a girl off, lived with her, given her his name, there was no easy way of hushing the thing up. The Victorian parents would have to see themselves trimmed, and handsomely.

"Naturally, I mean to work; but at something more congenial then chauffeuring. Your father'll put me into something worthy of his daughter if you ask him, little girl. However, that's for by and by. Just now we have to think of getting to Paree."

"How — could — we — get — to — Paris if ——"

"Why, surely you carry enough in that sweet little bag of yours for a quiet day or two. Besides, banks are open; you've got your check book with you, haven't you, girlie?"

She murmured, with a wild inspiration to save herself: "Oh, let us go! Let us go! People—people see I'm upset. People are staring at us."

Swiftly glancing round, he saw this was true. "To hell with 'em! Still, very well, we can't settle things up here. I'll pay for your posh lunch, girlie—bridal lunch, eh?—and we'll go ——"

"Where?"

"I suppose we may as well go to my place just for a talk. I've got the key till this afternoon. Left my traps there, you see."

"The Westminster house?"

"Don't I tell you that's not really mine? No; I mean my rooms. Got quite a cozy place. We'll go there and have a cup of tea and talk."

He paid the bill. He rose and lifted the near-fox tie about her shoulders. She almost ran before him from the grillroom and up into the outer air.

Then he put his hand hard on her elbow. "No hurry. . . . Taxi! Taxi!" They were inside the cab. "Let's kiss you, Mrs. Vicary," said her bridegroom.

She submitted. He put an arm about her and began in a knowing way to pet her; he reassured her about her people. A girl had freedom of choice these days, didn't she? He'd put it up to them all right, after a few days of jolly Paree. They'd come round—have to. Why, they'd never have the heart to disown such a sweet, pretty, dear, loving little kitten!

To the tune of these blandishments she found herself presently emerging again from the taxicab, entering a narrow house that had a battered face, and going up narrow stairs, oilcloth covered, from an oilcloth-covered hall. Vicary opened a door.

"Walk into my parlor, says the spider to the fly."

Then she went sickly into the kind of room she knew so well; the poor room long since in need of clean paint and paper, new floor covering; the room sordid with London poverty, with none of the freshness that country poverty can obtain; the mean, tasteless room whose old, old curtains and table cover had long since lost their color in ruthless washtubs. It had not the well-aired cleanliness of her mother's rooms, but it was closely akin to them; a sort of squalid cousin. She put her feet, even, upon exactly the same pattern of aged linoleum that covered the dining-room floor at home; the kind of linoleum in the kind of room from which only an hour ago she had imagined she had escaped forever. The fact of which she was most conscious, next to the familiar linoleum, was that Vicary's eyes were glued to her, watching her face, absorbing her impressions.

"What's the matter?" he said in a voice suddenly higher. "There's no reason to look like death. We're not dead by a long chalk, either of us. This'll all come right. Sit down." He put her down upon a sagging sofa.

"I can't stay here!" she said wildly, leaping up.

"Why not? Rubbish! We're married. It's all right."

With a moan she sat down again.

Vicary sat near her, his eyes glued to her face. "We shall have to talk this out," he said, "but we can do it as well in Paree as here. What I want you to do, little girl, is to write out a check that we can cash before the banks close, and then off we hop for the Continent."

"A check! Me!"

"Out with the check book now, lovey: and I'll do all the explaining on the boat—and after. You'll see. But there's not so

(Continued on Page 41)

Have You Thought of a Pencil?

Instead of racking your brain thinking up some unheard-of thing to give, just step up to the pen and pencil counter and look at the Conklin pencils. All colors, all sizes, fitted with clip or ring, to match any Conklin pen, in rubber and all precious metals priced from $1.00 upwards. And it's a gift that is used as well as appreciated.

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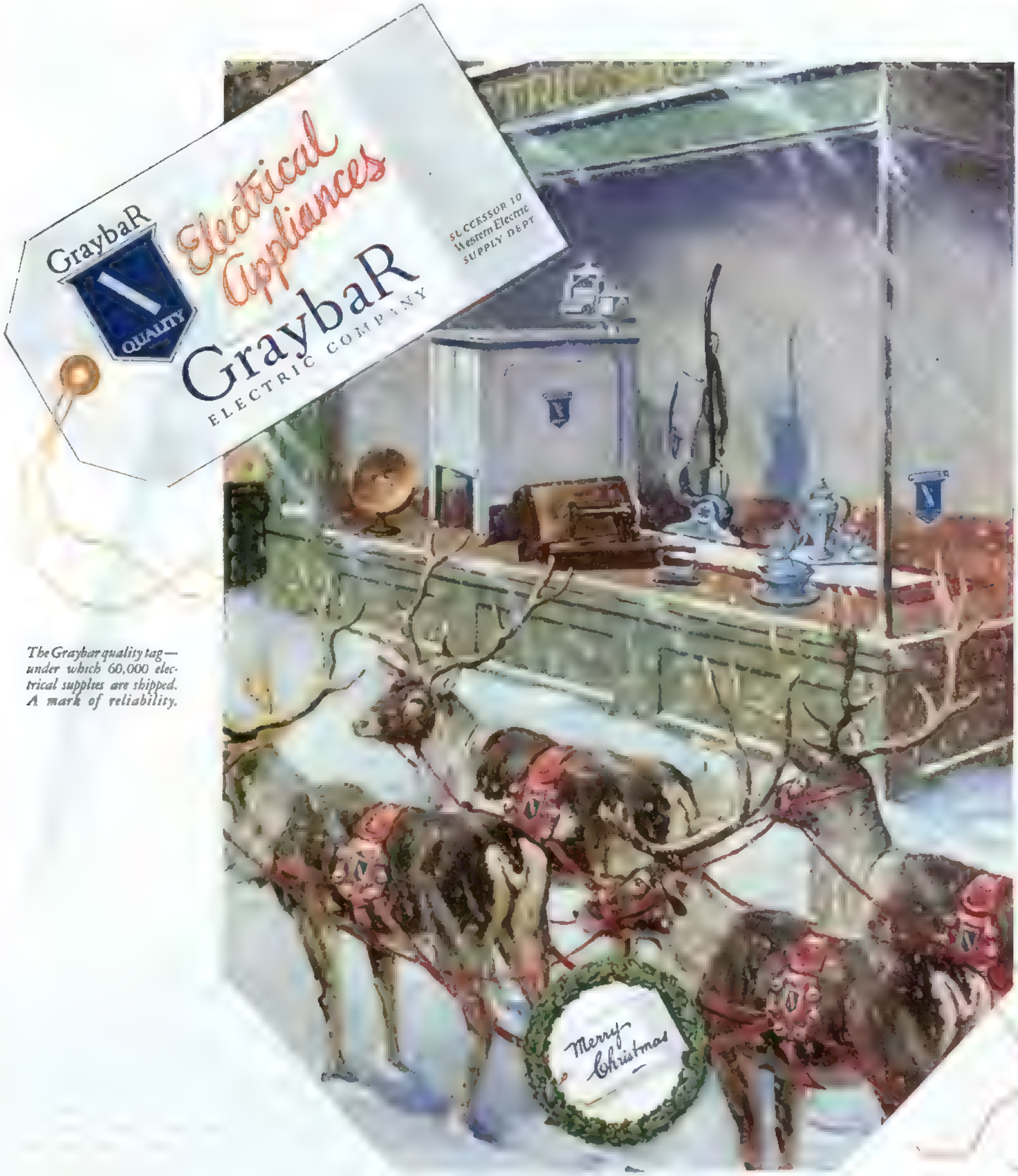

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(Continued from Page 39)

long before the banks close, so if you haven't much cash on you, quick with that check!"

"Check?" she kept repeating. "Check? Check?"

"Of if you haven't your check book, we'll drive to the bank straightaway and you can get a check there. What's your bank?" She was stricken silent.

Vicary leaned over and took her vanity bag from her lap. "How much loose cash have you?" She sat silent, waiting for him to find out. "This silver all you're carrying?"

She bowed her head.

"My dear girl, you must be a fool, now mustn't you, coming away like you did, without more money. You must have known you'd want it in Paree"

"I thought ——"

Vicary's eyes swerved to the clock on the mantelpiece. "It's 2:30. We must have this out sharp or the banks'll be closed. What did you think?"

"That you would buy me everything I wanted."

A little abashed, but smiling through it, Vicary retorted: "You women are optimists, aren't you? So I would; I'd buy you the earth if I had the cash, darling, but just for a bit, till I've seen father—well, we'll have to make out on what you've got. I'm sorry; naturally, a man doesn't enjoy saying this; I wouldn't have told you today if I hadn't been absolutely so short that there was no alternative. I'd rather have given you a bit of a honeymoon first," he said sentimentally, "and then we could have come down to brass tacks. But as it is, let's get along to your bank at once."

She tried to moisten her lips, but the tip of her little pink tongue seemed almost as dry as they were.

"What do you say?" asked Vicary sharply.

"I was trying to say I h-h-h-haven't a bank."

"What do you mean?"

"N-n-no bank account."

"Just what they give you, eh?"

She loosened the fur tie about her neck. "I shall choke," she thought, so cruelly her pulse beat in her throat.

Vicary was dark with anger. "I thought you once said ——"

Her eyes met his, cowering and supplicating.

He had made his confession; hers seemed to her so much more awful; or rather she felt so much weaker, more beaten, incompetent.

"Didn't you tell me—or imply to me—that you had a bank account?"

Now she saw suspicion begin to creep darkly into his eyes; an emotion mottled his pale face.

"Did I?"

"Did you! Did you! Did you! You did!"

She said in a trembling voice, "Well, then it was not true; any more than the things you told me."

A vast sigh seemed to heave Vicary's body; he was, indeed, struggling for breath. His mind swirled along like a racing car

"Then you're absolutely dependent at the moment on what your people choose to do for you—no cash at all?" She shook her head. "I suppose you've spent it all; end of the quarter, eh, and Christmas shopping and everything? You girls who've had all you wanted all your lives haven't an idea of managing money. No more due till the New Year or thereabouts, eh? You young ladies get your allowances from father quarterly, don't you? How much did he allow you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"I had what I could make, designing hats."

"Designing hats? Millinery! You! Living in one of those big houses!"

"I don't."

Vicary put a cigarette in his mouth with a shaking hand. "Where do you live?"

"In a little semidetached villa; linoleum like this When I came in here and saw it "

"Have your people no money?"

"My father is a clerk—four pounds a week."

"Your expectations when you're of age?"

"I I—I haven't ——"

Vicary had burned his fingers with two matches and the cigarette was not lighted yet. He flung it away into the fireless grate.

"You hussy!" he said slowly. "So you've swindled me!"

"You've swindled me! You've swindled me! You've swindled me!"

"You thought you'd got a rich man, eh? You were out to catch one, eh?" She rose from the sofa, retreating from him round the table. "A darn good whipping'd do you good—all your sort," said Vicary, slow with rage. "I've a mind to give you one." Her eyes distended in horror, her face whitened, her heart burned. Suddenly his savage anger broke. "Get out!" he yelled. "Get out!" He sprang up, beating his fist on the table, calling, "Get out, you hussy, get out!"

The words released her from the sordid room of London poverty! Get out! It was all she wanted. She caught to her breast the vanity bag that he had tossed upon the table; turned and fled from him out of the room, down the narrow stairs, headlong, out of the house. She ran.

She did not know how near, how very near, she was to John Jeffrey. All she knew was that she wanted to escape, take cover. She had not yet thought coherently for a single minute on this thing which had happened to her. She had to think and think before she could take one farther step. And yet her mind refused to tackle such immenaity. She kept considering mundane details, such as: "I've left my suitcase at the Tube station cloakroom. I must get it." And, "What can I do on eight shillings? There's nowhere to go, on eight shillings, but home." And, "If I only had someone with me." And, "Shall I go into that cake shop and get a cup of tea?" And so on. She was hurrying along, nowhither, on the Embankment, as if she were trying to race the river, before she awoke to where she was.

On the Embankment were a leisureliness and loneliness and sensation of space that were the gifts of the wide river; the cramped feeling that she had suffered in the room with Vicary left her. She sat down on a seat, watching the gulls wheel over the mud flats of low tide.

"If I had someone with me!" she thought again, and her thoughts flew right over Flora and Sandman—those friends whom she had betrayed and lost—to a fine brown face, fine kind mouth, fine straight eyes, above a chocolate-colored livery. If John Jeffrey were by her! If she could go to him!

She sat there on the gray Embankment, remembering their kisses on a day of sunshine in October, their idyl of one Sunday. Subsequently she had put him back in his place as chauffeur; subsequently she had driven with him on the most indifferent of terms, as if the honor of her company and her beauty were fee enough for anything he might do for her. He had never overstepped again. Assiduous in his attention, he had yet treated her with a formality of respect which—secretly she knew it—had gnawed at her heart. They had kept—subsequently to that idyl—on terms of philosopher *cum* friend; most unsatisfying.

His friendship—it came to her inarticulately as she sat alone this winter day that his friendship was a very fine thing. She had been ready to barter it carelessly, throw him aside forever, any day, for Vicary and his fictitious possessions. That steady coolness, that reflective formality of his—did they mean that she had lost him, too, as she had lost Sandman and Flora?

Merely thinking of him made her feel safe; she had a passion to see him, touch him, hear his voice. If she could be with him; protected by his wisdom, his chivalry, his gentleness and care; in the same house, seeing him daily! She thought to herself, passionate and terrified, "I must be with him, hold his hand."

And she knew now—was willing to know—why she had gone empty to Vicary; empty of joy, empty of love, empty of faith, just trying to deceive herself and him with tinsel imitations of these things. Joy, love and faith—such poor weedy flowers as she had managed to grow—John Jeffrey had them all.

She got up just as the first snowflakes of that afternoon's storm fell on her face and London darkened. At the nearest call office she telephoned to him: "Can I speak to Mr. John Jeffrey, please? Very urgent indeed." And the polite voice which she did not know specifically as the voice of Batters, but which was the voice that always answered her, answered now: "Yes, miss. He is in. Please hold the line."

x

JOHN JEFFREY FLEET was writing in the wine-red library when Batters came in with the message: "The young lady, sir, who asks for you as Mr. John Jeffrey is on the telephone."

It was a gray, heavy day and now it had begun to snow. He had been working on his book all morning. In the afternoon he had settled to it again. There was no directors' meeting of the Fleet Steel Trust to attend, and no more frivolous engagements till the evening. He had put in some good work on the book—the chapter devoted to Class Upheaval. He had almost decided on a title—The Social Mêlée, Sociological Medley, or something like that. It was not a heavy book; more of a philosophy than a scientific treatise. He wanted it to be sharp, acute, arresting, but not too deep; nor morose. And like many men—young or old—who are lions in the business world, he loved this hobby of his literary work. The book meant more to him than the Fleet Steel Trust. Just as a money lender may put his brain into the fleecing of lambs, and his heart into the growing of roses in his suburban garden, so John Jeffrey Fleet, who was a commercial genius, laid his heart between the leaves of his book.

But yet when Batters came in, speaking of the young lady, the heart was no longer in the book. It had leaped back into John Jeffrey's tautened body, into his throat, into his eyes and his voice. He could not hide it even from Batters, who went away, benignly smiling.

John Jeffrey seemed almost instantly at the telephone. "This is I, John Jeffrey, speaking."

Then her voice, sounding strange and worn and faint, with none of its usual assurance: "Thank heaven you're in! I've been wondering what I'd do if you were out."

"Is anything the matter?"

"Yes—yes. I'm in awful trouble, an awful—awful position. I've no one else who is any use except you. I thought of you at once. It seemed natural." Her voice here seemed to sank into a sob.

Glowing with gratification, yet alertly anxious for her, his answering voice leaped to her over the wire. "Trouble? My poor child! Can you tell me here and now?"

"No. I must see you—at once. But listen! I'll tell you partly what I want—to be near you for a while—weeks or months, perhaps—just so that I—I—I'll know you're there. I'm so frightened and desperate, and—I want to be near you. Listen!"

"Go on, dear."

"It is important. I'll die if I can't stay near you. I'll tell you everything when I see you. But now, can't your master find a place for me in the house? Can't you ask the housekeeper?"

"What's that?" said John Jeffrey.

"I don't care what. I'll be a servant thankfully—thankfully—if I can be near you. And you'll protect me, won't you?

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health wins again!

Another Touch-Down

THE LAST DOWN—the last minute to play—the last five yards to go—with a roar that synchronized with the movement, the vast crowd thrilled as "Buck" Evans shot over the line to victory—a victory for rugged health and a balanced diet.

And you, too, can "go over the line" in business and in play if you keep mentally and physically fit. To get and *keep* fit, drink plenty of rich bottled milk, Nature's ideal food, and an essential to every well-balanced diet. Drink bottled milk at mealtime and between meals, too.

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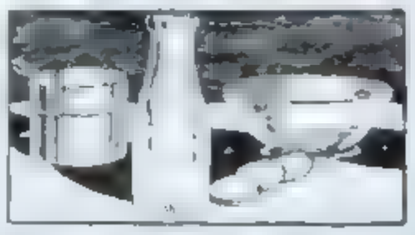

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How to handle husbands

. . . *when they get up "out of sorts"*

"In my 15 years of married life," writes this experienced wife, "I've learned that there is no use in breaking up the dishes every time your husband gets up out of sorts.

"That's the time to humor a man.

"Whenever I see that nothing-is-going-to-be-right-today look on my husband's face, I just smile and say, 'Pancakes and Log Cabin Syrup for breakfast—hurry, dear.' And the deed is done.

"But I never take a chance on the syrup. I always give him Log Cabin. For the real secret of pancakes and waffles lies in the syrup. The finest pancake or waffle is still 'flat as a pancake' without the *right kind* of syrup."

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The permeating maple flavor is the secret of Log Cabin Syrup. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today. It has a melting maple flavor unlike any other syrup. A *permeating* maple flavor, that goes to the heart of a pancake or waffle.

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I'm your friend, aren't I? You will help me, won't you?"

"One moment, dear," said John Jeffrey. "Do you truly mean you—you'd take a job like that—in service—just to be with me—just because of me?"

"Just because of you. It suddenly came to me—the only thing to do. I don't mind domestic service—anything. I—I—I'm in great trouble—no one strong to turn to except you. Can't you promise to persuade your master or the housekeeper ——"

"Listen! Yes; there happens to be a place for you. But tell me first—you have to tell me now, over the wire; presently it will be too late; I mightn't believe —— No, you don't understand that. Anyway, listen! Tell me now why you come to me. Only because I am strong?"

Her little voice, broken with tears: "You kn-kn-know. Because I l-l-love you."

"What? A chauffeur?"

"A chauffeur," her voice trailed. "What am I?"

"Listen!" said John Jeffrey with a vast sigh. "Everything is going to be wonderful. There is a place here for you. Come straight here now—Dawson Street, Westminster—and ask for Mr. Fleet."

He heard her murmuring as if startled: "Fleet? Fleet? I seem to remember the name—my mind's just anyhow." And she asked, "Your master?"

He laughed. "Yes."

"I know that I've heard the name."

"Never mind, dear. You'll know all about it soon."

"I'll come now—at once. Thank you. Thank you."

"Listen! One moment! I love you."

"I love you."

John Jeffrey Fleet hung up the receiver, left the small telephone room like a man in a dream and was back in the library.

"Now the marvelous surprise!" he said, rejoicing. "The marvelous surprise! Little Cinderella, little beggar maid, shall have the kingdom."

He thought: "I wonder what the trouble is. Parents kicked at last and turned her out, or her silly little game suddenly become dangerous? What has she done, or what is someone doing to her?" And answers entered his head which he put away violently, and other answers suggested themselves which he turned over and over, till, knowing the futility of guesswork, and refusing anyway to distress himself foolishly in such a glorious hour, he rang for Batters and said, "Bring tea for two here now. When Miss Courage comes show her in. And don't disturb me with telephone calls or anything."

Jewel rang the front doorbell fifteen minutes later, carrying her suitcase, which Batters took from her and deposited in the hall. She was white as death, with eyes round and big, that seemed opened to all the terrors in the world. She seemed to Batters incredibly small, young, slim and fragile; but she carried herself as ever in her gallant way, with the delicate poise of hip and shoulder in no wise staggered by fear or suffering. So Batters showed her into the wine-red room, saying in a voice of subtle admiration, "Miss Courage."

The door closed behind Jewel and she saw the deep, deep reds of the room, from the red of the firelight to the richness of the sweep of curtains drawn full across wide windows, and the carpet thick as moss, and the ease of couches and chairs; all the color as dark as wine. And in the firelight on the hearth stood the tall, lean figure of a man, and she cried "John Jeffrey!" with a gasp and a sob. But he had no chocolate livery. His shoes were polished like mahogany and his clothes were of Savile Row. They were in each other's arms.

"Will Mr. Fleet ——" she murmured, clinging to him.

John Jeffrey smiled. "Sit down, dear," he said. He put her into a deep chair beside which she had a vague confused idea of a perfect tea table. "Take off the little hat, dear," he said, and she pulled it off and threw it down, away, anywhere. He knelt down and kissed her.

Unutterably safe as it all felt, glamorous as was the wine-colored room, her thoughts were all for one thing: "Will Mr. Fleet ——"

"Well, dear," said John Jeffrey gently, "I am Mr. Fleet—John Jeffrey Fleet. And what I said over the telephone was true, my dear. There is a place here for you if you will take it; the nicest place in the house, I hope you will think. You shall tell me all these troubles and we'll set them right, and then we'll be married, shall we, Jewel?"

She ran her hands through her thick short hair so that it stood up, all tossed and mad. She clutched her head.

"Please—do you mean—the cars are yours—this house—everything?"

John Jeffrey laughed. "You mustn't mind a bit of teasing, my dear. I can't help twitting you with it, but you've roped the rich man after all."

Still she was clutching her head, looking such a strange, wan child. "Oh! Oh!"

"I was only teasing," said John Jeffrey quickly. "Forgive me, dear. You told me a little while ago all that I wanted to hear. You love me—me—the chauffeur. You told me so."

She flung herself back away from him into the chair. "Oh! Oh! What have I done?"

He got up, leaning over her. "My darling?"

She took his face between her hands, looking at him for a long moment, "I married the chauffeur this morning."

"You—married?" he whispered.

"I'm not Jewel Courage. I'm Mrs. Vicary."

"Vicary!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

What happens when the sweet heroine inadvertently marries the wrong man? Answer: He obligingly dies so that she can marry the noble hero in the last reel.

What happens just as the hero who has been unjustly condemned to death begins his march to the chair? Answer: His faithful sweetheart uncovers evidence of his innocence and gets a pardon for him.

When does the pardon arrive? Answer: Just as the warden is about to jerk the lever.

Did a pardon ever arrive too late? Answer: Not in the movies.

—Dewey M. Owens.

The Care and Feeding of Politicians

OF ALL the trying times for these little fellows, the summer months just before election are apt to be the most trying and treacherous of all. See that their heads are kept cool, but never allow the feet to become cold, as they have a tendency to do at this time. Also see that your little politician always has his rubbers as a protection against the slush so prevalent at this season of the year, even in the driest states. We have known cases where young politicians, too inexperienced to know which way the wind was blowing, neglect these precautions against slush, and find themselves snowed under before they could say Jack Robinson.

Before election the politician should eat simply and sparingly. Afterwards let him have all the pork he wants, though he would be wise to go slowly at first. Teach him always to use plenty of apple sauce with it, as it makes it much more palatable to all concerned. Sometimes little politicians cutting their eyeteeth become just a weeny bit fretty, but often, if you let them chew a rag, they will be kept quite contented.

If your politician is backward in talking do not let it worry you. And never correct his grammar; it may be just what he needs some day. Though it does seem as if politicians brought up on the bottle are tough little chaps, it is nowadays deemed advisable to take the bottle away as soon as possible.

—Katharine Dayton.

"Never Mind, Willie, Mother Will Buy You Another Banana"

Pedigreed Pigskin, or Professional Football as She is Reported

THE kick-off was made by Pink Mange, Yale '09, '10, '11, '12, Freezit Ice Company '13; and the ball was caught and fumbled on the thirty-yard line by Peaches Heffernan, Oberlin '05, California State '23, George Tech '25 and Bellevue Medical '26. Nut Gimmick, Hohokus '20, '21, Sing Sing '23, '24, retrieved the oval and carried it to the enemy's ten-yard line, where it was lost on downs; Flo Gately, Barber's College '23, thereupon rushing the enemy line for three consecutive gains netting sixty-five yards. At this point the elusive pigskin was muffed by Hips Goosh, Minnesota '23, School of Bond Salesmen '24, '25; but was recovered again by Burly Rogers, Indian Ter. '09, Carlisle '10, '11, '12, '13, '14, '15, '16, World War '17 and '18. Held for downs, the Jacksonville Gazelles were forced to yield the rubber egg to the Wombats from Miami; who were in turn held for downs, the line rushes of Baby Billock, Horace Mann '19, Syracuse '20, Princeton '21, Oxford '22, Heidelberg '23 and New York Winter Garden '24, '25, availing naught against the immovable tonnage of the opposition.

The game ended an hour later with a score of 27 to 0, all three touchdowns being made after the first quarter by Punk O'Brien, Back Lots 1915, 1925.

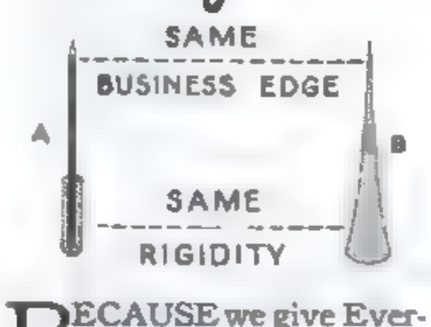
—Cyril B. Egan.

Aftermath

SHE told me not to send a gift,
And I, poor fish, believed she meant it.
These nasty cracks about my thrift—
She told me not to send a gift!
Now why the deuce should she be miffed
And act as though I should have sent it?
She told me not to send a gift,
And I, poor fish, believed she meant it!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

The same bevel edge—the same rigidity as an old fashioned razor!



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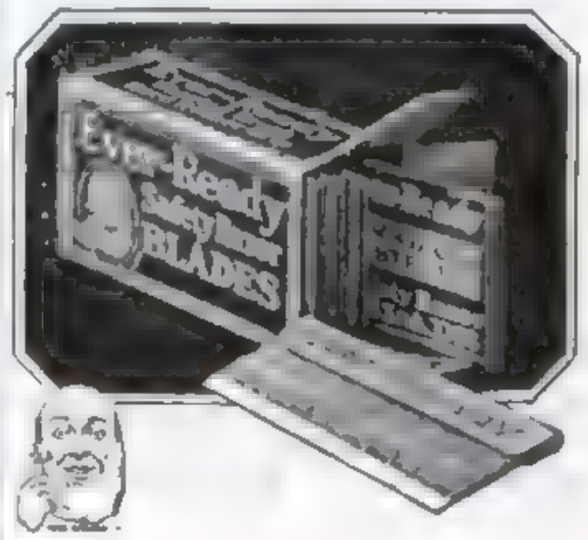

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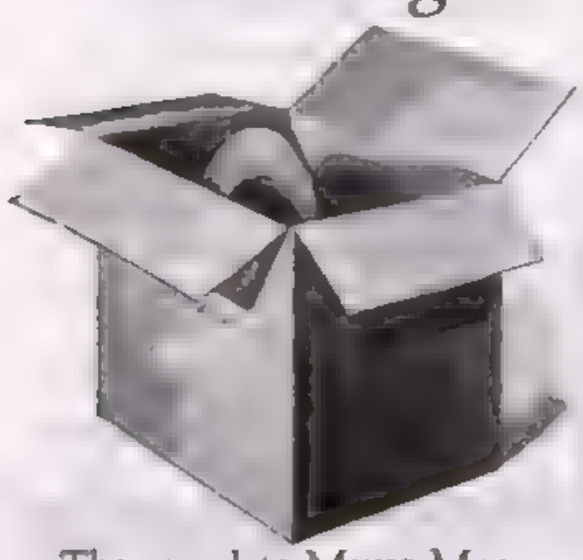

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SPAIN IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 17)

uncertainty that prevailed at the time I write. A knowledge of them will also help in comprehending the inevitable show-down whenever it comes.

If you know the history of contemporary European dictatorships, you know that the provocation for the Mussolinis, the Primos and the Pilsudskis was the same. Back of each movement was the failure of the parliamentary system. Sometimes, as in Italy, the crimson glow of a communist flare-up lighted the way to reform. But the fundamental reason why strong men rose up and took hold was that political parties and politicians clung to traditional prerogatives, formed blocs that impeded legislation, and the economic system suffered.

In Poland exactly thirty different political groups, many of them corrupt and therefore contented, made a mess of administration. Italy had fewer parties, but there the situation was rendered more acute by the hazard of what seemed to be an imminent Bolshevization of the country. Naturally business declined and credit became impaired. Everywhere the legislative shirker took refuge behind the constitution and let it go at that. No wonder dictators took the short cut, dissolved parliaments and consolidated power where it could be swiftly and effectively used.

In Spain there were seven parties, headed by the Liberals and the Conservatives. The five others were the Integrists, the Carlists, the Reformistas—the extreme Left—the Republicans and the Socialists. The Liberals and the Conservatives rotated during the regency of the present king. What many Americans do not know is that Alfonso, being a posthumous child and having no elder brothers, was literally born a monarch. He was a king from the moment his baby eyes opened on the world.

An American Bank in the Heart of Madrid

A Courageous Patriot

When Alfonso really took hold—that is, when he formally assumed the crown—he placed himself in the hands of the politicians whose machinations and errors brought the country to such a pass that Primo intervened. There is no need of rehearsing what happened prior to 1923. This is the year that concerns us, for it literally set up a milepost in Spain's history.

The coup d'état that made Primo dictator was the result of three developments. One was the maladministration by the old parties successively in power, a state of affairs that caused Premier Maura, upon one occasion, to declare, "Let those govern who impede government!" Spain had fifteen cabinets in fifteen years. It tells the whole story of the repression of national interests.

The second was the war in Morocco. Most people are familiar with the many Spanish reverses there. In a single engagement at Anual in 1921 Spain lost 10,000 men at the hands of a comparatively few Arabs under Abd-el-Krim. It was this engagement that put the old sheik on the war map. All Spain cried out for reprisal on those responsible for the continued assaults on her prestige. But for a long time no punishment was meted out. One reason was that in the Spanish Army there are the so-called juntas—that is, officer societies which usually take care of their own. The person held to be chiefly responsible for the early Moroccan disasters was General Berenguer, Spanish high commissioner. Keep his name in mind, because he figures largely in the first phase of what may develop into the drama of Primo's downfall.

The third contributory cause was the separatist movement in Catalonia. The Catalans have a strong and well-defined nationalism, with its own language, traditions and literature. For years they have agitated secession from Spain. In this they were reënforced by the reds, whose stronghold is in their midst. The severance of Catalonia would be a serious loss to Spain, because the capital, Barcelona, is the most important Spanish port on the Mediterranean and the center of the Spanish industrial movement. To stave off secession, Catalonia got some degree of autonomy and was allowed to have a president. The nationalistic problem continued acute and every premier had to wrestle with it.

Now we come to Primo de Rivera. In September, 1923, he was captain general of Catalonia. Up to that time he had not been a particularly distinguished figure, save that his fearlessness was undisputed. He showed his courage in denunciation of the Moroccan war, in a persistent campaign against the juntas and his disapproval of the methods of the politicians who were running the country. Furthermore, he saw Catalonia slowly but surely slipping from Spain. He realized further that its strong communistic sentiment might impregnate the whole kingdom. Whatever his mistakes and excesses of power, Primo is a patriot.

On September 13, 1923, Primo pulled off his famous coup. He proclaimed a state of siege, dissolved parliament, suspended constitutional liberties, wiped out what autonomy existed in Catalonia and put a strong muzzle on the press. He set up a military directorate composed of half a dozen generals and an admiral, with himself at the head. He also formed the Patriotic Union, which put a definite political agency behind him. An iron rule began. It was a daring adventure and he got away with it.

Whether Alfonso was in the know about the dictatorship is not determined. At any rate, he promptly accepted it, because it undoubtedly staved off a revolution which was being fomented by those who opposed the Moroccan war. The politicians also acquiesced to what seemed to be the inevitable, since it saved their hides.

For two years Primo had comparatively easy going. He made the alliance with France which ended the Moroccan war; but it was mainly a French show, which is evidenced by the fact that France became steward of Abd-el-Krim in exile. As I have already intimated, economic conditions improved.

Troubles in Bunches

With the events of 1926 we reach what seems to be the parting of the ways for Primo. He had always counted on the army as his mainstay. It remained, so far as externals were concerned, unanimously loyal till last May, when the infantry framed the coup conceived to wrest power from the dictator. But Primo beat them to it. He got wind of what was going on and put it down with a ruthless hand.

This attempt was more than an army enterprise. Linked with the infantry was a group of old-line politicians and soldiers, including Count Romanones, the Liberal leader, one of the King's cronies and a power in Spain. He was fined 500,000 pesetas and exiled. Another conspirator was Captain General Weyler, who was mulcted 100,000 pesetas. The object of the infantry-politician coup that failed was to restore constitutional government.

Primo's troubles now began in earnest. In September came the revolt of the artillery. The definite grievance was the introduction by Primo of an order which enforced promotion through merit and not by seniority. This was a blow at the old guard. The artillery officers refused to leave their barracks and Primo sent troops to arrest them. Once more he used the mailed fist. Martial law was declared, the ringleaders were sentenced to be shot and every artillery officer in Spain was deprived of his rank.

It was on the night of the artillery outbreak that King Alfonso, then on his holiday at San Sebastian, drove his motor car at breakneck speed from the summer capital to Madrid. Outwardly he indorsed everything that Primo had done, but not long afterward he commuted the sentences of all officers who had been sentenced to death. Both at Madrid and San Sebastian I was told that the King resented Primo's treatment of a wing of the army that had been one of his special pets and had always been loyal to the throne

Since the artillery episode various events indicate that the King's attitude toward Primo is not altogether what it was. The most conspicuous slap administered to the dictator was the appointment of General Berenguer as chief of the King's military

(Continued on Page 48)

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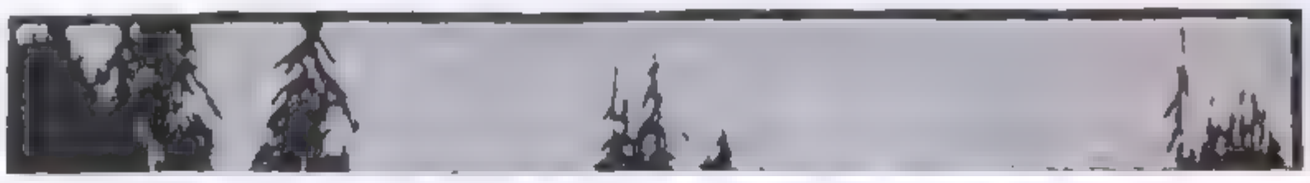

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(Continued from Page 44)

household. Berenguer, as you will recall, was held responsible for the reverses in Morocco and was imprisoned by Primo for his share in the Riff disasters. He had been out of prison only a few months when the King appointed him to the post just mentioned. When I left Spain, Berenguer was talked of as a possible successor to Primo. Another aspirant is Admiral de Magáz, one of the original military directorate, who got so strong that Primo sent him as ambassador to the Vatican.

Primo now did a spectacular and characteristic thing. No sooner had the tumult of the artillery episode subsided than he ordered a nation-wide plebiscite to vindicate his dictatorship. He wanted what we would call a vote of confidence, and he set about to get it in a performance that was not without its element of humor.

The so-called plebiscite was in no sense an election, because there was no active contest. Primo was the one and only issue. For three days the populace was invited to step up to the various polling places throughout the country and inscribe their names in books especially prepared for this purpose. Every name inscribed was counted as a vote to uphold everything Primo had done.

The Patriotic Union ran the show and it set a new mark for machine politics. Those astute politicians in America who used to vote them in blocks of five were real amateurs alongside Primo's crowd that got out the vote in Spain. More than 5,000,000 people voted in a total population of a little more than 22,000,000, of whom nearly half are illiterate. I was informed in Madrid that Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks voted not less than 500 times. Mary Pickford showed up in various sections. History was ransacked for names to be inscribed. Julius Cæsar was called back to life and in one district in the south Abd-el-Krim's name was found on the roster. The nearest approach to this kind of voting farce that I have seen in recent years was the election held in Constantinople in 1923, when Kemal Pasha not only got every vote cast but a great many that were not.

Of course, the plebiscite was a grand and glorious triumph for Primo. Undoubtedly his popularity with the ignorant masses is unimpaired; but, like all strong men, he has incurred the bitter hostility of the old politicians. The time must come when the King needs these politicians in his business. Hence the ultimate decision sooner or later.

Germany's Setback

Since the plebiscite various events, other than the reinstatement of General Berenguer to royal favor, indicate a turn in the tide against Primo. For one thing, the King had a long conference with Sanchez Guerra, head of the Conservative Party, who has been down and out since the Primo rule began. There is no doubt that tremendous pressure is being brought upon Alfonso for a modification of the dictatorship which would mean a return to constitutional government. Primo has announced the convocation of a national assembly; but, to use his words, it is only to be "consultative." He wants three more years to prove the efficacy of his rule. Incidentally, a strong republican movement headed by Ibanez, the novelist, is under full swing. Alfonso may have to translate that threat to run for president into reality after all.

Such, in brief, is the situation in Spain. The curious feature about it is that whereas the proletariat usually demand a parliamentary deal, in this case it is the barons, so to speak, who want the constitution brought to life again. Primo may or may not lose his job. Of one thing there is no doubt: While he heads the government Spain will not be dull.

With the explanation of the political situation out of the way, it is possible to visualize what America has done in Spain. For years Spain has been like a sleeping beauty, awaiting the touch of a prince in the shape of capital, skill and enterprise to wake her into expansive life. Before the war the Germans believed that they embodied the magic presence, but defeat gave them a serious setback. One reason for the temporary decline—and the same obtained in other countries—was that their commercial prestige on the Iberian Peninsula was linked with their military might. When that fell they lost out all around. It was not until after the Armistice, and before the Teuton started to stage his comeback, that we got into full swing, with the result, as I have indicated, that we are now first among exporters to Spain.

None of the undeveloped European countries offers a better opportunity for constructive exploitation. Potentially, Spain is one of the richest areas on the Continent. Within her confines are nearly all the elements of agricultural and mineral wealth that make for self-sufficiency. The climate is like that of California, and 40 per cent of the land is under cultivation. Spain leads the world in olive culture and her Malaga vineyards are famous. There is a great variety of minerals, the iron-ore deposits equaling those of Sweden and exceeding domestic needs. In copper she is foremost in Europe, having 55 per cent of the total production.

No Place for Go-Getters

Industrially, Spain has made considerable strides since the war. Barcelona has developed an important textile output and Bilbao, on the north coast, is a humming iron-and-steel center. One of the most cheerful signs of progress is in what might be called the new Spanish spirit. For decades the activities of the educated Spaniards of the upper classes were practically restricted to a few professions. As in England, it was a vulgar gesture to engage in trade. Today the grandee is glad of a meal ticket in the shape of a seat in the directorate of an alien or native corporation, or in the agency of an American motor car. Nor is this entirely due to that eternal leveler which is economic necessity. Rather is it born of a fresh European realization that self-preservation means work.

The American expansion in Spain is really part of our larger world advance which dates back to the World War opportunity. Here, as in Latin America, our trade objective is now a definite goal and not a sporadic outlet for surplus stock. We have set up branch houses, notably for automobiles and agricultural implements, and have therefore not left our interests to the nationals of other countries, who push their own goods first. Nor have we let foreign banks establish our credit ratings. We do that in American branch banks in Madrid and Barcelona. They specialize in accurate information for the Spanish as well as the American business man. Furthermore, we are sending salesmen to Spain who speak Spanish, thus remedying what was once a serious defect in our overseas trade effort. That we appreciate the economic possibilities of the Spanish and South American domain is shown by the growth of the study of Spanish in our schools. More and more are Americans appreciating the value of a knowledge of Spanish both as a social and an economic asset.

In Spain, as elsewhere, we are learning one of the fundamentals of international merchandising. It lies in adapting salesmanship to the customs of the country. It is no land for the 100 per cent go-getter who begins to talk business with his breakfast food. The men who have made good in Spain know that the Spaniard is still wedded more or less to the word "*mañana*," which means tomorrow; that he lunches at two o'clock, usually takes a siesta afterward, and does not come to business life again until four. There is considerable of the Oriental in him. "Scratch a Spaniard and you find a Moor," is an old saying not without its quality of truth.

One handicap to American and other commercial penetrations in Spain has been political unrest. To a much less extent than in Mexico, a revolution, with the usual prelude of assassination, often lurked behind the corner. Future exploitation in a big way must depend upon internal stabilization. To Primo de Rivera's credit it must be said that his iron rule, like Mussolini's, has contributed largely to the economic impetus. Whether he continues or not, Spain has found that she must encourage foreign capital. Whatever happens, the renaissance will doubtless continue, more especially if we maintain our pace.

Our style in Spain has been cramped because of the persistent failure of the Spanish Government to negotiate a new commercial treaty with us. The instrument now operative dates back to 1906 and has been renewed from time to time as a *modus vivendi*. The Spaniards refuse to begin parleys because of our quarantine against Spanish grapes, oranges and lemons, and the recent threat to increase our duty on onions. In consequence, we do not enjoy all the favored-nation privileges accorded other nations, especially France and Britain. You will discover just how this works to our disadvantage when I take up the bank-tax matter.

Nevertheless, we have registered, particularly during 1925, when we took the lead in exports. Their value aggregated 431,971,881 pesetas, a considerable increase over 1924. At par, a peseta is worth approximately twenty cents, and at the time I write it is a little more than fifteen cents. The fact that the national currency has not slumped while the French and Belgian francs have gone to pot is a tribute to the inherent soundness of the country.

The British trade statistics for Spain reflect the economic jolt that John Bull has received in every part of the world. In 1924 he had the premier position, with merchandise exports worth 432,205,000 pesetas. In 1925 they had shrunk to 289,062,840 pesetas—this, too, despite the fact that Britain is Spain's best customer. The tremendous overhead cost of production in Great Britain, due to strikes and trade-union tyranny, has penalized the British product everywhere.

Live American Salesmen

The outstanding item in our exports to Spain is raw cotton. The principal increase, however, has been in manufactured goods. The advance of Spanish industry has failed to keep pace with the requirements for such commodities as office equipment, principally typewriters and adding machines, and agricultural implements. American gasoline is, of course, a large factor in the trade turnover.

Needless to say, the American motor car and tire have a commanding place. About 55 per cent of all the gasoline-propelled vehicles come from the United States. Nearly half are of one American make, which has an assembling plant in Barcelona. The Spanish tariff on cars is by weight and adds from 20 to 30 per cent to the cost price.

Automobile selling in Spain is restricted by the absence of what we call the owner-driver. In the United States millions own and drive their motors. This does not obtain in Spain to any appreciable extent. Another factor is that Spain being a land of peasants, there are few automobiles on the farm. Hence the field is restricted. This is indicated by the automobile registrations for 1925, which were only 111,636. There is also sharp competition from French and Italian makes. A further handicap is the chauffeur graft. As in South America, the dealer must do business with the chauffeur, who gets his rake-off.

American economic penetration in Spain has had every aid that official coöperation can render. Former Ambassador Alexander P. Moore, who called King Alfonso "chief," was a live salesman and sold the United States day and night. It is peculiarly fortunate that his successor—Ogden H. Hammond—is a man of long and successful business experience. Our commercial attaché at Madrid, Charles H. Cunningham, is one of the most efficient

(Continued on Page 48)

Style A DOMINATING REASON FOR *Buick's* SWEEPING VOGUE

The sweeping vogue of this famous motor car is traceable as directly to the lines and luxuries of the new Buick models as to their mechanical perfection; as much to the spirited style in Buick appearance as to the irreproachable performance of an engine *vibrationless beyond belief.*

Your eye says, "This is a distinguished motor car," and Buick performance meets that estimate.

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(Continued from Page 46)

representatives of the foreign service of the Department of Commerce. In addition, the American Chamber of Commerce in Spain, located at Barcelona, provides a clearing house of trade opportunities.

So much for the general economic picture. We can now examine in detail the outstanding American achievements. First and foremost among them is the telephonization of the country, which means much more than the introduction of capital, initiative and technical skill. It is not only a chapter of conspicuous oversea Yankee endeavor, combining good business with the practical uplift of a nation, but also introduces an American whose international performance is scarcely known to his countrymen. I refer to Col. Sosthenes Behn.

To get at the beginning of the telephone undertaking in Spain we must go back for a moment to the Island of St. Thomas, in what was once the Danish West Indies. Here Colonel Behn was born about forty-five years ago of a French mother and a Danish father. As soon as he was old enough he became an American citizen. When the Virgin Islands, of which St. Thomas is one, were bought by the United States in 1917, he also became automatically an American. Thus he was twice Americanized.

Something of the germ of financial wizardry which has lurked in the West Indies, because Alexander Hamilton hailed from those parts, seems to have infected Colonel Behn. Before he was thirty he acquired large land interests in Porto Rico and organized the telephone service there. From this nucleus developed the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, which also operates the telephone services in Cuba, Mexico and Spain, and now seeks to annex the French telephone monopoly. Behind the International was the idea of developing a world-wide telephone organization that would build up national systems operated by the nationals of each country, and also aid in research, investigation and the standardization of the most advanced and practical methods of communication.

It was after the International had established itself in the New World that the Spanish scheme took shape. As long ago as 1920 the Germans and the Swedes recognized the telephone opportunity there and launched campaigns for concessions. Colonel Behn, who was rapidly acquiring a hold on Latin-American countries, also started in to get the business. Having a complete organization, he was able to make a comprehensive survey both of conditions and of possibilities.

Conversations in Reserve

When all this telephone competition started, Spain was still in the hands of the politicians and it was almost impossible to get action. As soon as Primo de Rivera installed himself as dictator things began to happen. The Americans had made their survey and were ready to deliver the goods in a thorough American way. This appealed to Primo, who is forceful and direct. At his instigation a contract was signed between the Spanish Government and the Compañia Telefonica Nacional de España, the International subsidiary in Spain, on August 26, 1924. It authorized the latter to obtain by purchase from the state and the various private concessionaires all the existing Spanish telephone systems and to consolidate and develop them into one general nation-wide service.

If ever a country needed telephone development it was Spain. What has happened since the International took hold is an illuminating before-and-after narrative. Since we own 62 per cent of all the world telephones—there are 14 to every 100 persons in the United States—the story of what existed in Spain is of interest.

In 1923 the Spanish telephone facilities were in the hands of the government and one private company, the Compañia Peninsular de Telefonos, but a number of smaller plants were owned by provinces, municipalities, corporations and individuals. There were 90,000 telephones and 15,000 kilometers of wire scattered about. Small as this amount may seem for a nation of more than 22,000,000 inhabitants, the figures, taken by themselves, represent an exaggerated picture of the actual facilities for telephonic communication.

Many of the telephone plants were not interconnected. Among those that were the connections were of such a character as to make long-distance conversation either practically impossible or entirely unsatisfactory. No uniformity of materials, equipment, apparatus, method or construction existed.

Iron and copper wires were found parallel to each other in the same circuit, to say nothing of wires of the same metal, but different caliber. Long-distance lines were in all states of repair, from pretty good to falling down. Transpositions, which are recognized today as necessary to clear transmission on long trunk lines, either did not exist or were improperly balanced. There were no repeaters to revivify the weakened currents. Lack of sufficient circuits along the main routes of speech added to the difficulties. It was no uncommon experience for a man to place a call one day and not be able to talk until the next.

Museum Pieces for Telephones

In Madrid, Barcelona and a great many other cities, where the government owned the long-distance system and the local service was privately controlled, the subscribers could not make interurban calls from their own telephones, but had to go to the long-distance exchange downtown. Those who had the time and the nervous durability had to sit about these public offices for hours, waiting their turns. As a measure of relief, it was common practice to give the person calling an appointment for some later hour or the next day, when it was hoped the person called might be waiting for him.

Newspapers, banks, brokerage offices and other business institutions had certain circuits leased by the month for fixed periods daily. Hence the service which they got was of a much higher degree of dependability. The result of this leasing system, with limited facilities, was that very little time was left open for the public at desirable hours over the most important lines, such, for example, as those between Madrid and Barcelona, or Madrid and Seville. Not infrequently a man who had waited half a day or longer to get a call through would hardly get started when the operator would notify him that he must hang up as it was time for the leased-circuit conversation of some newspaper or other client to begin.

As a great many subscribers owned their telephones, there was not only a vast variety of types but also wide differences in the serviceability of instruments. A man who had bought a telephone from some side-street agent or secondhand dealer, with no knowledge whatever of its real merits, would cling to it year after year because he had paid out good pesetas for it, and curse the company or the government because he could not talk through it. Of course, it happened also that the man with a good telephone was no better off if he happened to be trying to talk to a man whose instrument belonged in a museum or a junk heap.

The same lack of uniformity existed in exchanges. At Vitoria, an important city midway between Bilbao and Burgos, a switchboard installed fourteen years after Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone was in operation. Underground cables were unknown. Wires and cables entered the central offices from huge towers like bird cages. In large cities like Madrid and Barcelona, these festoons of cables looked like gigantic strings of macaroni. Directories were published by private contractors solely concerned in the advertising revenue.

Most apartment houses had only one telephone, which was installed in the janitor's quarters. This was used by all the families living in the building. In the case of an incoming call, the caller held the line while the janitor went to notify the person called, perhaps on the fifth or sixth floor. This added greatly to the congestion of traffic and discouraged the use of the telephone.

To develop all this junk and inefficiency into a modern nation-wide telephone service was the job that confronted the International. Practically everything had to be scrapped and the engineers were afforded an unusual opportunity to plan an almost ideal system. The geography of Spain aided them because Madrid occupies the dead center of the Iberian Peninsula. The capital therefore became to the new system what the hub is to a wheel, with lines radiating in all directions to the frontiers and important seaports. Trunk lines connecting these ports as they followed the coasts provide the rim of the wheel.

The Americans were required to do two things at the same time. One was to build an entirely new system; the other was to give immediate relief to the long-suffering public. While automatic stations were being installed and underground cables laid, the old service was improved.

The first act in the development of the new physical plant was the dramatically rapid establishment of telephone communication between Europe and Africa. When the Compañia Telefonica Nacional de España got its concession, General Primo de Rivera was not only running the military directorate in Madrid but was at the same time personally in command of the campaign against the Riffians in Morocco. The long jump between his G. H. Q. in Tetuan and his political headquarters at home was bridged only by the government telegraph lines. There were times when it would have been much better to have talked things over rather than engage in an exchange of telegrams. The general expressed great interest in the possibilities of a telephone circuit to connect his two widely separated fields of operation.

Europe and Africa Converse

"We will enable you to talk from Tetuan to Madrid in a week if you will let us use your telegraph submarine cables," was the message that Colonel Behn sent to Primo de Rivera.

"Impossible," was his answer.

"Then we will show you," came the rejoinder from the telephone headquarters in Madrid.

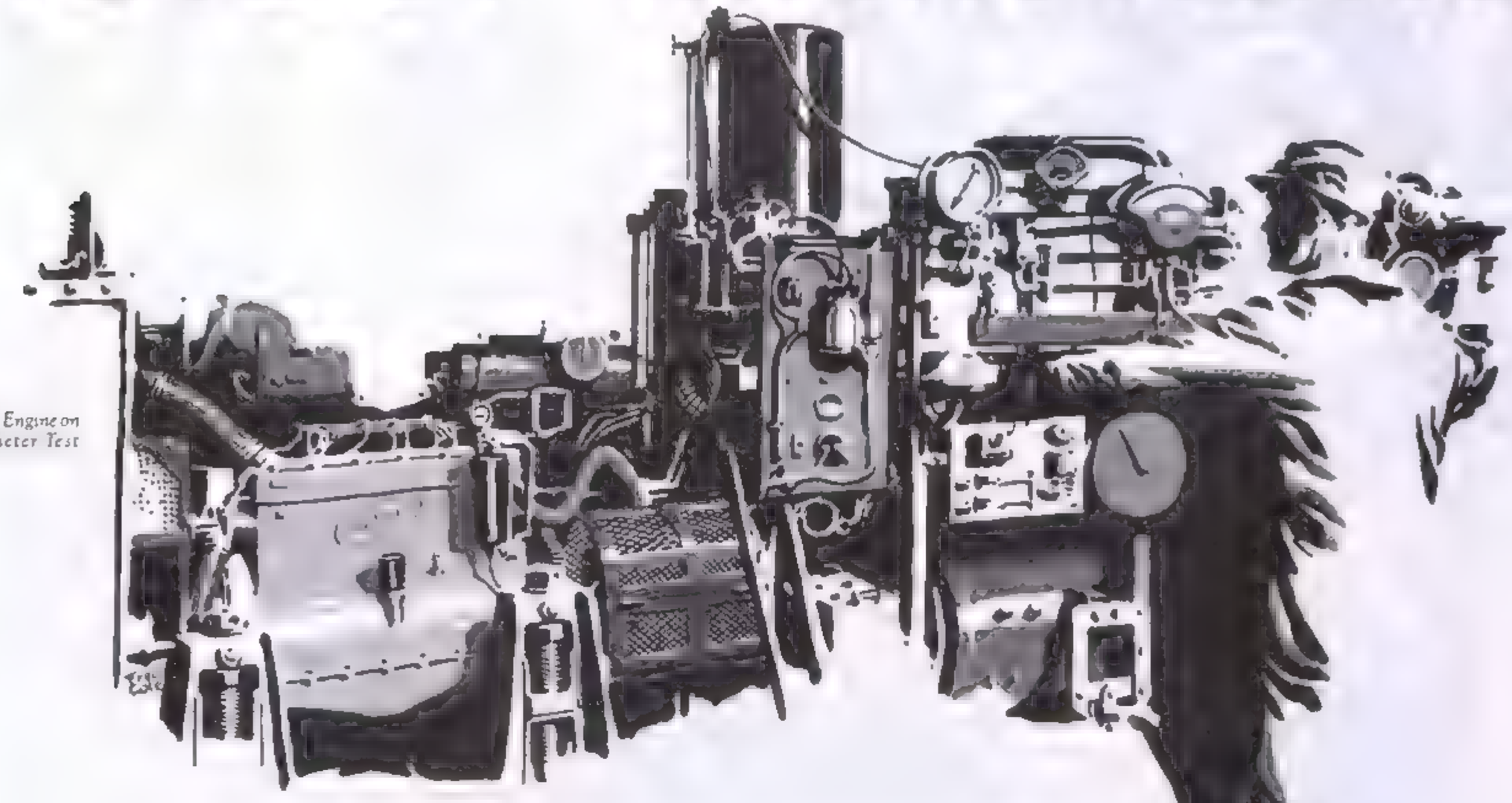
Government consent to use the submarine telegraph cables was readily given. An emergency crew, working under the personal supervision of the chief engineer of the company, established a good talking circuit from Madrid to Algeciras. Another crew was sent to Africa to set up the circuit from Ceuta to Tetuan, a route that in places ran along the line of the Spanish infantry outposts and was frequently within range of the enemy's fire. By a method that communications engineers consider comparatively simple nowadays, the telegraph cable was adapted to telephone use, so that dot-and-dash messages and conversations could go on simultaneously.

Seven days after the telephone engineers started to work, King Alfonso spoke from the War Ministry in Madrid to General Primo de Rivera at his Tetuan headquarters. Europe and Africa talked to each other for the first time in history. A permanent service is now in operation.

In two years the International has developed all that it promised to do in two years. At Santander the automatic exchange was opened by King Alfonso in person. The number of telephones in use throughout the country has grown to 120,000. Up to October first of this year, 148 towns that had not been connected up before were in communication. Underground cables are in service. The high Pyrenees,

(Continued on Page 50)

STRICTEST STANDARDS RIGIDLY MAINTAINED



Oldsmobile Engine on Dynamometer Test

The demonstrated quality of Oldsmobile extends to the smallest hidden part.

Unbiased measurement of true worth on General Motors Proving Ground anticipates and duplicates, in advance, every condition of owner use . . . lays down the laws that secure owner satisfaction.

In every process of manufacture, in every phase of inspection . . . split-hair measurements mark the code of standards.

This exactness yields that uniform merit which raises Oldsmobile so far above its price class. The brilliance of Oldsmobile performance, its endurance, its abiding qualities of comfort and beauty are founded . . . first and foremost . . . on strictest standards, rigidly maintained!

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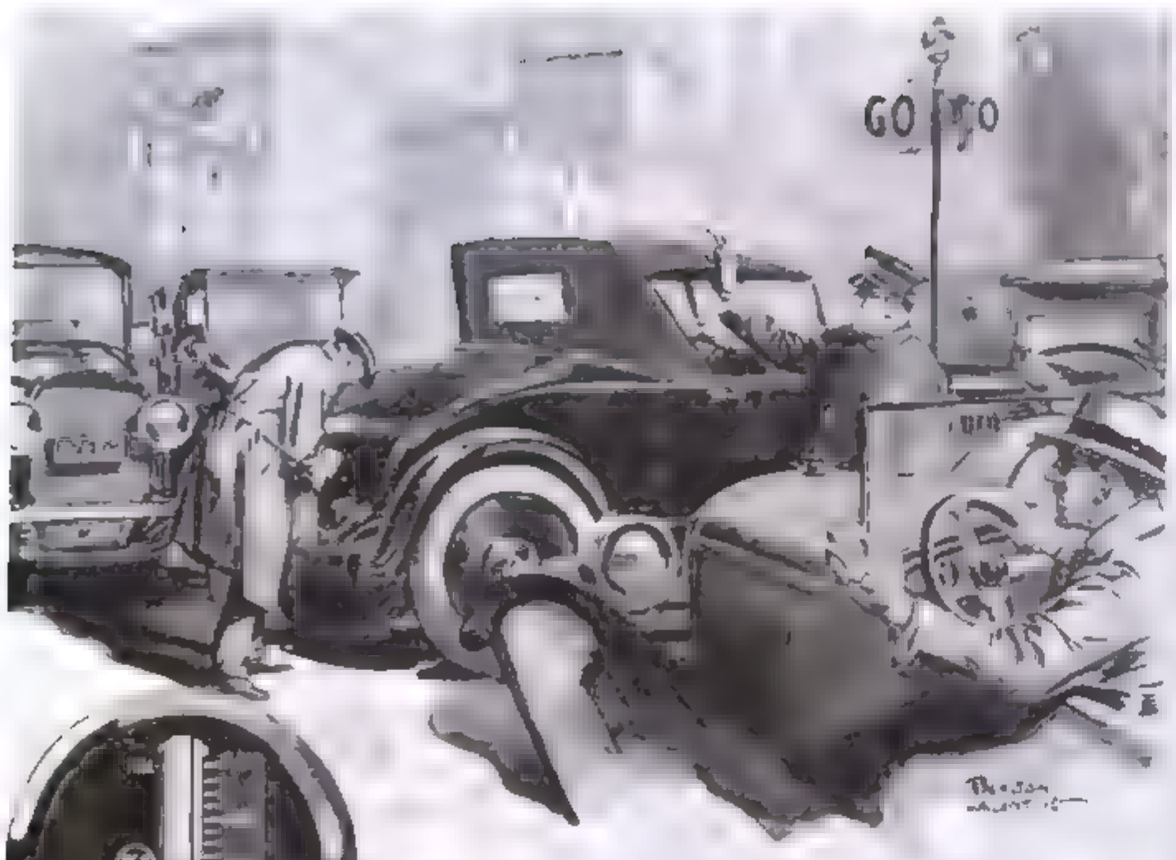

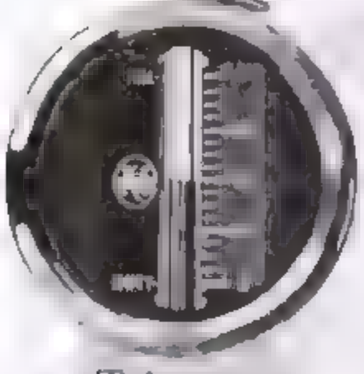

Telegage Accuracy

It happens even in the City~

to cars that have not yet been equipped with the dependable Telegage.

IT'S bad enough on a country road, but it's positively dangerous when your gas tank goes empty in the very center of a traffic crush. Unless you know every minute how your gasoline supply stands, it may happen any day to you—perhaps your wife, or daughter.

Take no chances. See to it that your car is equipped with the Telegage. Be among the half million or more motor car owners who enjoy this protection. Say this to yourself: "I'm through guessing—I want to know by a glance at my instrument board *exactly* how many gallons of gas I have in my car—down to the fraction of a gallon."

To appreciate Telegage accuracy try this convincing test: With a gallon measure, fill the fuel tank one gallon at a time. The red column of the Telegage will rise line by line, checking gallon for gallon!

Sixteen leading cars now indorse the K-S Telegage by including it as standard equipment. Its dependable protection is also available as an accessory on many other cars. Ask your car dealer about the Telegage. He will install it easily and quickly. The tank unit fits in the float gauge opening, and a template (included) makes it simple to fit the Telegage to the instrument board. If your car dealer cannot supply you, write us. When writing give dealer's name, model and year of your car, and enclose check for \$8.50, the regular retail price.

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Special instructions for installation (different from other cars because it has no float gauge) included in each package.

The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

(Continued from Page 48)

which were cut off from Spain, are now linked up with the capital.

On the human side another evolution is being wrought. The International has not only given Spain the result of decades of telephone development all in a heap, but it is making the Spanish telephone worker, both male and female, more efficient. It is part of the policy of the company to have each national system operated and partly owned by its nationals. A number of trained American telephone employes were brought in to teach the Spaniards how to set poles and splice cables. Every American was given a Spanish understudy with the idea of fitting him for the Yankee's job.

An employes' association, with the right to deal with the management on matters affecting personnel, has been formed. There are benefit funds, industrial insurance, rest and lunch rooms and a completely organized medical department. Employes are also permitted to buy stock in the company on the installment plan. I refer to these proceedings because they represent an absolute innovation in Spain, where so-called welfare, as we know it, was absolutely unknown.

Capital Punishment

At the outset the company started instructional departments. These have now been merged into what is called the Telephone University. The curriculum ranges from elementary instruction in the three R's up to the higher branches of the science of electrical communication. An employe can enter illiterate and leave a competent engineer. The gradual introduction of automatic exchanges will leave hundreds of operators without jobs. The company has instituted courses in stenography and general office management so that the girls will be equipped to find other work once they are let out.

One further detail must be emphasized because it makes for a vital asset in international business relationship, which is goodwill. The first telephone equipment had to be imported. As soon as the organization was well under way it was decided to have Spanish manufacturers supply materials and equipment wherever possible. To carry out this policy of spending money where it is made, the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation has reorganized its Spanish subsidiary of the International Standard Electric Corporation, as the manufacturing branch is known, and is building factories at Santander and Madrid, and enlarging the old one at Barcelona. These establishments will not only provide everything needed for the telephone industry in Spain but will have a margin for export.

The president of the Standard Electrica, as it is called, is the Duke of Alba and Berwick, one of the outstanding grandees of Spain. The head of the Compañia Telefonica is the Marqués de Urquijo, a leading Spanish banker. About 99 per cent of the 10,000 employes are Spanish.

The value of this kind of nationalizing—both with men and money, for much of the stock of the Spanish company is owned in Spain—cannot be overestimated. For one thing, it eliminates the idea of Yankee invasion, which is particularly resented by the Latin peoples. They are proud and sensitive, nowhere to a greater degree than in Spain, and still cherish prejudices against the alien. Get them to believe that they are operating the show, and this aversion is largely overcome. One reason why some of our oversea enterprises have failed is that the people behind them advertised their pep and push too much. The Spanish telephone enterprise therefore points the way for unobtrusive and therefore permanent penetration.

A kindred development is in the American branch banks at Madrid and Barcelona. Originally they were outposts of the National City Bank of New York, but now operate as adjuncts of the International Banking Corporation. With the reason for this change we reach the only evidence of Spanish discrimination against us.

In 1920, when the branches had begun to function, a strong feeling developed in Spain for what was termed the nationalization of business, which meant elimination of foreign interests. The country had reached a position of unprecedented economic strength due to war prosperity, and alien banks were regarded as interlopers with selfish interests. As a result, the Spanish banks began to wage war against their foreign competitors with the hope of driving them out.

Largely at their dictation, a law was passed subjecting every outside bank operating in Spain to an annual tax on the total capital, surplus and reserves of the institution as well as upon a proportion—not less than 10 per cent—of the entire profits. Obviously the annual tax on a financial mastodon like the National City, to say nothing of a tax on its profits, would have been sufficient to cause it to withdraw from the field. For this reason it was decided to work in Spain under the wing of the International Banking Corporation, which it had acquired in 1915, whose capital and reserves were much smaller than those of the National City Bank. The International therefore took over the business in Madrid and Barcelona late in 1920.

At the outset all foreign banks were in the same boat. They were willing to pay a tax on what business they did within the kingdom, but they objected to being mulcted on their entire capital. Largely due to persistent prodding by their Foreign Offices, France and England negotiated special treaties which secured favored treatment for their banks through reduced taxation. Although Washington has protested repeatedly, the American institutions are still at an unfair disadvantage. The matter, however, is to be reopened again. Spain will undoubtedly insist upon a modification of our embargo on her fruit before she will make the same treaty concessions which have been accorded the British and the French. In that event relief will be further deferred.

A Market for Dollars

Despite the advantages that their French and British competitors enjoy, the American branches have established themselves securely. The reason is that they have not sought to encroach upon the preserves of the Spanish banks. In Spain, as in Germany, the home banks are large stockholders in the principal commercial and industrial enterprises of the nation, controlling their policies to a very large extent. American institutions rarely choose this form of investment. Hence the Spaniards had no kick coming on this score.

The International Banking Corporation in Spain has devoted itself mainly to international business. Among other things, it specializes in information, assisting the Spanish exporter to find a market abroad and helping the American trader to make connections in Spain.

So well has this been developed that Spanish banks frequently refer to them with regard to the standing of houses in Spain as well as overseas.

When Ambassador James W. Gerard left Germany after our diplomatic break in 1917, he had to return by way of Spain. He tried to get some dollars in Madrid and found that there had never been a market for them in the country and that the price depended entirely upon quotations received from London or Paris. One of the first steps taken by the American banks was to establish dollar credits for the Spanish cotton importers. Hitherto these credits had been in pounds sterling. Now the dollar is the recognized medium of exchange for the business.

Like the telephone company, the International Banking Corporation has introduced a complete welfare system, including clubrooms and instruction in languages and arithmetic. In one detail it has wrought

(Continued on Page 52)

"Dependable Champion Spark Plugs with insulators of California sillimanite made possible my racing victories of 1926."—Harry Hartz.

DOMINANT

Champion Outstanding Victories in 1926

AMERICAN

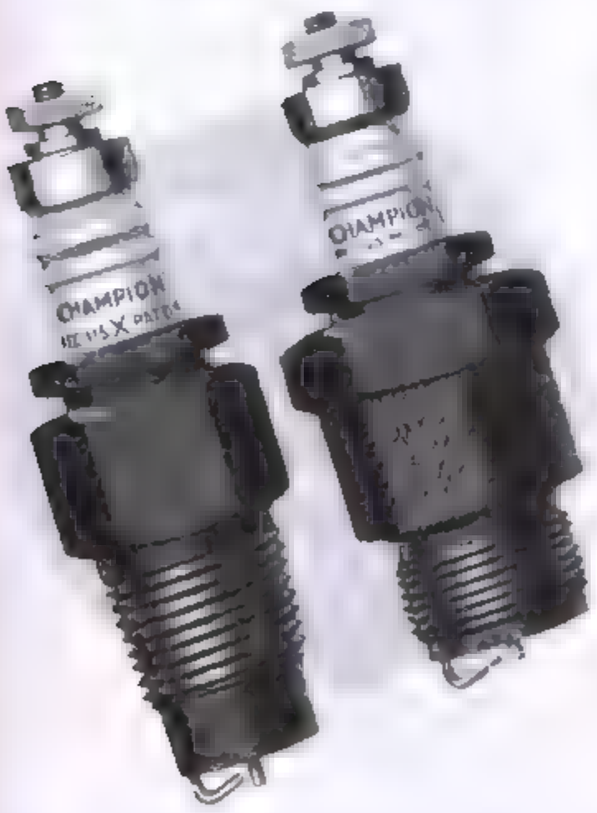
March 21 . Culver City—*New World Record*
May 1 . . Atlantic City—*New World Record*
May 10 . . . . . Charlotte, N. C.
May 31 . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
June 13 . . . . . Altoona, Pa.
July 5 . . . . . Salem, N. H.
July 18 . . . . . Atlantic City, N. J.
(Winner in all 4 events)
Aug. 23 . . . . . Charlotte, N. C.
(Winner in all 4 events
Sept. 6 . . . . Syracuse, N. Y. Dirt Track
(Winner in all 3 events)
Sept. 18 . . . . . Altoona, Pa.
Oct. 12 . Salem, N. H.—*New World Record*

BOATS

March 19 . Fisher-Allison Trophy at Miami
July 6 . . . . . Savannah Water Carnival
August 22 . . . . . Dodge Trophy
Sept. 6 . Annual Power Boat Regatta, Detroit
150 Mile Sweepstakes
Sept. 4 . . . . . Junior Gold Cup Race
Sept. 7 . Harmsworth International Trophy

EUROPEAN

April 2 . . . . . Grand Prix of Rome
May 26 . . . Grand Prix Bol D'OR France
June 16 . . . . . Grand Prix LeMans
June 29 . . . . . Grand Prix of France
July 6 . . . . . Grand Prix of Belgium
July 13 . . . . . Grand Prix of Germany
July 20 . . . . . Grand Prix of Europe
July 27 . . . . . Grand Prix of Spain
Aug. 9 . . . Grand Prix of Great Britain
Sept. 7 . . . . . Grand Prix of Italy



Champion X—exclusively for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors—packed in the Red Box—
60 cents each Set of Four $2.40

Champion—for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box—
75 cents each Set of Four $3.00
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No test to which a spark plug may be subjected is so severe as the tremendous stress imposed by present day racing motors. In the racing field Champion is absolutely dominant—Champion equipped cars winning all races of importance both here and in Europe for the past three years. The dependable Champion Spark Plugs your dealer will sell you are identical with Champion racing plugs in design, materials and workmanship.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

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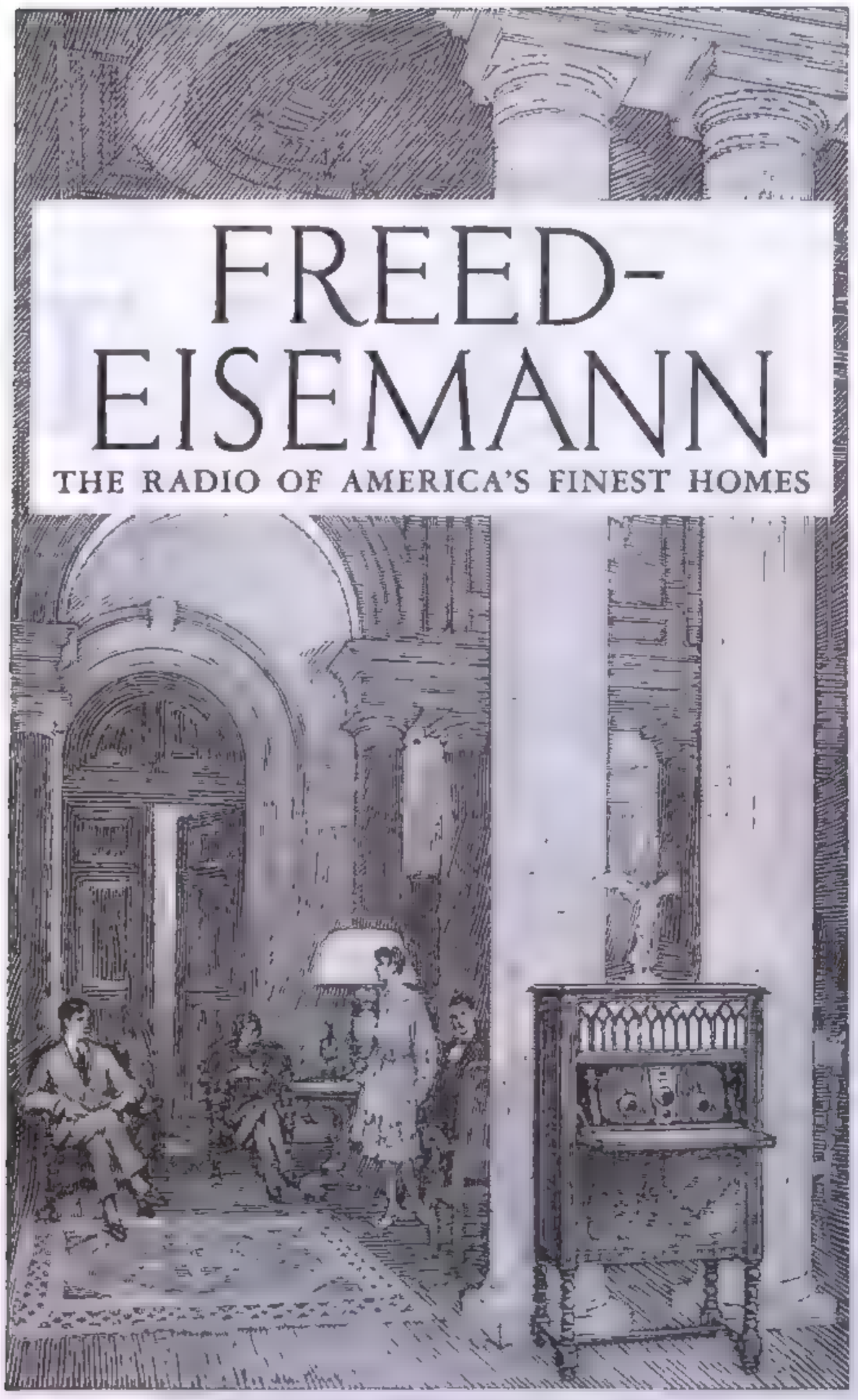
All Champion Spark Plugs are of two-piece, gas-tight construction, with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes.



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Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

ON the President's yacht, the Mayflower, you will find a FREED-EISEMANN. On the Leviathan, the great ship on which Queen Marie of Roumania came to America, Commodore Hartley uses a FREED-EISEMANN. It is the only American radio ever awarded the gold medal at a European International Radio World's Fair—and it is the choice of America's aristocracy.

And this year, FREED-EISEMANN includes revolutionary radio improvements: Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel chassis construction. Can be run from your lighting fixture with FREED-EISEMANN power units.

Now the same famous FREED-EISEMANN quality can be had at new low prices! The economies effected in the tremendous production of our new plant have brought the price down as low as $60!

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You may have a free demonstration without obligation in your own home. (See coupon.) Convenient payments if desired.

F R E E D - E I S E M A N N R A D I O

Freed-Eisemann Building, Brooklyn, New York

[Please request my local dealer to give me a home demonstration without obligation to buy. (Print your name and address in the margin below and mail to us.)]

(Continued from Page 50)

something of a revolution in Spanish habits. In Spain the luncheon period is dedicated not only to food but to sleep as well. Two hours is the minimum allowed and it usually takes an additional hour to recover from the torpor caused by excessive eating. The banks therefore provide a midday meal every working day on the premises for their employes. This has proved to be a good investment because it eliminates the usual siesta and keeps the personnel on the premises. An indication of the way in which the banks are regarded by the staffs came in 1923, when every bank clerk in Madrid went on strike except those who worked for the International Banking Corporation.

Another distinctively American innovation has been introduced into Spain by the Industrias Babel y Nervion, the Spanish affiliation of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which operates a refinery in Bilbao. Up to 1922 all the gasoline business in the country was done in five-liter tins, ten to a case. It was the same type of package in use throughout Europe and was satisfactory enough when the gasoline trade was not big. As business grew the Industrias Babel y Nervion introduced American distributing methods through the bulk-delivery system, and the eventual consumer supplied his needs directly from the curb-side pump. So widespread has become this activity that the five-liter tin has almost disappeared. Last July the company opened a service station at Madrid, the first of its kind in Spain.

Back to Their Mother's Knee

Two phases of the Spanish economic situation must be briefly explained because they are of considerable interest to us. The first is the effort that Germany is making to reinstate herself commercially. Before the World War her influence was strong. The Prussian military style was affected in the Spanish Army, the Kaiser's name was magic, and there were large German colonies in Madrid and Barcelona. To tighten their penetration many Germans married Spaniards. In intermarriage with natives, and in the permanency of their residence in various countries, lay one of the secrets of the one-time Teutonic world commercial might. Between 1914 and 1918 Spain was the refuge of many who sought to escape wartime horrors within the imperial German confines, and they lingered with peace. Hence the German population is larger today than ever before.

Although the British control Spanish shipbuilding and have a certain prestige because the Queen is, or was, English, the Germans dominate the trade in heavy machinery, electrical supplies and novelties. As in South America, they have been willing to sell at a loss in order to get their hooks into the business. They are also back at their old game of capitalizing discord. When the United States imposed its quarantine on Almería grapes they promptly came forward and said, "We will buy what America refuses."

The second phase deals with Spain's new relationship with the South American republics. So far as we are concerned, it is vastly more significant than the German economic comeback.

Here you have a sort of fifty-fifty proposition. One of the things that impressed me most in South America, and especially Argentina, was the widespread evidence of a fresh leaning toward the mother country. In Buenos Aires are the headquarters of the Ibero-American League, formed to foster kinship with Spain. In other words, the Argentine and the Chilean, instead of looking to the United States as the dominant interest, are now turning to the land from which sprang their speech and their spiritual heritage. It means that, contrary to the belief of the professional promoter of Pan-Americanism, South America does not regard Uncle Sam as her really and truly big brother.

The Pan-Hispanic Movement

In the same way Spain is tightening her bonds south of Panama. In the course of a talk that I had with Señor Yanguas, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, at San Sebastian, he said, "Spain's future is with South America and not Europe." He expressed the prevailing point of view. In Barcelona is the Casa de America, which supplies South America with propaganda about Spain.

It loses no opportunity to resent what is regarded in many Iberian quarters as our economic imperialism in the Latin-American republics. A Pan-Hispanic movement is in the making.

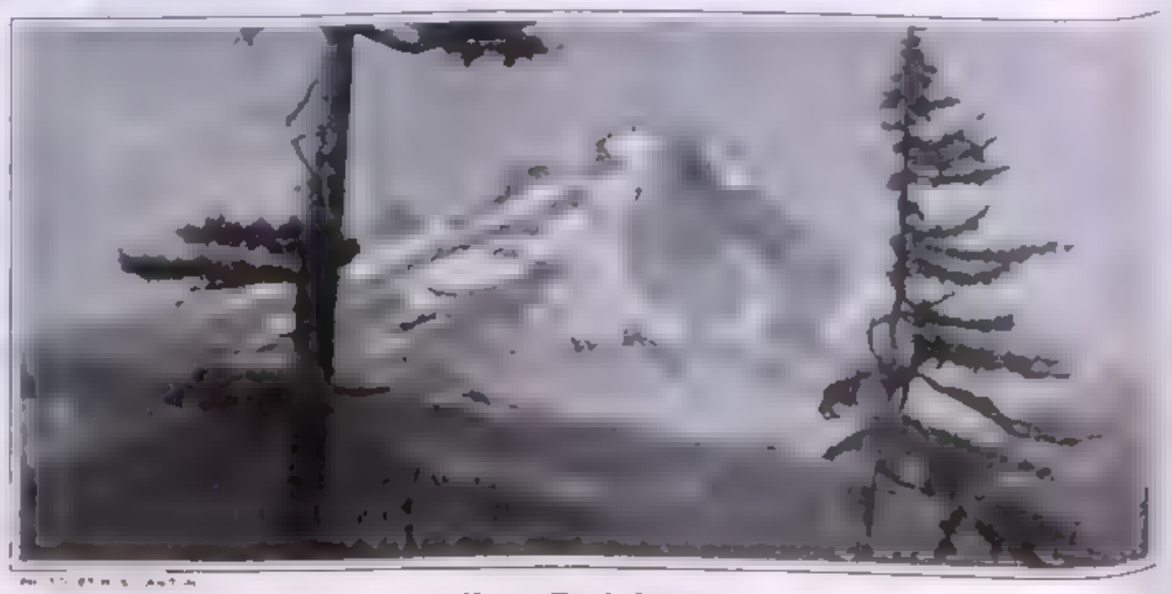
One expression of Spain's interest in South America is the emigration. For years a steady stream of Spaniards has flowed into the New World. Where Cortés and Pizarro carried the sword, they wield the sickle and follow the plow. Their principal objectives are Cuba and Argentina. Between 1890 and 1909 exactly 666,466 Spaniards went to the latter country alone. In 1925 the number was more than 40,000.

This movement represents a true ethnical expansion, because in Cuba and Argentina the immigrant finds his own language and customs. He can settle down with the satisfaction that he is not entirely transplanted to alien soil. Like the Italians, the Spanish exiles never entirely sever the bonds with home. About 40 per cent of them eventually return. Those who remain send their savings back. Last year more than 500,000 pesetas were received by Spanish banks from immigrants in South America.

All this movement has its inevitable economic reflex. Argentina now ranks fifth among the exporters to Spain and occupies the same position among Spain's foreign customers. While Spain can never compete with us to any degree, recent events show that she is not losing any opportunity to revive herself sentimentally and commercially in the domain that her valiant conquistadors wrested from Inca and Aztec.

It is evidence of the new spirit which is helping to make Spain something of a world power again. In that transition we are having a considerable and creditable part.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will be devoted to America in Poland.



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wide variety of distinguished body styles at prices the most conservative in Marmon history, $3195 and upward, f. o. b. factory.

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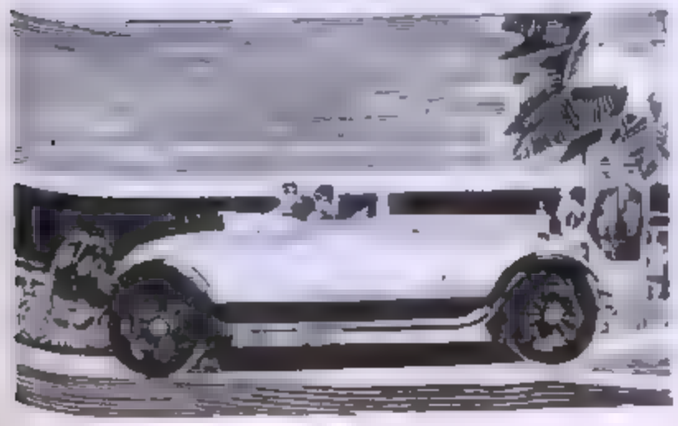
Series 75

Having excelled for years in speedster design, it was but natural that Marmon should find a new and interesting way of expressing the current vogue for smart, collapsible cars ✣ the new Coupe Roadster (with rumble seat) is a remarkably fast and versatile automobile, and looks the part ✣ it is the most recent of Marmon's wide range of body styles on the new Series 75 chassis—the most highly developed, we believe, of any motor car in America today ✣ previously available only as a very costly custom-built creation, Marmon has now included it in the price range of its new standard closed cars —quite as distinct an achievement in value as it is in originality of design



New experiences await you at the wheel of the "Seventy-Five"—even greater top speed—even faster acceleration and an entirely new quality of vibrationless power flow produced by the Marmon Modulator in combination with Marmon's exclusive system of double-fire ignition ✣ the Steering Stabilizer, a new invention exclusive with Marmon, in combination with new self-energizing four-wheel brakes, affords a steadiness and ease of steering at any speed which, until now, has never been possible with balloon tires

"If You Hear of Anything—"

TWO men, neighbors, were seated in the smoking car of a suburban express As the train pulled out the better dressed man turned to the other genially "Well, Jim, how are they treating you? Keeping you busy?" The man called Jim slowly shook his head. "I am being let out the first of the month too old . . . If you hear of anything, I wish you'd let me k[illegible]"

* * * * * *

THE tragedy of men and women who are "too old" is occurring day after day. The same heart-breaking anxiety. The same hurt pride and reluctance to have the world know that they are no longer of worth and importance in business affairs.

One by one the influences which work against healthful and happy living are being overcome. Life expectancy is being lengthened, disease is being stamped out, housing and working conditions are being improved. The next great forward movement is now taking shape—to free old age from dependence and want.

It is a splendid sign of the times that great railroad systems, banking institutions, large industrial corporations and practically all lines of business are working out plans either to provide retirement incomes for their employees or to place their existing plans on a sound and scientific basis.

And now plans for such incomes are being made not only for the employees of big corporations, but for small groups in almost every line of business and industry. These small groups also are to have ease and comfort when their working days are over. Employers and employees, by planning together in advance, can without great expense provide really adequate retirement incomes.

Intelligent workers are finding out all they can about such incomes and are talking the matter over with the men who pay their salaries. Wise employers are analyzing the best methods of providing retirement incomes for those who look to them for advice and guidance.

A retirement income is a regular, fixed income for life, paid during all of the sunset years—whether or not one ever does another stroke of work.

Haunting dread of dependence upon charity in old age can be made a thing of the past. The Christmas season will be happier for those who provide for the peace and comfort of their own future—or the future of others.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made a comprehensive study of more than 350 pension plans in operation—all of them attempts to prevent that great tragedy, penniless old age.

Some of these systems are good, some fair and some hopelessly involved. Some, inspired by generosity but not soundly based, may result in costs so heavy as to make their continuance impracticable. Haphazard pension plans which are almost certain to come to grief should be replaced by scientific reserve methods.

After a thorough study of the pension problem, the Metropolitan is prepared to offer employers and employees a practical outline of the requirements of a sound retirement income plan.

If you are a worker, wondering about your old age, or an employer, planning pensions for the workers in your business or your home, send for "Sound Retirement Plans and What They Should Provide". Mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

IN THE WAKE OF THE HURRICANE

Continued from Page 7

those who went through it and those who saw the chaotic wreckage and destruction that was left behind it. Winter visitors to Florida will be slow to believe the majority of the tales that they hear about the storm, because of two peculiar features.

In the first place, with very few exceptions, no well-built structure—office building, hotel, apartment or residence—in any part of the storm's path suffered any excessive structural damage from the storm. The materials from which the houses were made seemed to make little difference. If they were negro shacks and had been well built by honest carpenters and braced against wind pressure, they came through the storm undamaged. If they were small frame houses and their foundations had been properly laid, and the wood in their frames had been nailed together with the conventional number of nails by carpenters who knew where nails ought to be driven, their solidity was as unshaken after the storm as before it.

Houses built from cement blocks were unharmed by the storm provided they were designed by good architects and built conscientiously out of honest cement blocks, though this is a matter that will have to be taken up at greater length in another place.

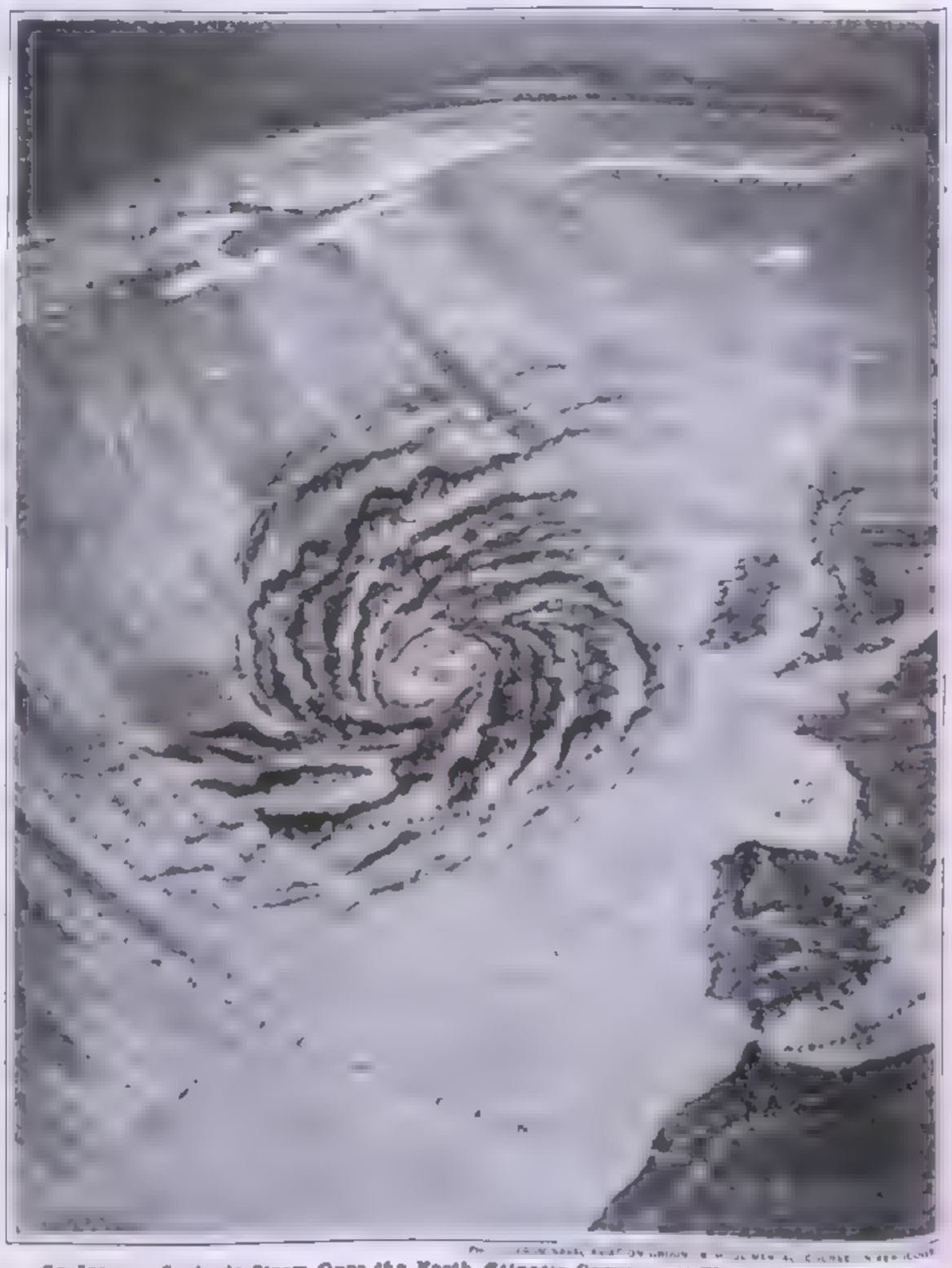
As for the houses built of stucco over frame and metal lath, and of stucco over hollow tile, they were almost invariably designed by good architects and erected by good builders and suffered little hurt. Consequently there is little change structurally in those portions of the storm path to which winter visitors come, except that there have been a great many new structures erected since the visitors' last visits.

In the second place, the residents in the storm area applied themselves with almost unbelievable speed and enthusiasm to the stupendous task of clearing away fallen telegraph and electric-light poles, splintered and uprooted trees, broken tiles, wrecked shacks, dislocated roofs, helpless and overturned automobiles, broken window glass and the tons of sand and the hundreds of boats of every size that were hurled far inland by the action of the hurricane on the ocean.

The mass of wreckage that filled the streets of Miami, Hollywood, Fort Lauderdale and adjoining towns immediately after the storm was so great that it led to the dissemination of greatly exaggerated reports concerning the amount of damage that had been done. This can be understood when one realizes that if a few windows were kicked out of the front of the White House in Washington, its awnings torn into shreds, a number of truck loads of lath, plaster, broken tile and miscellaneous junk tossed carelessly into its front yard, and some of its more prominent trees broken off or chopped down, the general effect would be that of complete desolation, abandonment and destruction.

Reports went abroad through the land concerning Florida towns that had been completely wiped out, hotels that had been washed away and office buildings that had been blown out of plumb; but when, after two or three weeks of back-breaking toil, the clutter had been cleaned from the streets downtown, Miami began to look just as it had looked before the storm; the business section of Hollywood was operating about

Continued on Page 56



An Intense Cyclonic Storm Over the North Atlantic Ocean as it Would Appear to an Observer Many Miles Above the Earth

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

October 16, 1926

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

905

NASH MOTORS OUTRUNS GROWTH OF INDUSTRY

Performance Is Conspicuous When Compared with Record of Total Output—Index Figures Emphasize the Trend—Big Gain Made in Last 3 Years.

By all odds the most noteworthy fact in connection with the remarkably well sustained rate of production which the automobile industry has enjoyed during the last two years is the phenomenal expansion of a relatively small number of the more prominent lines. Without this influence, which has been sweeping an increasing proportion of the business into a few favored channels, it is questionable whether the record as a whole would not have told a very different story. Nash Motors' performance aptly illustrates the point, especially when compared by means of "index figures" with that of the industry as a whole.

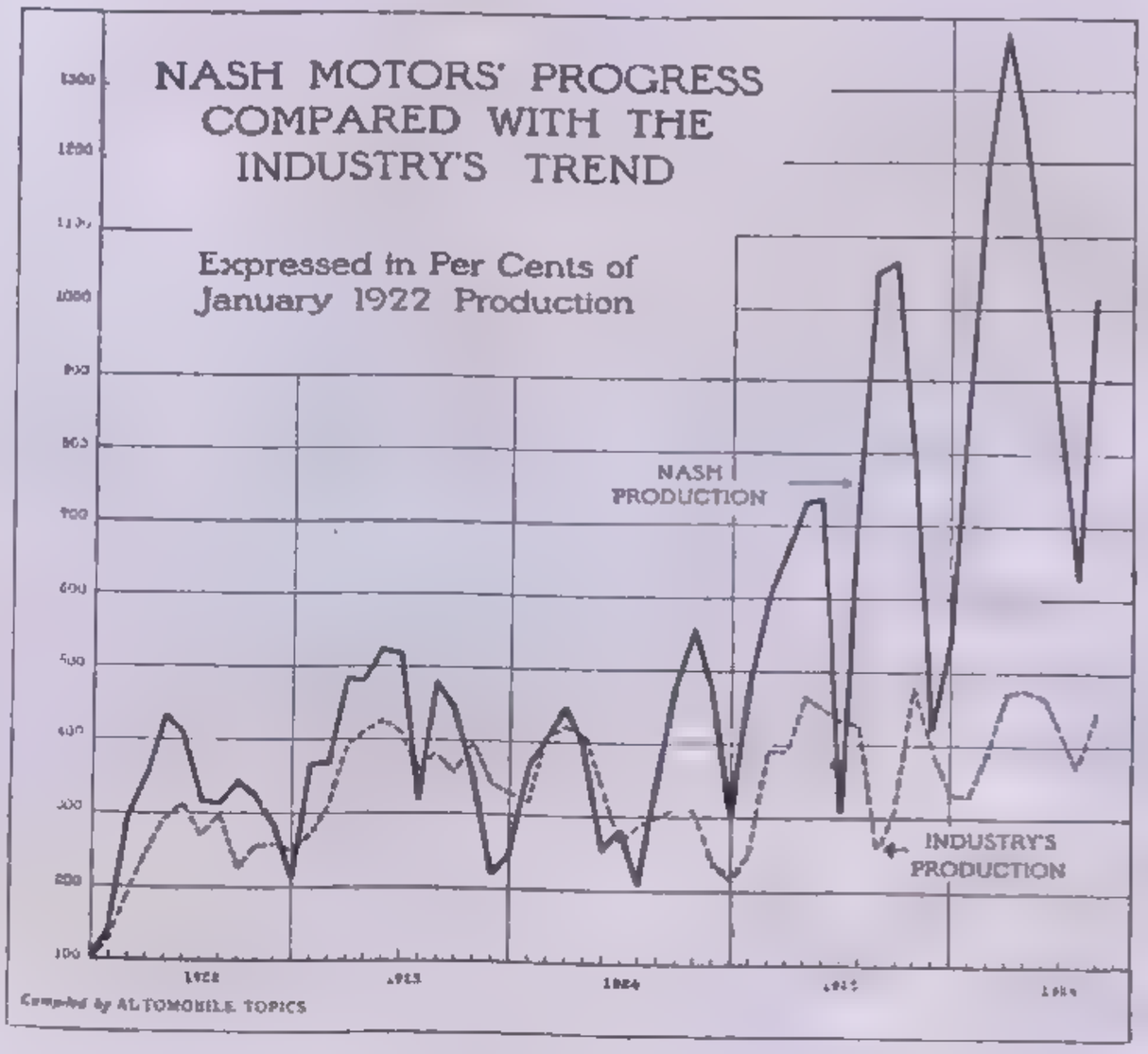
The comparative growth of this concern is shown on the accompanying chart, in which the heavy line represents monthly production of Nash cars since January, 1922, compared with the production of the entire industry (passenger cars, U. S. and Canada), which is represented by the lower and dotted line in the diagram. Instead of actual production, the values are expressed in both instances as percentages of the production of the month of January, 1922.

Peaks and valleys in both curves are caused by seasonal trends and interruptions caused by the introduction of new models. In the case of the lower line these two influences are partially equalized by the lack of coincidence in the dates of new model introductions by different manufacturers. This is illustrated by the circumstance that Nash production was at its minimum for 1925 in June, which was a fairly high month for the industry as a whole, and at its maximum in September, when sales of new Nash models were at their high point, but when total production for the industry was at a comparatively low point. The sharp reversals of the Nash production line, therefore, are typical of the record of any individual manufacturer.

The really significant point of the comparison is that the general trend of Nash operations in the last three years has been upward at a rate represented, in the scale of this chart, by a line at about a forty-five-degree angle with the horizontal, whereas the general trend of the industry would be represented by a line at about a ten-degree angle. The record here depicted is that of 56 months' consecutive production and in that time 46 months witnessed a greater Nash output than that of the corresponding month of the previous year. Notwithstanding the seasonal trend, 32 of the 56 months actually witnessed a greater production than that of the preceding months.

As told in these columns last week Nash September business (not shown in the chart) again broke the Company's monthly record.

Furthermore it brought the nine months' total for 1926 up to 111,965 units, or nearly 16,000 cars ahead of the whole year 1925, which itself provided the biggest 12-months output in Nash history.

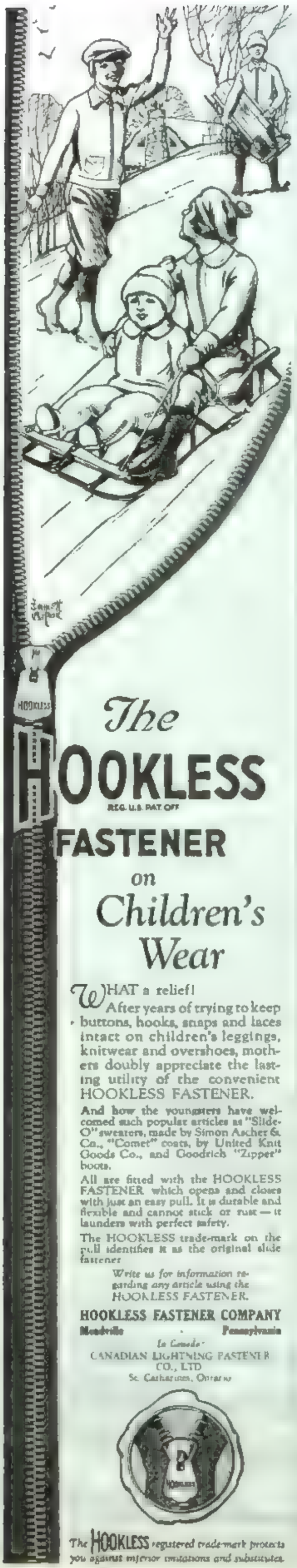

NASH MOTORS' PROGRESS COMPARED WITH THE INDUSTRY'S TREND
Expressed in Per Cents of January 1922 Production
NASH PRODUCTION
INDUSTRY'S PRODUCTION
Compiled by AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

This page is reproduced through the courtesy of Automobile Topics!

(an authority among automotive trade publications)

The chart and story prepared by Automobile Topics carries the Nash Sales Record from January, 1922, to October, 1926. It is certain, furthermore, that October Sales (practically concluded as this weekly goes to press) will exceed the sales of October, 1925, by approximately 40%.

All Nash Models now Feature the 7-bearing Crankshaft Motor —the World's Smoothest Type!



The
HOOKLESS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
FASTENER
on
Children's Wear

WHAT a relief!
After years of trying to keep buttons, hooks, snaps and laces intact on children's leggings, knitwear and overshoes, mothers doubly appreciate the lasting utility of the convenient HOOKLESS FASTENER.

And how the youngsters have welcomed such popular articles as "Slide-O" sweaters, made by Simon Ascher & Co., "Comet" coats, by United Knit Goods Co., and Goodrich "Zipper" boots.

All are fitted with the HOOKLESS FASTENER which opens and closes with just an easy pull. It is durable and flexible and cannot stick or rust — it launders with perfect safety.

The HOOKLESS trade-mark on the pull identifies it as the original slide fastener.

Write us for information regarding any article using the HOOKLESS FASTENER.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
Meadville . Pennsylvania

In Canada
CANADIAN LIGHTNING FASTENER CO., LTD
St. Catharines, Ontario

The HOOKLESS *registered trade-mark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes*

(Continued from Page 54)

as usual—except for hurricane sales here and there—and the main street of Fort Lauderdale, with its hotels, office buildings, banks and shops, was running on full time.

It is possible and even probable that the tin-can tourist, who has never aroused any wild thrills of enthusiasm in the breasts of Floridians of substance and standing, will be more conscious of the ravages of the storm than will the tourist who patronizes hotels, bathing beaches and other winter attractions.

Such flimsy structures as hot-dog stands, the cheaper variety of filling stations, roadside billboards, tourist camps and the little shacks that were built by people at the lowest possible expense, were treated very roughly by the hurricane. Since the tin-can tourist lived and moved and had his being among these, it is possible that he will miss them when he comes to Florida again. Floridians of discernment and good sense are fighting gamely to prevent the rebuilding of eyesores of this nature that were destroyed by the storm; but their success, in most localities, is going to be problematical.

Viewing the Wreckage

Some two and a half weeks after the hurricane I made my way slowly down the east coast, from Palm Beach to Miami and the Miami suburbs that had stood the brunt of the storm. The beautiful homes and enormous hotels of Palm Beach had suffered the misfortune of being visited by the outer edge of two West Indian hurricanes in less than two months' time, but the buffeting to which they had been subjected resulted only in the loss of a few tiles from occasional roofs or water damage to buildings that were inadequately protected from the driving tropical rains.

It was not until one reached the little town of Pompano, some thirty miles south of West Palm Beach, that one entered the so-called destructive zone of the hurricane. In Pompano great trees had been snapped off at right angles, filling-station pumps had been canted at an angle by the force of the wind, and telephone poles had been blown halfway down. Beyond Pompano, at Floranada, Colohatchee and Progresso, great Australian pines and telephone poles had been slammed across the road in windrows.

Refugees finally made their way over this obstructed road on Sunday, the day after the storm, and brought word into West Palm Beach of the plight of the territory to the south. Thereupon the citizens of West Palm Beach and the American Legionnaires went to work and organized, loaded and dispatched a relief convoy of twenty-two trucks. It thundered down over the road on Sunday night, plowing over branches, concrete blocks, broken tile and other wreckage that could not be removed from the road in a hurry, and so ripped the road to pieces. Already it has been repaired and leveled into a perfect boulevard.

In these towns the small stucco houses stood unhurt, but the flimsily built wooden shacks with which they were sprinkled were overturned and bent and warped and twisted in every imaginable manner, just as the flimsily built shacks everywhere in the storm's path were smashed and splintered and knocked lopsided, and just as similarly built shacks will always be torn to pieces in tropical hurricanes.

In these towns, too, some structures made of concrete blocks had gone down in little dusty-looking heaps, as though an energetic child had busied himself with erecting elaborate walls from a great number of toy blocks, and then had petulantly pushed them over and gone away and left them.

A little south of Progresso lies the substantial and flourishing city of Fort Lauderdale, which was shaken by the hurricane as a rat is shaken by a terrier. Fort Lauderdale, according to early reports of the storm, had been leveled to the ground and its fine hotels crushed to a shapeless mass of wreckage. So emphatic had been these reports that I queried relief workers at West Palm Beach, on my way south, as to whether I could find a tent in Fort Lauderdale in which to rest my head in case I lingered there overnight. The relief workers looked at me indulgently and motioned me away—an attitude that was not fully appreciated until I entered the main street of Fort Lauderdale and found the broad roadway unmarred by wreckage or débris, all the stores, restaurants and office buildings hiring the usual number of industrious citizenry, and the room clerks of its supposedly demolished hotels busily speculating, after the manner of all hotel clerks, as to whether Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So were getting out of Number 260 that afternoon or staying until the next day.

In spite of the neat and unblemished appearance of Fort Lauderdale's main street less than three weeks after the storm, the city had suffered greatly. For the most part the destruction fell heaviest on the cheaply constructed bungalows that were built with poorly made cement blocks, too flimsy supports and insufficient wind bracing. So many homes of this type were destroyed that 4000 people from the Fort Lauderdale area were homeless. Yet because of the speed with which the townspeople cleared up the wreckage, the casual passer-by was able to see few signs of it after the lapse of three weeks.

On the road that leads from the center of Fort Lauderdale to the ocean there were several examples of the value of proper building. Three well-built apartment houses stood across the street from a bakery. The bakery collapsed in a heap, whereas the three apartments suffered slightly from broken windows and torn awnings, but from nothing else. It should also be interjected that in the matter of the great number of windows that were broken in buildings that were not otherwise damaged by the hurricane, most of them were caused not by the wind or the rain but by loosened awning rods banging against the glass or by cheap and imperfect window fastenings that allowed swinging windows to break loose.

A Well-Built House

A short distance beyond the apartment houses an elaborate Spanish-type stucco home had stood in the middle of a thick grove of large pine trees. On every side of the house the trees had been snapped off, torn up by the roots and twisted into bundles of wood fiber. Not a tree had escaped; but nothing had happened to the house, because it had been well built.

The tourist will never see the mess that existed on the Fort Lauderdale waterfront immediately after the storm—a mess that was exceeded only by the mess of Miami Beach and the super-mess in the beautiful Coconut Grove section, along the shores of Biscayne Bay, just south of Miami.

The great steel barge that was used as a coast-guard base was hurled across New River Inlet and high on shore on the opposite side, along with a submarine chaser and several other boats. Residences 100 yards down wind from the spot where the steel barge landed were undamaged, except for torn awnings and broken tiles. Palm trees were uprooted, the new ocean boulevard was undermined, shacks and cheap garages were pushed down. But the Florida East Coast Railway loaned the city enough men to straighten the trees, the

(Continued on Page 59)

PHOTO BY VERNON BUSSLER, TRIBUNE, MIAMI, FLORIDA

Looking Across the Miami River Into Fort Dallas Park, Showing How the Boats and Rubbish Have Been Cleared From the River and How Little the Buildings Suffered

A Representative Goodyear Service Station—Frank P. Lee's One Four-O Tire Company at Anniston, Ala.

There is always tomorrow

Goodyear is so building its tires today that these tires may make Goodyear friends for tomorrow.

It is putting into its tires the famous cord fabric SUPERTWIST, because the world offers no equal material.

The superiority of SUPERTWIST is in its greater elasticity; under road-shock it stretches and recovers without breaking, like rubber bands.

This flexibility is inherent in the very structure of the SUPERTWIST cords themselves, and is not dependent upon latex, gum or filler of any kind.

Goodyear is sending its tires into use backed by sincerely helpful dealer service.

Under its Service Station symbol it has gathered a far-flung organization, schooled to help its customers give their tires proper care.

In short, Goodyear policy is, *to build the greatest possible value into the product,* and *to provide facilities so that the user will get all this value out.*

Goodyear quality and Goodyear service are insuring Goodyear's tomorrow, that, then as now, *"more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."*

Goodyear Means Good Wear

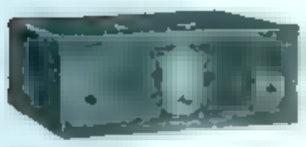
Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc

GOODYEAR

Reproducer
Model 415
(Height 13½ inches)
$30.00

Stewart-Warner manufactures a complete line of radio sets, table and console models, priced from $65 to $600.

Stewart-Warner Announces a Sensational New REPRODUCER



Model 345
$80.00

Radio Tube
501 AX
$2.00

Console
Model 355
$150.00

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

BY employing an entirely new principle of sound reproduction, Stewart-Warner has created and perfected a marvelous new patented device which reproduces *every sound* of voice and instrument with *all* its original clear, natural tone!

You have doubtless listened to many radio programs whose beauty has been marred by ear-piercing harshness and sharpness of certain notes. Perhaps you have thought that this was the fault of the artists, the transmitting, or some defect in your receiving set. However, if you could sit in the broadcasting studio and hear the music in its original sweetness and fullness you would know that nothing was wrong with the music *as broadcast.*

This unnatural tone so often present is caused by forced vibration of the diaphragm in the reproducer. Every reproducer has a so-called "natural period of vibration"—a point at which certain musical notes cause the diaphragm to vibrate with many times its normal force. The result is a shrill "blasting" sound called "distortion."

Literally thousands of attempts have been made by engineers to overcome this distortion. This has now been successfully accomplished by the new Stewart-Warner Reproducer—no more blasting, no more distortion, only sweet, pure tone all the time. And *Stewart-Warner is in exclusive control of the scientific principle which makes flawless reproduction possible!*

In addition to solving the problem of distortion, Stewart-Warner has greatly broadened the range of sound reproduction. Most speakers are capable of reproducing only sounds between 200 and 7000 vibrations per second; the new Stewart-Warner, by actual test, gives perfect reproduction of every sound *between 20 and 9500 vibrations per second.* This range covers every musical sound of every instrument and the human voice, from the lowest and heaviest to the highest and most delicate.

This sensational new reproducer will delight the eye as well as the ear. It is beautifully finished in antique bronze, graceful in design, and enriched by exquisite classic tracery. It is trouble-proof; needs no adjustment at any time; all working parts are thoroughly protected by the beautiful case.

Hear this reproducer and know how perfect radio reception can be. Your nearest Stewart-Warner Blue Ribbon Dealer will gladly demonstrate it for you. Better still, he will bring a complete Matched-Unit Radio, with Stewart-Warner Receiver, Tubes and Reproducer, to your home if you request. If you don't know his address, write us.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N, 1826 Diversey Parkway, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 56)

citizens cleaned up the débris, and the boats went back into the water without too much difficulty.

From that moment the newcomer was unimpressed by the tale of the great steel barge that was blown high on shore. The near-by houses stood undamaged; the palm trees were unharmed; the roads were clean and broad and level; the air was balmy and the breeze gentle; and conversation about storms was naturally discounted—a fact that will have to be taken into consideration if communities think that the lessons of the past, unaided by stringent rules and regulations, will be sufficient to cause all future builders in Florida to build safely.

South of Fort Lauderdale lies Hollywood, and south of Hollywood lies Miami. The first reports of the hurricane stated that Hollywood had been wiped out, and it is highly probable that it may have presented this appearance immediately after the storm. A great many of the houses in Hollywood were excellent and well-built homes. These stood the blow admirably. Others, however, were cheap houses. Not all the latter came under the head of shacks, but they were frequently insufficiently braced, imperfectly roofed, laid on poor foundations, and often constructed of badly made cement blocks—and one of the sure things that the hurricane demonstrated is the fact that no type of building is more dangerous in hurricanes than houses badly built out of bad cement blocks.

Back to Normalcy

The enormous Hollywood Beach Hotel, located at the very edge of the ocean, where it was exposed to the most vicious assaults of the terrific wind blasts, was built of reënforced concrete. The raging sea filled its ground floor with sand, and the furious wind tore out a few of its windows, but structurally the hurricane did next to no damage to it. Since the damage was largely to interior furnishings, the tourist who patronizes it during the winter will find little to prove to him that anything happened to it.

The other large hotel at Hollywood was also built of reënforced concrete, and the damage to it was so slight that it could be wholly obliterated in a few days' time.

The business section of the city lay between these hotels, and after two hectic weeks during which every able-bodied resident of Hollywood plunged into the task of cleaning up the city, the business section of Hollywood looked very much as it had looked before the storm. The cheap and badly built houses, however, were badly damaged.

Very much the same state of affairs existed in Miami and its suburbs, which took the full force of the hurricane. The chaotic welter of storm wreck that covered Miami Beach, the water front of Miami and the shores of Biscayne Bay, south of Miami, was grotesque and impossible. Palms, Australian pines, hibiscus and other tropical trees and shrubs lay broken and uprooted; and those that had withstood the gale were stripped as clean of foliage by the mighty wind that had torn at them for ten hours as they would have been by the icy fingers of a New England winter.

Banks of sand, washed up by the ocean when the hurricane literally picked the ocean up bodily and pushed it ashore, covered byways and hedges to such a depth that nothing short of steam shovels was able to make an impression on them. All undiscouraged by the fact that all boats had been warned off the open sea for several days before the hurricane, the ever-resourceful waves plucked part of an ancient water-logged hulk from the ocean floor and hurled it against a front corner of a hotel at Miami Beach; yet within three weeks after the storm it was receiving patrons as usual.

Those persons who saw Miami Beach before the indefatigable efforts of her citizens had cleared away the wreckage usually expressed deep astonishment that any structures had been able to weather the storm. Yet at Miami Beach, as in all other portions of the storm area, the only buildings that suffered were the shacks, the buildings hurriedly thrown together of flimsy materials, and the houses built so close to the water's edge that the sea or the swollen canals were able to undermine their foundations.

Mayor Romfh Gets a Last Laugh

Persons who had lived in Southern Florida over a period of years were well aware of the dangers of such construction. Thomas J. Pancoast, president of the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, found a fine residence being started at the water's edge in Miami Beach a year or two ago. He asked that work be stopped on it until he could telegraph the owner and suggest that it be set back a greater distance. The owner disregarded the suggestion. The ocean undermined and wrecked this house.

E. C. Romfh, mayor of Miami and president of the First National Bank of Miami, established a branch bank at Miami Beach some time ago. Being a lifelong resident of Florida, he had the branch bank building raised three feet above the level of the street. This caused intense amusement among more recent Florida arrivals, and the more facetious ones declared openly that Mr. Romfh's idea in forcing people to walk up three or four steps to get into his bank was to try to make them think they were in New York. Owing to its height above the flood waters, however, the storm damage to the branch bank was fifty dollars, and any laughing that is now being done is being done by Mr. Romfh.

The cleaning up of the city of Miami was so swift and complete as almost to approach the miraculous—as, indeed, was the clean-up of all the storm area. Since Miami was a bigger city than any of the others in the hurricane-swept district, it offered a larger opportunity for the concentration of wreckage. The wind licked the water out of Biscayne Bay and pushed it high on shore, and with it was pushed a wide assortment of steamers, tugs, schooners, dredges, scows, house boats, motorboats and yachts of every degree of elegance. These were deposited on public thoroughfares, sprinkled freely through public parks, slammed rudely into the fronts of houses, and deposited in such positions that the keenest and most imaginative of observers were totally at a loss to explain how the positions could have been reached.

Automobiles were overturned and wrecked, trees were smashed and uprooted, and the streets were full of a tangled mess of poles, boards, beams, plaster fragments, tangled wires, signboards, papers, wrecked furniture and palm fronds, all covered and intermingled with broken glass and tile. The city, moreover, was cut off from water, electric light and power, gas, street car, railroad, telephone and telegraph service.

In Miami, as in all other damaged Florida towns, bankers, lawyers, business men, tourists, architects—all sorts and conditions of residents—crawled from their shelters before the howling of the wind had died away, clambered over the wreckage and demanded work to do. The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary were feeding refugees, operating a hospital and patrolling the streets of the city long before the storm was over.

James H. Gilman, president of the Bank of Bay Biscayne, formed a citizens' relief committee out of the great numbers of able citizens who were clamoring to be put to work, and this in turn formed some twenty-five other committees to deal with food, clothing, building material, profiteering, housing, hospitals and other matters. It might be remarked in passing that Mr. Gilman placed over all committees a former commander of the American Legion, Pierre Robineau, to see that delay was eliminated and red tape abolished—a proceeding that might be followed to good advantage by all organizations engaged in relief work in any emergency anywhere.

The railroads of Florida earned the gratitude of the entire state by the manner in which they met the emergency. The Seaboard Air Line transported refugees free of charge, as well as doctors, nurses, medical supplies, food and workers. The Florida East Coast Railway, which has occasionally been the recipient of harsh words in past years, more than made up for any of its possible shortcomings in the past by the tremendous energy, ability and generosity with which it met the emergencies of the hurricane. Various officials of the railroad, learning that the storm was approaching Miami, hastened toward the city and were caught in the full force of the hurricane between Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood. They stopped the train and rescued more than 400 people. They entered Miami as soon as the line could be cleared, authorized the free movement of all foodstuffs, Red Cross supplies, doctors, nurses, medical assistants, and so on; furnished the telegraph companies with work trains to repair the lines, furnished Miami, Hollywood and Fort Lauderdale with laborers to help clean up the wreckage, furnished free transportation to all destitute people who were obliged to leave the state, and in many other ways rendered invaluable assistance to the storm-swept sections.

The unbroken optimism and the unflagging energy of the Floridians who went through the hurricane gave rise to constant comment among relief workers and other persons who came into the state before the worst traces of the storm had been eradicated. One Red Cross official declared that he had been through scores of disasters in the United States, but that he had never seen such a spirit of optimism and self-sacrificing cooperation as was displayed by everyone in Florida after the hurricane.

Miami's Civic Anthem

The organist of a leading Miami moving-picture theater wrote a song that pleased the Miamians beyond measure. It was regarded as a sort of civic anthem during the post-storm days. Residents sang it in unison with obvious delight, and chuckled happily over it. It was written to the tune of Kiss Me Again, and ran:

Sweet summer breeze
Smashed all our trees,
Blew all our shacks in the bay;
Took boat and barge,
Little and large,
Dumped 'em right down in our way.
Now that it's gone,
New days will dawn;
We'll all turn out for repairs.
Say, are we sunk?
Not while we've spunk!
Build it! Build it again!

Some were inclined to ascribe this remarkable spirit to the flood of sunshine and balmy air that followed the storm. Others thought it might be due to the fact that the hurricane was the last of a series of disasters that has fallen on Southeastern Florida in less than a year's time.

The first of these was the collapse of the real-estate boom, which left Florida scarred with the dead bones of unfinished subdivisions and worthless subdivisions.

The second was the series of bank closings, which for a time made money scarce in South Florida, and only escaped greater proportions through the financial acumen of E. C. Romfh and James H. Gilman, presidents respectively of the First National Bank of Miami and the Bank of Bay Biscayne, who effected a consolidation of several weak banks with stronger banks.

The third was the little July blow that resulted from a medium-size hurricane paralleling the Florida coast at a comparatively respectful distance. In the light of later experiences, this first blow was decrepit and impotent; but it was fairly successful at ripping branches off trees and knocking tiles off roofs and spraying large and damaging amounts of rain water under

When promotion seems slow

perhaps it's comedones

He had ability. He was always well dressed. Yet once more promotion passed him by. Another man now had the better job that should have been his. What held him back? He never suspected that it was—*comedones.*

A great many men suffer from comedones—the scientific name for blackheads. What's more, you may not even be conscious of *comedones.* But your friends notice them. Beware of comedones! They lessen a man's face value.

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome comedones. It gives you a clean, ruddy complexion. It gets in where comedones form, rolls out all dirt and oily secretions, and stimulates a healthy circulation, keeping skin clean, pores open.

Use at home after shaving

After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face—and *rub.* Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day—especially when social or business engagements demand that you look your best. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. For sale at all drug stores.

SEND FOR 10-DAY TUBE

The Pompeian Laboratories,
Dept. D-14, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for a special trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream containing sufficient cream for many [illegible]

Name

Street
Address

City. . State

"X" Liquid
Saves the Day
for Mrs. Borden's Garden Party

Whether you own a pleasure car, a tractor or a truck, the moral is plain. "X" Liquid is a vital need when radiators leak.

The veteran motorist always keeps a can of "X" in the front door pocket of his car—handy for instant use and permanent repair. He knows it *is* a liquid—containing no solder, paper-pulp, cork, meal, glue, metal shavings or clogging elements.

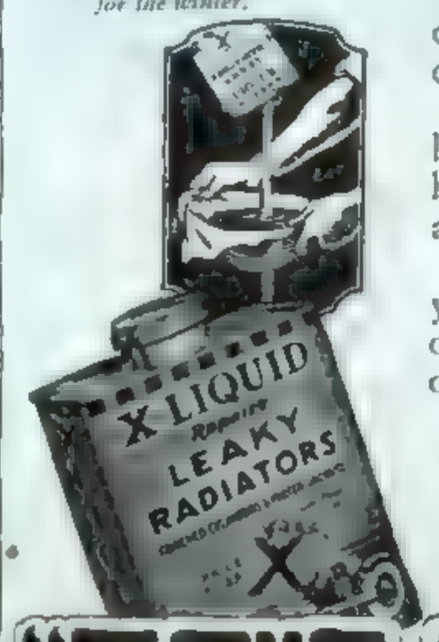
More than 10,000,000 cans of "X" have been sold. No wonder dealers have learned to trust in it thoroughly and heartily endorse it.

"X" is the most important "spare" you could carry. You *might* get home on a flat tire—but not with a leaked-out radiator.

Buy *your* can today.

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th St., New York
Factories: Boston and Toronto

"X" LIQUID can be poured through a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather. Repair your radiator leaks with "X" before putting in alcohol for the winter.



"X" LIQUID

doorways and around the edges of windows and through places where no holes, cracks or interstices could be distinguished with the naked eye.

After all these things the residents of Florida's lower east coast agreed thankfully among themselves that everything had happened to them that could possibly happen, with the single unlikely exception of a full-fledged earthquake. Having reached this conclusion, they were almost immediately visited by the second hurricane.

Whatever the reason for the spirit of determination to clean up and rebuild, its results were immediate and almost beyond belief—except to the volunteer workers who went seventy and eighty and more hours without sleep in their first frenzy of cleaning up. They had no trouble in believing what they had accomplished.

A member of the American Legion spoke somewhat apologetically of his failure to be *au courant* with matters of the day at the time of the hurricane. "I had planned to hear the Dempsey-Tunney fight over the radio," said he, "but when I came home at half-past nine the night of the fight I'd been working for ninety-four hours without any sleep; and on the level, buddy, I wouldn't have listened to that fight if somebody had tipped me off that they were going to kill each other!"

Every Home Safe

The Florida Power and Light Company had an army of 3000 men at work restoring electricity, water and gas within a few hours after the storm. Two weeks afterward the streets of Miami were spotless, and a stranger who entered the city without previous knowledge that it had been visited by a hurricane would have found it impossible to believe that anything approaching a catastrophe had occurred. Every hotel was open and showed no sign of the storm to any except the most observant visitors.

In order to see the tremendous value of a good building code to a city in the hurricane belt, one needed only to visit the city of Coral Gables, a suburb of Miami. Coral Gables was directly in the path of the hurricane, as may be seen from the fact that the majority of the ornamental shade trees planted along its broad avenues were blown down by the wind. Some 95 per cent of its 2700 homes are built of cement blocks, but in Coral Gables not a single home was blown down.

A number of tile roofs were damaged—a few rather badly. Garages and storehouses built of concrete blocks and improperly braced—because of widely separated walls—against wind pressure fell down in Coral Gables, just as they did elsewhere. But every home stood. In addition to this, the rapidity with which the overturned shade trees were pushed back into position and guyed in place was so great that by three weeks after the storm every tree in Coral Gables was busily engaged in sending out new foliage.

The Coral Gables building code, which has always been enforced with a rigidity and inflexibility that has caused immeasurable anguish to more than one contractor, has been very careful in specifying the sort of cement blocks that can be used in building operations. It specifies that Portland cement shall be used in the manufacture of the blocks, the proportion of cement to sand that must be used, the age of the blocks before they can be used, their compressive strength, the allowable load that can be laid on them, the amount of water absorption that they can have after they are twenty-eight days old, and so on and so forth.

In addition to this, the code specifies the wind pressure that a house made of cement blocks will have to stand.

During the boom period many persons, anxious to make money quickly, turned to the manufacture of cement blocks, which can be manufactured by persons with little or no skill. They occasionally used about a handful of cement to a barrel of sand and made so-called cement blocks from the resulting mixture.

Since houses were being rushed to sell during the boom period, these blocks were frequently built into the walls of houses before they had set, and the houses were built without any thought of wind pressure, wind bracing or hurricanes. The people who built them had heard of hurricanes in a vague way, but probably thought of them—if at all—as something used by novelists to further the action of their stories.

One of the peculiarities of a cement block is that it sucks up water like a sponge. Consequently if the blocks are not wet down when they are being built into a wall, they suck all the water out of the mortar that is supposed to join them to adjacent blocks, and the mortar dries up into a sandy substance that has little or no strength. When a wall like this is given a brisk kick it trembles violently; and on receiving two or three more brisk kicks in the same place it falls down.

The newspapers of Southern Florida, shortly after the hurricane, carried a number of advertisements from dealers in many varieties of building materials. "The hurricane," said most of these advertisements, "demonstrated clearly that such-and-such a material is strongest and safest."

As a matter of fact, what the hurricane did demonstrate was that if an architect knows his business, and the builder who builds the house from the architect's plans is an honest builder, the two of them together can use almost any sort of building material and build a house that will come safely through as violent a hurricane as has ever been recorded on the North American continent.

There are scores of negro shacks in Miami, built twenty and more years ago with proper wind bracing, that have stood repeated violent blows without the loss of a shingle from their roofs or a board from their sides. It is as easy to build equally strong cheap houses today as it was twenty years ago.

Tile roofs suffered heavily in the last hurricane. Most roofs lost a few tiles, and some roofs were as completely stripped of them as though a giant had carefully shoveled them off. As a result of this some people jumped to the conclusion that tile roofs were not the proper sort of roofs to use in Florida. They observed that roofs covered with wooden shingles were damaged hardly at all, and accordingly announced that tile roofs ought to be abandoned and that shingle roofs ought to be the only sort permitted.

For Quick Sale

Here again one may see how improper building sometimes puts the witches' curse on building material that is not bad in itself. When a high wind damages a tile or any other sort of roof, the damage almost invariably starts at the eaves. The wind, apparently, cannot harm a roof unless it, so to speak, can get its fingers under the edges and pull up on it.

In cases where tile or composition roofs were hurt during the last hurricane, the wind either got under overhanging eaves and lifted the whole roof, or pried up the tiles or composition roofing at the edge and worked upward. Scattered all through the hurricane-swept area there were roofs made of tiles that had been laid—as tile roofs ought to be laid—in stout cement, and frequently fastened to the wooden under roof with stout nails. These roofs, without exception, came through the storm undamaged, except in cases where heavy objects were blown down on them and splintered a few tiles.

Coral Gables recognized this fact immediately after the hurricane by amending that portion of its building code relating to tile roofs—and all its pitched roofs are tile. "All tile roofs," said the amendment, "shall have the first three rows of pan tiles at eaves nailed with heavy copper nails. All tiles shall be thoroughly wet before

(Continued on Page 82)

Another Living Room

The woman of today requires two living rooms—for the desire for beauty in her home is equalled by her insistence on beauty in her motor car.

CA-VEL is the name of the lustrous velvets that upholster so many of America's smartest closed cars. More yards of these beautiful pile fabrics are used for this purpose than of any other velvets made.

The reasons for this preference are practical and easily understood. Beauty is demanded in the upholstery—a beauty that remains perennially fresh—a beauty that is enduring.

CA-VEL, with the wear on the pile and not on a flat surface, outlasts the life of the car. Its brilliant sheen retains all its original beauty indefinitely. It is easily cleaned. It does not soil the most delicate garment.

Be sure your next closed car is upholstered with a pile fabric. Ask if it is CA-VEL. It's a good name to remember.

COLLINS & AIKMAN COMPANY
Established 1845
New York City

CA-VEL

REG U S PAT OFF

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

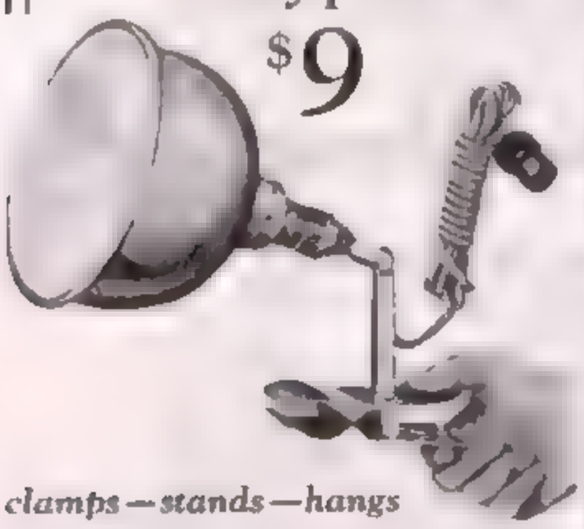
Relieve it with

Adjusto-Ray
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause*. Recommended by physicians everywhere.

Adjustable to any position

$9



clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket.

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model: $6.50; clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00; floor model: $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S.W. Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 60)

laying and ends of cover tile filled with cement at eaves. Nail holes shall be provided in this cement fill for drainage."

Ernest Cotton, director of public service of the city of Miami, was of the opinion that the great lessons that the hurricane taught to Miamians were: (1) The need of good wind bracing on all buildings; (2) the tying of all roofs securely to side walls; (3) the construction of good roofs with good roof fastenings and little chance for wind catchment under the parts that build up the roof; and (4) a rigid insistence on structures that will stand a high wind.

By way of explanation it should be stated that a 125-mile hurricane causes a horizontal load of seventy-eight pounds a square foot. The Coral Gables building code specifies that "every building shall be so designed and built to resist a horizontal wind pressure of thirty pounds for every square foot of exposed surface, in addition to dead loads and live loads as specified above."

A committee of West Palm Beach engineers, in investigating the results of the storm, reported that the gusts of the storm without doubt caused a far greater load than seventy-eight pounds to the square foot, but that large buildings designed for only twenty to thirty pounds' wind pressure almost without exception stood the hurricane with little damage except broken glass. These engineers concluded that there is no need of increasing the wind-pressure allowance beyond thirty pounds for ordinary buildings, but that "it is of the utmost importance that we design for a thirty-pound-wind load and enforce proper construction to withstand same."

Results of Bad Building Codes

Florida has a number of towns and cities whose authorities in the past have failed to provide their citizens with an adequate building code, or with any building code at all. It has been clearly demonstrated that death, injuries and destruction are the inevitable attendants of a bad building code in Florida, and even of an unenforced building code to say nothing of squalor, hideousness and the resulting property depreciation that always accompany such things.

The chances are excellent that it will be a great many years before any part of Florida is struck by another hurricane as destructive as the storm of September eighteenth; and yet another one of the same sort may surge out of the West Indies in a year's time. As a highly important precautionary measure, therefore, it would seem only reasonable for prospective residents of Florida to inquire with some care concerning the building code and building-code enforcement in the localities in which they propose to live. If either of these things is not what it should be, it would seem to be a matter of ordinary precaution against possible death and probable property loss for the prospective resident to leave the place flat on its back and move on to some other place that has a proper building code, properly enforced.

In all this talk of rapid cleaning up and houses that look as well as they looked before the hurricane, there has been little mention of the destroyed homes in sections that the tourists will seldom see, or of the stripped orange and avocado groves and the drowned truck farms between Miami and Homestead, or in the Everglades, or of the sufferings of the people who were driven out into the storm.

The storm path was peppered with deeds of heroism that ought to be retailed at least in part to all persons who saw the storm area after the clean-up, and consequently opined that the storm wasn't so bad after all. People need reminding that there were 174 premature births in the city of Miami, in order to know what the storm was like. They need to be told the cold dispassionate facts in the case of the very small young woman who staggered over the wreckage and the sand piles of Miami Beach into Allison Hospital late on the nineteenth of September, slashed and scratched and bruised from head to foot.

Tragedy and Heroism

It seems that this very small young woman was married to a man who, because of a deformed back, was also small. A married couple from New England had come to visit them shortly before the storm, and they were big, tall people. The storm broke, and eventually the wind blew the ocean up and over Miami Beach, so that the houses and the trees stuck up out of the open sea, and the home of the small couple collapsed.

With this their tall guests made their way to an iron electric-light pole and clung to it, but the small hosts elected to remain on the wreckage of their home. The water rose higher and higher, and at length the wreckage floated away into deeper water and began to disintegrate. Eventually it disintegrated to such an extent that the small couple were blown off into the water. The husband sank, and the small wife dived for him. She thought once that she had him but when she came up she saw that she had a piece of wood in her arms.

The terrific wind blew her for two miles and lodged her in a mangrove swamp—and a mangrove swamp, with its impenetrable branches and its sprawling, slimy roots, is one of the eeriest and most depressing places in the world.

It was Saturday forenoon when the wind blew her into the mangroves; and she stayed where she landed, clinging to the roots all Saturday afternoon and Saturday night and Sunday, until the water went down far enough to permit her to wade. She was obliged to poke snakes away from the roots to which she was clinging; and animals came into the branches over her head, so that she threw things at them to drive them away.

On Sunday she got away and walked an interminable distance over Miami Beach, and eventually she staggered into Allison Hospital. The doctors and nurses dressed her cuts and bruises, but they were unable to use an X-ray machine on her until Thursday; and when they finally used it they found that one of her vertebræ was very much out of place, and that she had done all that she had done with what almost amounted to a broken neck.

When the hurricane moved in off the narrow and heavily settled east coast of Florida and began to move diagonally up across the state in a strip sixty miles wide, it ran at once into the very sparsely populated Everglades. As has frequently been explained, the Everglades are vast prairies covered with saw grass, and also with a thin layer of water that moves very slowly from north to south in a dead calm, but that also moves wherever the wind blows it, because of the almost imperceptible slope of the land to the south. As has also been explained many times, the Everglades soil, when drained, is a rich brown substance, known as muck, that will grow anything known to man, and grow it with a luxuriance that is almost unbelievable.

The little town of Davie in the Everglades, just back of Fort Lauderdale, was wiped out of existence as the storm roared inland from the coast; and after it had disposed of Davie, it continued onward until it struck the lower end of enormous and shallow Lake Okeechobee.

On the lower shore of Lake Okeechobee lies the town of Moore Haven. Now the elevation of the town above sea level was eighteen feet. The level of Lake Okeechobee was sometimes higher than that, so that the town had to be protected from the lake by a dike that was twenty-five feet above sea level at its lowest point. At the time of the storm, because some of the Everglades drainage canals were not discharging as much water as they should, the level of Lake Okeechobee was slightly more than nineteen feet above sea level, or more than a foot higher than Moore Haven.

When the hurricane struck the lower end of Okeechobee it acted as high winds always act on shallow water and began to pile up the water. It piled it up against the Moore Haven dike, foot after foot, and the Moore Haven men went down on the dike to strengthen it and keep it from washing down. The water, however, wouldn't stop rising, and eventually it got so high that the waves began to break over the top of the dike. A short time later the dike disintegrated under the blows of the waves, and the piled-up waters of Okeechobee poured over the little town. Even after the dike broke, some of the Moore Haven residents were able to escape the flood by automobile; while the people in the town itself were comparatively safe. In the flimsy shacks on the outlying truck farms, however, there was great loss of life.

Aid for the Sufferers

Places away from the beaten track are seldom seen by the tourist. For that reason there is danger that residents of Florida who lost their homes and all their possessions in the hurricane, and have no resources on which to fall back, may suffer a great injustice through the astounding speed with which the tourist centers of the state got rid of the storm scars.

The Red Cross found that 18,000 people had been made homeless by the storm, and that few of this number had any means of getting started again. At least $5,000,000 was needed by the Red Cross to rehabilitate, on a family basis, the families whose homes and resources were destroyed—and it should be added that every request for help from storm sufferers is carefully verified by the Red Cross before it is granted. If the Red Cross fails to get the $5,000,000, each ruined family, instead of being supplied with its full needs, will be awarded 60 or 70 per cent of its needs. The remaining 40 to 30 per cent it will have to struggle for.

It is a pity, for various reasons, that people in general were unable to hear the full tale of the disaster. There was a woman in Moore Haven who had four children and four inner tubes. When the flood came gnawing at her wooden shack she inflated the inner tubes and fastened the children to them. Then she fastened them all to herself and started ashore. The child on the end drowned and began to drag the others down. She cut him loose and kept on toward shore. The next child drowned, and his body dragged the others under, so she stopped and cut him loose. The two others were living when she reached a place to stand.

The storm awakened Floridians to the fact that there are sympathy and friendliness for Florida in the North. It showed them the heroic spirit of their own people. And it made them willing to face and to hear the truth about bad architecture and ignorant building inspection. It was a wise man who, in other and simpler days, remarked that it is the truth that shall make you free.

Plan good lighting before you wire

CLEAR, soft light—keen, strong eyes! *Plan* your lighting. And plan it before the wiring is in. Plan a study light that will not glare back from a white page. Place your outlets so that you can have lamps for reading and sewing, and for the cozy charm of good evening lighting. At the same time, you can plan the placing of convenience outlets for your electrical appliances—and specify the quality of the wiring materials to go into your walls.

These things are all important—and they are all taken care of if you specify a G-E Wiring System. Before you ask for wiring bids, call in a reliable contractor, and talk it over with him. He will tell you that his lowest price is not his best value. The ultimate economy of G-E materials, and the comfortable living that comes from adequate planning, cost very little more than a "minimum job." And in comfort alone, the cost of a G-E Wiring System is more than repaid every year—as long as the house stands.

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled and using G-E materials throughout.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GE WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

See how Texaco flows at Zero

YOU can make an adequate test without laboratory apparatus.

Take a glass filled with crushed ice and salt, insert a test-tube, or bottle, of Golden Texaco Motor Oil. Put in a tube of other oil at the same time. Leave them for half an hour. Then invert the tubes. Texaco flows freely, and instantly. *There* is the proof.

An oil that does not flow in cold weather has no lubricating value until it is warmed by the very engine-action it is intended to protect. You might almost as well have forgotten to put oil in the crankcase.

There is no lubrication lag with Texaco in the crankcase

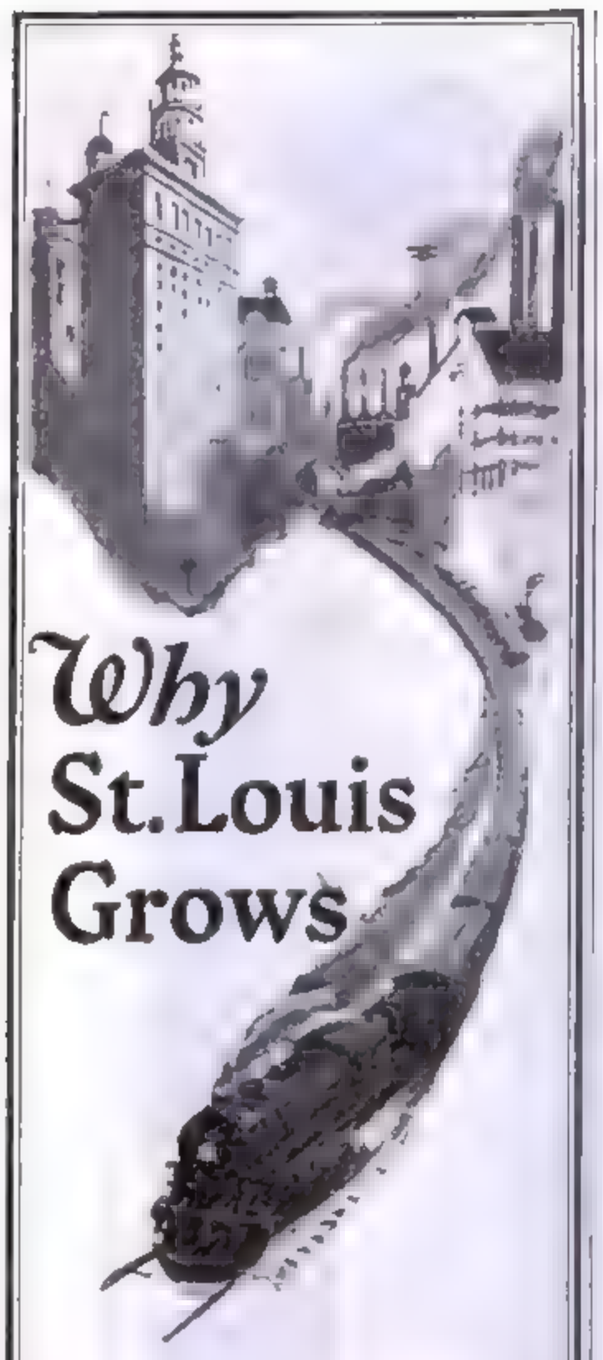
Those first eager thrusts of the pistons against the cold inertia of wrist-pins, against the reluctance of all the sluggish bearings, of connecting rods and main shaft—those need fluid, flowing oil; perhaps more urgently than at any other time.

Those first rapid cycles of the pistons held compression-tight by the rings against the chill cylinder walls—require all the assistance of instant lubrication if costly scoring of the metal is to be avoided.

Golden Texaco Motor Oil does its work in the chill of winter as in the heat of summer. And it does not form carbon on the piston heads, spark plugs and valves. Texaco Motor Oil is clean, clear, golden —free from all carbon-forming impurities. It is right in body and it resists dilution.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO
MOTOR OIL



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THERE are adequate "reasons why" for St. Louis' remarkable growth and development. St. Louis has an ideal combination of the chief factors in a successful industrial city and distribution point:

Central location.
Nearness to raw materials.
Fuel, water and power.
Economical distribution.
28 Railroads "to everywhere."
River transportation.
Satisfactory labor conditions.
More than 3500 factories.
211 Different kinds of industries.

These are some of the reasons why ***196 new industries*** have come to St. Louis in the last six years. St. Louis manufacturers ***Ship From the Center—Not the Rim.*** Your factory in St. Louis would have a distinct advantage over competitors not so favorably located.

The complete story is told in our new booklet "Why St. Louis Grows." Write for it.

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ST. LOUIS
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
ST. LOUIS U.S.A.

ROYAL BLOOD, OR LOVED AND LOST

(Continued from Page 13)

"What is eating you, Ben?" I asked, feeling a kind of depressed emotion in my stomach on account of Ben's being, as already described, six feet of red-blooded muscle and American manhood.

Instead of answering direct, he said, "Oh, you thought it would be all right if you could just keep today's Times out of Beaver Center. Well, you are fooled. A traveling man blew in from Belport by auto and gave me this copy."

"But what is biting you, Ben?" I asked, once more feeling in my interior organs a growing uneasiness. "What is the matter?"

"This is the matter, you big crook," and he flapped Page Four of the Times directly under my eyes.

There, published for the first time, stood the sketch of Leonore Ruhland, exactly as made by the prince and enlarged to three columns; but what had made Ben sore was where underneath, in big type, the editor had set up the following recherché squib:

THIS IS BEAUTIFUL LEONORE RUHLAND, A FAVORITE IN BEAVER CENTER'S YOUNGER SET, WHOSE HEART HAS BEEN WON BY ROYAL BLOOD. HER ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED TO PRINCE TARGUESCO, SCION OF ONE OF EUROPE'S OLDEST REIGNING FAMILIES.

III

IN A FLASH I saw what had happened. Underneath the original sketch I had intended to write the following five lines:

MISS LEONORE RUHLAND
OF BEAVER CENTER
ENGAGED
TO MR. BEN PARKER;
BY PRINCE TARGUESCO

But as a matter of fact I had not written the fourth line at all, because I had intended asking Ben whether in this solemn announcement he wanted his name in full or simply as usual. And while I was waiting to see Ben my artistic temperament had made me forget all about why I wanted to see him, and in the end I had absentmindedly sent off picture and squib without the fourth line and as was. Hence the editor's erroneous supposition that Leonore and the prince were engaged.

By this time I was feeling very patient and would have been glad to explain to Ben all about my artistic temperament and how it had caused the mistake in question. But it was no use. Every time I got started he would yell me down with the words, "Yes, you are, too, mixed up in this. It is a plot and you are one of the ringleaders. But you and this alleged prince will both be singing out of the other sides of your mouths when I get through with you."

The more I tried to explain, the more excited Ben got, and, also, the more violent he got. Hence when he begun seriously to try to grab me, I had already put myself on the other side of Doctor Morton's fence. And so, having a good head start, I soon threw off the pursuit.

But, though personally unharmed, I could not stave off the thought that unless quick action was taken a real tragedy would occur in another direction. I did not know what Ben thought he was going to do to the prince, but I felt sure it was nothing like a game of catch or a simple boxing match. And it looked to me like there was just one person who could save the situation, and that was Leonore herself.

Colonel Ruhland's house was four and a half blocks away, but the gnawing anguish of remorse, caused by the fact that my artistic temperament was responsible for the impending tragedy, enabled me to run this distance in not much more than a minute. To my relief Leonore herself answered the doorbell.

I had not expected to explain anything to Leonore except the bare facts of the situation, but in her presence I suddenly found myself becoming all confused, and presently I was giving the details about the sketch and about the squib printed under it. Leonore started laughing, and it looked as though she might have hysterics, though personally I could not see what there was to laugh about. Then she became serious.

"So Ben Parker is acting like that, is he?" she said with an expression on her face full of éclat. "Well, I have been patient with Ben a long while because I wanted to give him a square deal. But I think that from now on Ben ought to cultivate a sense of humor, and I am going to do my bit to get him that way."

So saying, she darted to the telephone closet, and on returning said, "I have just arranged with the garage to have an auto come here and pick you up. You tell the man to drive you to the hotel and then explain personally to the prince what I don't wish to say over the phone. Tell him I have changed my mind. After you have told him that I have changed my mind, tell him that I will meet him tonight at the social at the Old Baptist Church Hall."

Three minutes later, piloted by our genial and local garagist, Earl Peters, an auto appeared, into which I climbed, accompanied by last instructions from Leonore.

We had practically reached the Merchants and Farmers' Hotel when I saw something that made my blood run cold. Parked around the front door of the hotel there were about fifteen autos, and in or by each car were five or six local characters, some of them masked, and all talking together in low tones.

Ben was at the corner, laying down the law to four of them.

"What is the matter?" I asked Ed Weber, who was standing a little distance off, as though he didn't want to be taken for one of the bunch.

Ed looked ashamed as he answered, "Well, you know how I feel about foreigners, and especially about foreign crooks."

"Do you mean, Ed, that the prince is a crook?"

"How can he be anything else? Look what he done to Ben in that game of poker, and Ben will tell you himself that the prince only won the swimming race by kicking him in the face when nobody was looking. Well, we are going to run him out of town; but first we are going to take him out to Persian Grove and let him stand up to Ben in a fair, square fight. He can't pull any of his sneaking skullduggery there—not with me refereeing. And if he tries it—well, he will wish he hadn't when he is loaded on the train all dressed up in tar and feathers and good wishes."

There was no use arguing with Ed Weber, and anyhow there was no time to be wasted. Telling Earl to wait where he was, I snuck around the back way and, running up the stairs three steps at a time, burst into the prince's room.

The prince was sitting on the bed, his head between his hands.

"What is ze matter?" he said.

I never talked so fast before in my life. First I told him all about the squib in the Belport Times and the way Ben had taken it and what was now going on in the street below, and then I told him about my visit to Leonore and what Leonore had said.

"Did she send any message to me?" he asked anxiously when I had finished.

"Yes," I said, for owing to my artistic temperament I had forgotten to mention this latter. "Yes; she said to meet her tonight at the Old Baptist Social because she had changed her mind."

The effect of these last few words was surprising. Hardly had I got them out of my mouth when, with a wild war whoop, the prince sprang from the bed and began dancing around the room. He did not dance the way Ben Parker had done, but more like a comic opera.

"Prince," I said, getting alarmed, "control yourself. Now is the time, if ever, to make our get-away."

Instead of answering sensible, he jumped in the air, clicked his heels together and then, standing on his head in the middle of the floor, began to sing:

"Cheer! Cheer! ze gang's all here.
What ze dickens do we care ——"

And he was in the middle of this when the gang crashed in.

IV

OF ALL the wonderful pictures that hang upon memory's wall, the one of the events that ensued that evening is, as far as Ye Correspondent is concerned, the most wonderful of all.

Ye Correspondent had been afraid that the prince would try to fight back the gang as they came to get him. But all he did was to pull Ed Weber to one side and whisper a few words in his right ear.

Ed's mouth dropped open and he said "What?" The prince whispered some more. Then Ed said, "Don't lay a hand on him. I'll be responsible for him myself." And the prince and Ed walked down the stairs side by side.

Ben Parker began to grouch, but Ed Weber said, "You want to fight him, don't you, Ben? Well, you are going to have your chance. I know something about fighting, because I was with the Thirty-second Division, and I will see that you get a real fight for your money."

So Ed told us to get into Earl's automobile, which we done, along with a couple of local characters, masked, whom I made out to be employes from Ben's factory.

What sent the cold shivers down Ye Correspondent's spine, however, was the high spirits displayed by the prince. He did not seem to have any idea of the seriousness of the situation, and kept laughing and letting out Indian war whoops.

And when he did talk it was to say things like this:

"Ha, I will make ze box wiz Ben Parker. I will wait till he comes close, and zen, oo-la-la, what a good kick I will give him."

"Prince, kicking is not allowed in American boxing, and don't try it, because it will simply get us both into trouble."

"Zen I fight wiz my fists like zis—poof! Poof! Knock-out."

"Prince, if you use any wild swings like that, you will knock out nobody but yourself."

"My friend, be not worried. Ze box is not noble, but I make her just ze same. I will make Ben Parker knock-out. You see."

Personally I asked nothing better, but judging by the samples of the prince's boxing, I could not see how he was going to do it. But since there was nothing to be done, I dug my hands into my pockets and waited.

Some of the autos had preceded us to the grove, and by the time we arrived four trees had been joined by ropes so as to make a ring. In the middle, with the auto lamps lighting the space, Ed Weber stood with a set of six-ounce boxing gloves. Somebody produced a pie plate and a monkey wrench for the timekeeper, while Ed Weber called the two boys to the center of the ring to finish getting ready and to listen to instructions.

On account of his whiskers the prince looked older, but Ben was an easy twenty pounds heavier and with longer arms.

"What!" yelled the prince when Ed Weber explained it was against the rules to hit below the belt. Then he calmed down and said, "Oh, ver' well—ver' well. I hit him above ze belt, but oo-la-la, what a strong hit I will give him."

A laugh broke out among the spectators, who up to this time had only looked glum and threatening.

"Get started," Ben growled, not seeming to like the gayety.

Ed waved the boys to their corners, the timekeeper hit the pie plate with the monkey wrench, and the round began.

(Continued on Page 68)

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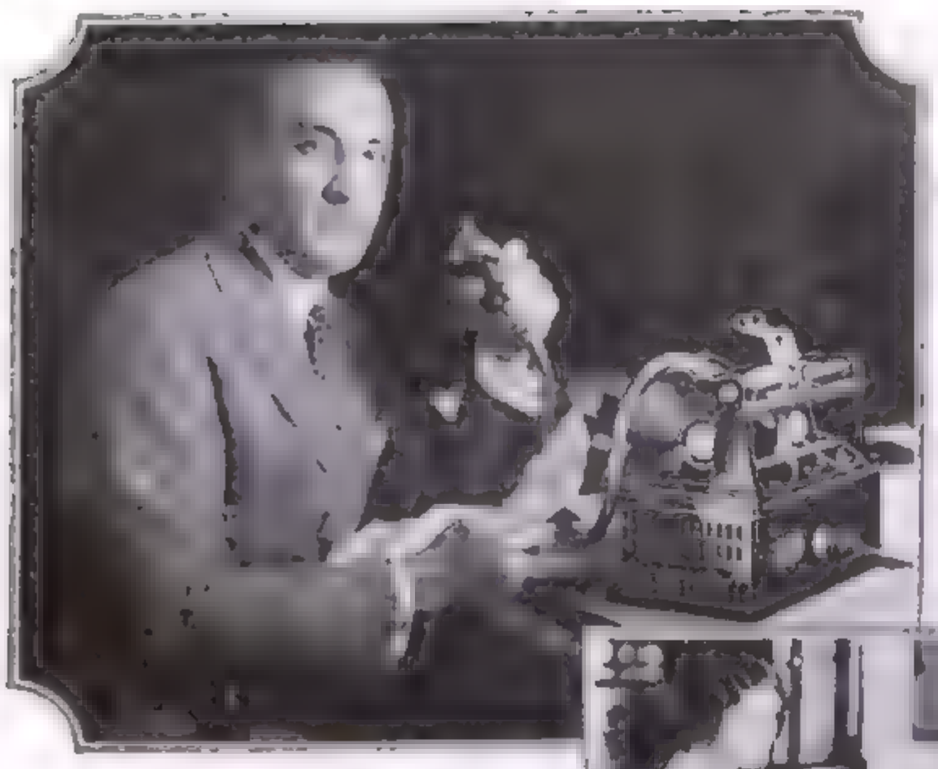

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S-2

(Continued from Page 66)

"Don't be afraid. He can't lay a glove on you," I said encouragingly to the prince, though my personal feelings were far different.

Ben Parker rushed forward with a vigorous attack at the prince's head, which, though splendidly rendered, did not have as much éclat as might have been supposed. This was because the prince kept moving his hands in a confused way that interfered with Ben's gloves. And when Ben dropped his left arm for half a second the prince let go a wild but recherché right swing and Ben went back about fifteen feet to a sitting position.

"Aha," yelled the prince, turning to me with a wild laugh, "he is knock-out. Honor is satisfy."

"No, prince," I yelled back, "he is not knock-out. Watch him."

It was lucky I spoke, because, revenge gleaming in his eye, Ben was on his feet once more. But the round ended the way it had begun, with Ben hitting like a locomotive piston and the prince just covering himself.

By this time the crowd was warming up a bit. In the beginning nobody had peeped a word except "Hit him, Ben." Now you could hear an occasional: "Hit him, prince." Even some of the employes from Ben's factory were yelling this last.

"Watch me close," said the prince as I flapped the towel. "Zis time I put him knock-out on ze col', col' ground."

"Go careful," I said. "Save yourself. Clinch."

"No, no," he answered, very indignant, as though I had asked him to do something disgraceful—"no, no, I will never clinch and I will not pull hair. I will fight under ze rules and give Mr. Parker 100 per cent satisfaction."

I will not try to describe the round that followed, except to say that I tore the towel up watching it. Sometimes Ben landed and sometimes the prince landed. By this time the crowd was evenly divided, as many yelling for the prince as for Ben. Then at the end of the second minute something happened.

One of Ben's eyes had been closed when a sudden smack on the nose seemed to infuriate him. With one jump he leaped forward, grabbing the prince around the neck, sinking his teeth in the prince's right shoulder and at the same time bringing up his left knee.

Before I had time to say anything Ed Weber had jumped between the contestants. His face was lit up the same as a scowling jack lantern, and it was easy to see he was mad all through. Putting out one big hand, he shoved it into Ben's face so hard that Ben stopped biting and went backward into the grass.

"You big windbag," Ed Weber said between his teeth, "if you ever do that again to the little fellow I'll bend a baseball bat over your head. Get up now and fight him fair, and I hope he knocks you into the middle of next week."

Though his shirt had been torn and there was a mark on the collar bone, the prince had not been slowed up by Ben's attempted dirty work. In fact, he seemed faster than ever.

There was a rally, a clinch, a break, and the prince shot in one of the sweetest uppercuts Ben ever smelt, and the fight ended right there.

Ed Weber counted up to thirty-seven and then, in a recherché voice, said to the hands from Ben's factory, "Boys, here is your boss. Take him home and sit him on an E-Z Seat Chair and wrap him up with bunting and tell him he is the Fourth of July. But don't nobody touch this little rooster here, or I'll take the gun out of my pocket and unload it at the business end."

But nobody present seemed to bear any ill feeling toward the prince. On the contrary.

Ed Weber's warning, anyway, was unnecessary, because right after the knockout punch the prince had disappeared. Though at the time I did not know it, this disappearance was a fitting prelude to the astounding events which were about to transpire next.

V

RIDING in Ed Weber's car to the Old Baptist Church Hall, I kept thinking about the piece I would compose in description of the wedding which, it now seemed possible, would take place between the prince and the fairest daughter of Beaver Center. And I figured how by the use of apt alliteration's artful aid this piece might be printed under the headlines of:

MONARCHAL MARRIAGE MATES MAKE MERRY

Royal Refreshments Regale Rejoicers

. . The solemn strains of the wedding march having pealed up the vaulted roof, the Reverend Milton, executing the beautiful double-ring ceremony, pronounced the words that made the princely pair one. At the dinner and reception which followed the ceremony and which preceded the wedding journey, or honeymoon, which includes Niagara Falls and other points East, the merry ringing of laughter was heard on all sides as the guests participated in the dainty refreshments bountifully served, and consisting of salted almonds, green olives, clam patties, chicken salad, cake, coffee, ice cream and sweetmeats.

And I even thought of a recherché squib to put in at the end, as follows:

A certain well-known young man about town was not present, having something the matter with his right eye. Where did you get it, Ben?

But, as my readers have probably not foreseen, this piece was destined never to be written.

We arrived at the Old Baptist Hall, where Ed let me out after shaking my hand and stating warmly that in the future anybody who interfered with the prince would wish he hadn't. Here he looked mysterious, but as he refused to answer any and all questions, Ye Correspondent merely thanked him for the lift and entered the social. Light refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cookies, cake and coffee were being served, and Ye Correspondent indulged, at the same time heaving a sigh of regret that this social was not being held at the New Baptist Church Hall, where refreshments always include sandwiches, apple pie and cheese, as well as the customary offerings.

The prince was nowhere in sight, and Ye Correspondent had been indulging in the bountiful refreshments generously offered, for some time, when one of the Old Baptists came up with the announcement: "There is somebody outside wants to see you."

"Is it the prince?" asked Ye Correspondent, at the same time slipping a pair of cookies into a safe place.

"No, the prince was here already and went away with Leonore Ruhland as soon as she had played her selection. It is Colonel Ruhland outside who is asking for you."

Somewhat surprised, I left the social, to find Colonel and Mrs. Ruhland in their car.

"Where is your pal, the prince?" demanded the colonel in a gruff military voice.

"Colonel," I said, "I do not know. I expected to find the prince here myself."

The colonel fixed me with his glittering eye, at the same time remarking, "You had better hop into this automobile and come along with me. There have been too many mysterious happenings lately, and I am going to find out just where I stand and just where everybody else stands before I am an hour older."

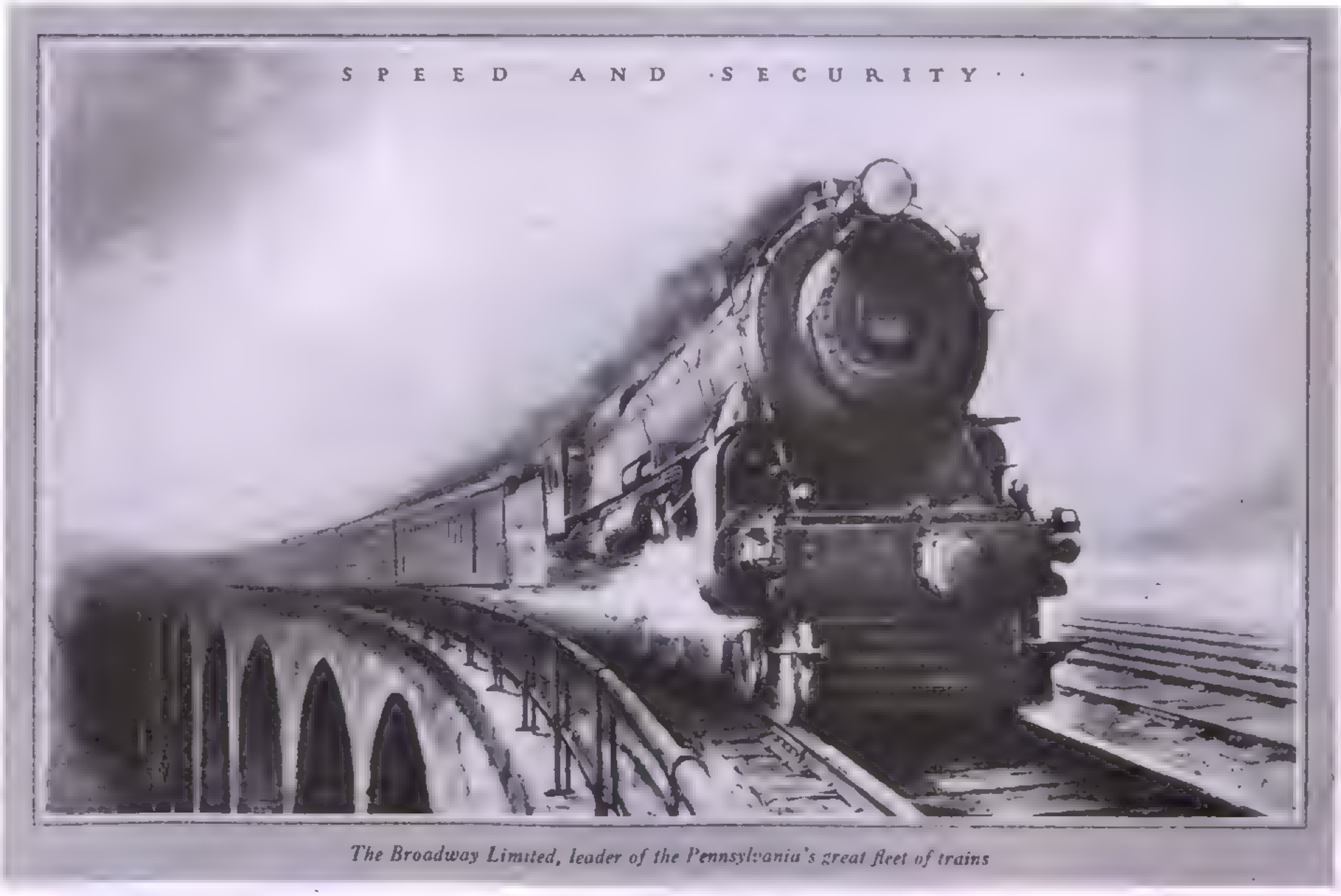
"Now, colonel," said Mrs. Ruhland, "Leonore is well able to look out for herself, so don't get excited. Besides, it is bad for your liver."

"Hang my liver," said the colonel with much éclat, at the same time starting up the automobile and turning along the County Road in the direction of Belport.

Though no more explanations were offered, it was clear to Ye Correspondent that Colonel Ruhland suspected his daughter Leonore of being in the company of the prince, and objected to same.

I cannot imagine any more recherché event than that automobile ride in the wee

(Continued on Page 70)



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SHOULD you decide tonight to journey from New York to Chicago or from Chicago to New York, almost a dozen fine Pennsylvania trains are at your disposal either way.

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We grown folks consider our own foot comfort priceless. How vastly more important it is that the child's foot shall have room to grow straight and strong, free from the *causes* of latter-day ills.

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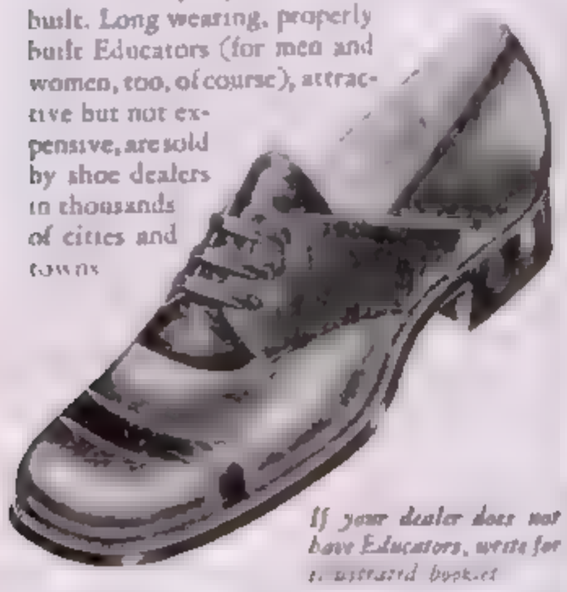

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RICE & HUTCHINS

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON U. S. A

(Continued from Page 68

sma' hours. Trees and bushes flashed by. Houses and barns flashed by also. From time to time Colonel Ruhland would say, "If I ever lay hands on that scoundrel I will skin him alive." To this Mrs. R. would reply, "Now, colonel, he is a very pleasant gentleman." And when possible, Ye Correspondent would edge in some such remark as: "The prince is not such a bad scout, colonel."

Unfortunately, however, these friendly boosts were of little avail. "He is a snake in the grass," the colonel kept repeating. "I knew I was wrong to trust a blank foreigner, but it is the first and last time."

"Colonel," said Mrs. R., "do not curse and swear. It is bad for your liver. And remember both your grandfathers were foreigners and came over in the steerage."

"If I had the family Bible here," said the colonel in a strangled voice, "I would blot my grandfathers' names out of it forever. I am off foreigners from now on henceforth."

We passed through the village of Mount Pleasant and were told that an auto from Beaver Center was running just a little ahead.

"I'll catch them yet," said the colonel between his teeth, "and when I do I will give that foreigner a hiding he will remember all his life." Like a fiery Arab steed the auto leaped forward.

"Colonel," observed Mrs. Ruhland, "didn't we pass something?"

With a smothered but still profane exclamation the colonel stopped, and, after turning the auto with difficulty, drove slowly back.

Mrs. Ruhland had been right. By the side of the road the auto from the local garage was at a standstill with Earl Peters at work on one of the back tires. The colonel jumped out of our car while at the same minute Leonore jumped out of the other.

"Where is the prince?" demanded the colonel in a suffocated voice. "I insist on knowing."

"Gone—disappeared forever," remarked a very American accent, and at the same time a clean-shaven young man jumped out of the car after Leonore.

"Where is the prince?" repeated Colonel Ruhland.

"Here is all that is left of him," said the young man. "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Bradford Brewster Allen, and with my ancestors, I have been a resident of America for the last three hundred years. That is why poker, baseball, bluffing and boxing come natural to me."

"I don't want any more funny business," roared the colonel. "Where is the prince? Are you the person who has been passing himself off as a prince?"

"I am a prince," said Mr. Allen, "and, as they say in the melodramas, I have the papers to prove it. Just as I can prove that I was once the amateur middleweight champion of Massachusetts."

"How can you be a Rumanian prince and at the same time a private citizen of America?" demanded Colonel Ruhland.

"Maybe I can't," said Mr. Allen, "and in that case it doesn't matter, as I stopped being prince five minutes ago when I shaved off my whiskers."

"A fake," yelled the colonel. "Just as I suspected."

"Don't yell so, colonel," said Mrs. Ruhland fretfully. "You make my ears ache."

"For goodness' sake, papa," objected Leonore, "let him explain. I didn't yell when he explained to me."

Evidently the colonel was all confused, and yelling simply because he could not speak any other way.

Meanwhile the prince, very calm, had begun explaining.

"When the war broke out I was in Paris studying art and starving in the same studio with a young Rumanian painter. We both enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and when he was badly wounded he made me promise to visit his father in Rumania. The war ended, and I did. The old man was poor but noble, and my friend had been his only child. He wanted to adopt me. I had no immediate relatives, so I told him to go ahead. Two years later he died. As he was a prince I'm a prince. But I'm an American too. Ask Ben Parker."

"That doesn't explain this masquerade," bellowed the colonel after having been silent for ten seconds, during which time he was probably trying to think. Meanwhile Ye Correspondent could not have said anything on a bet. This was not only because he was astounded at the revelation but also because what he had just heard was changing his entire outlook on life.

"Yes it does," said the prince, or, as he might be called, Mr. Bradford Brewster Allen. "Using the name of my ancestors and painting just as good portraits as I do today, I never cleaned up more than studio rent. Using title, whiskers and a little stage dialect, I have made in the last four years a net profit of a hundred and seventy thousand dollars. I don't usually spend the time I've spent on your portrait."

Said Colonel Ruhland in a low voice, "A hundred and seventy thousand dollars."

The same was repeated by Mrs. Ruhland, who ejaculated it with much éclat.

"A hundred and seventy thousand dollars," repeated Ye Correspondent, speaking for the first time, and in a whisper, because with each fresh revelation his life's outlook was being changed more and more.

"My daughter is engaged to Ben Parker," yelled the colonel in a military manner, after a moment's thought.

"That is all right," said the prince; "she is married to me. The Reverend Milton did it two minutes ago."

The colonel's eyes were popping out of his head. Mrs. Ruhland looked real disappointed, probably thinking that now there would be no chance of a recherché wedding with bridesmaids. As for Ye Correspondent, the fact that the prince had made a hundred and seventy thousand dollars net in four years and then had married Beaver Center's fairest daughter had aroused my deepest emotions, and I guess they were visible on my face.

The prince broke the ensuing silence.

"Well," he said to Ye Correspondent, "your artistic temperament is largely responsible for this marriage, because otherwise Ben would never have got mad enough to try to run me out of town. That is one reason why I want to buy from you the little sketch I made of Leonore on that first evening."

"Prince," I said, "I cannot think of accepting any cash for that sketch, which you drew off yourself and which I will be glad to give back to you if you want it as a souvenir."

"That is all right," said the prince. "This is not cash. It is just a check."

I tore open the envelope, looked at what was inside, and could feel myself growing pale. "There is some mistake," was my remark in a dry and husky voice.

"No mistake at all," said the prince. "Any little sketch I dash off ought to be worth a minimum of six hundred dollars. And if not now, then it will be worth that later. And if you really have an artistic temperament you ought to admit it."

While Ye Correspondent sat there stunned and speechless, confused cries of congratulation rose from all present.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Ruhland. "Now that everybody else is leaving Beaver Center, I suppose you will soon be starting on your way to a literary career in New York."

"No," I replied firmly, for, as stated, in the last few minutes I had entirely changed my outlook on life—"no, Mrs. Ruhland, I have definitely decided not to have any literary career in New York. I am going to Paris to study art."

Having now, as promised, related the events which thrilled the social circles of Beaver Center during the period described, I will end by quoting from Page 214 of my personal scrapbook.

I may add that this paragraph not only closed the scrapbook but was also the valedictory of my career as Beaver Center Correspondent for the Belport Times. I would have written at greater length had I had more leisure.

Dainty Announcement Luncheon

While on his way to check his trunk for the Chicago limited, Ye Correspondent stopped at the hospitable home of Colonel and Mrs. Ruhland, where a recherché luncheon was being served. Though not formally invited, Ye Correspondent was forced into an extra chair, and amid much ringing of laughter, urged to partake of the dainty refreshments bountifully served, and which were composed of grapefruit coupe, mock bouillon, glassed carrots with peas, asparagus, salad toast, fromage rolls, New Year's bomb, silver sponge cakes, salted filberts, and dipped-cream almonds. Much surprise was occasioned among some present when with considerable éclat Colonel Ruhland stated the marriage of his charming daughter, Miss Leonore Ruhland, one of Beaver Center's fairest flowers, and who was not present, being already on her honeymoon. But this surprise was not so great as that occasioned by Ye Correspondent when he announced his future plans—already enumerated in the previous item—and it was amid a shower of good wishes from all present that Ye Correspondent finally went upon his way determined to do his utmost to show his well-wishers that he would merit all their confidence in the future development of his artistic temperament.

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Your teeth are not flat. They curve—as your jaw curves. And that is the way your brush should curve. Otherwise it can't reach ALL *your teeth. The first consideration in designing the Pro-phy-lac-tic was to produce a brush* ***that would reach all your teeth.***

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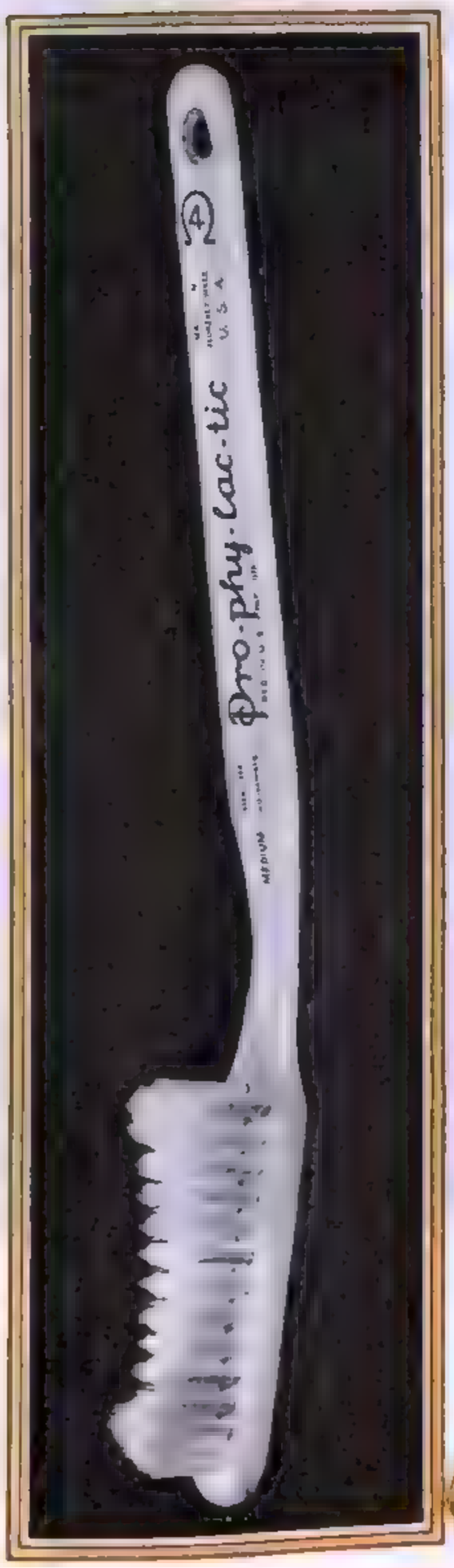

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"Above all else," they said, "this brush must reach *every* tooth." So they curved the bristle surface to fit the curve of the teeth. They curved the handle so that you can get the brush far back into your mouth. And they put a tuft on the end of the brush to make the cleaning of back teeth as easy as possible.

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Free: a booklet containing valuable information on care of the teeth

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Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

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ITS spiry pinnacles rising from a cypress-bordered lagoon, the Taj Mahal stands, a memorial to Shah Jehan's vision of beauty, enduring

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VIEWING life from the Here-and-Now, one looks back a bit wistfully at the mystical, religious attitude toward life from which rose the incredible beauty of the Taj Mahal. For that "stupendous jewel" symbolizes a passionate, oriental devotion to a beauty that, through sheer intensity, outlasts Time itself... Yet today we dream still of beauty that endures; on furniture, on cars, on a hundred other objects which we buy for the home, Duco, satin-smooth yet armor-strong, provides a finish in which that blend of beauty and enduringness is realized.

THE SILVER CORD

(Continued from Page 5)

carried the name of Learning into the columns of the metropolitan press at a time when the outside world was scarcely aware of the existence of the upstate town. It owed him gratitude, and not being able to close its wide-awake eyes, it turned them away from him. He did not stop to ask himself what else it could do, any more than he had tried to figure out a way around the barrier which had come between him and Midge Frazier, and for the same reason. There was no way around.

His malady had crept on him more stealthily than a thief in the night. At first it had been a mere coloration, diffuse and uniform. Then it had centered as a transitory dusky redness, involving the extremity of his nose and spreading out in faint radiations. It came and went apparently without special cause, bringing him no pain and as little worry. Later on, however, if something he ate disagreed with him, or he took a drink, or smoked excessively, or coughed, or merely laughed excitedly, his nose would flare up momentarily into a flaming monstrosity. It was at this point that his mother became genuinely alarmed, but it was only after a struggle that she could persuade him to go with her for a serious consultation with Doctor Muncie. He had laughed and Harry had laughed with him.

"Acne, my boy. Not uncommon at your age, and nine times out of ten it passes off by itself. Won't hurt you, whatever happens."

"But what ought he to do, doctor?"

"Cut out cigarettes, hot tea and coffee, go easy on food, and leave drink alone."

Harry left the doctor's office feeling cheerful and reassured. He smoked only a little less, ate as much of his mother's cooking as he could stomach, which was little enough in all conscience, and scarcely thought it worth while to abstain from the few drinks which came his way.

Without serving further notice, the redness became permanent and his nose began to increase rapidly in size. A mass of bumps formed beneath the skin. They were various—round or oblong, firm or elastic, pinkish, red, bluish, livid, each traversed by a finer or coarser network of blood vessels. Never the least pain, but a steadily increasing mortification every time he met a friend or was forced to look at himself in a mirror.

The shock of his interview with the New York doctor, followed by the blow of his parting from Midge, marked a turning point in more senses than one. Up to that night his even temperament and an abundant store of good nature had saved him from bitterness. By little tricks of self-deception he had prolonged his happy-go-lucky attitude toward life in general and had clung to a belief that somehow the cloud would pass. Now all was abruptly changed, as if he had been whirled on a turntable. He faced the other way. He slacked not only in the care of his appearance but in the preservation of a healthy spirit within the disfigured temple of his body.

From one day to another he turned sour toward everything outside himself. He could not build a protecting wall around his mother's home, but as an individual he could live and die within a hard, impenetrable shell.

He walked alone. He refused advances of every nature, cutting himself free from innumerable social tendrils with a single stroke. His mother became a mere automaton, an unsatisfactory mechanical adjunct to the business of keeping alive. At the bank he worked with a fervor and concentration far beyond the reach of a person occupied with normal activities. His capacity was phenomenal and his accuracy became a byword, culminating in a dictum destined to fame: "The adding machine must be out of order: Harry Jones can't make a mistake."

Isolation, the point from which all of us start and to which all must inevitably return, is naturally an easy attainment, but it was made even more so to Harry by the conditions which existed at the time. The public mind was in a fever which took no account of details. Boy friends of his own age were gone overseas or about to go, and all others, especially the girls, soon accustomed themselves to omitting him from their calculations. The Harry Jones whom they had known, admired and found absolutely indispensable to the success of their gatherings, had disappeared as surely as if he had died, leaving behind a grotesque, swiftly ambulating shadow. They were not traitorous or consciously unkind; they merely accepted his absence with the identical feeling accorded to the boys of the town who had gone to the war. If he ever came back he would get a warm welcome. To a great extent he himself had been responsible for their apparent desertion, but it was characteristic of his new mood that he came to believe that every man's hand was turned against him, justifying him in turning his hand against all men.

But even a snail within its shell must live or cease, and Harry faced the same inexorable alternative. He had to invent a life for himself within the bounds of his self-imposed limitations, and he started in to do it, driven by the pent-up, feverish energy of an unusually virile body. Outside of banking hours, he took possession of a secluded corner of the town library and read every book of interest on its shelves. He soon learned the facilities for suggesting volumes for purchase and took full advantage of them. Not satisfied with this outlet from the dull torment of his conscious existence, he taught himself French and became a patron of a unique French bookstore in New York. When he tried to talk to the proprietor and found he could not make himself understood, he bought a phonograph with language disks and soon learned all the lessons by heart. Once he caught and distinguished a word, it was his forever.

When his eyes were tired with reading he would cross the fields to the abandoned canal and walk for miles along the crumbling towpath. He liked it best late at night. Near the town the murmuring voices of lovers troubled him, but once he had plunged into the long reaches of darkness beyond Jasmine Pool, the scene of a legendary murder, he was sure of being alone. It was here that he could find absolute release, even from himself, by giving his fancy full rein. He could thrust and parry with his hickory stick as he swaggered along without fear of being taken for a madman; but he was always D'Artagnan—never by any chance that greater warrior, Cyrano de Bergerac.

If he could have carried his dreaming over into daytime it might have changed the whole course of his life; but daylight was too much for him. He couldn't escape from his nose, from the sidelong, curious glances of strangers and from the deliberate evasion of those who knew him. Every encounter became a blow. It did no good to say to himself, "It can't be me! This horrible thing has never happened to me! I saw it on somebody else, and I'm dreaming. I'll wake up soon. I'm just Harry Jones." That sort of thing could only drive him into maudlin self-pity, and to save what was left of his manhood he took refuge in a perpetual sneer. To an unpleasant appearance he added an unpleasant personality.

This development brought about two widely divergent results—it made him attractive to malcontents and it killed his mother. All her life she had been a good woman, with time to do only the things that had to be done. She had not been deficient in tenderness, but she had lacked the power of showing affection without being awkwardly demonstrative. Her sources of expression had never had a chance to learn to flow, but she had never realized how utterly they were dried up until she was faced by her son's complete estrangement. His insulation barred her out as effectively as it did anybody else, and she was as powerless against it as her finger nails would have been against the flintlike shell of a shagbark hickory nut. The more conscious she became of her limitation, the more did her love grow and swell within her. Failing of an outlet, it became something actually physical which clogged her throat, prevented her eating, hampered her breath, and finally destroyed her as surely as if it had been a tumor.

Harry scarcely missed her. He employed a colored woman to come in for a couple of hours a day to fix his breakfast, wash up, sweep and make his bed. He left a key for her every night under the mat of the side door. For his luncheon and dinner he became a habitué of the cheaper restaurants in town, places where he could be sure he would not meet any of his erstwhile friends. One was an old street car, fitted with wagon wheels which had gradually sunk to their hubs. It was called the Slop Chest and stayed open all night. Another was Jack's Cellar, a long dank eating place which was reached directly from the street by a flight of precipitous stone steps. It was under the frequent surveillance of the police as a resort of questionable characters, but was also the stamping ground of country ward heelers. The cooking at both these places was typical of the average American inland town and left much to be desired in quality as well as variety.

He had not forgotten Doctor Muncie's advice of long ago; he even enlarged his knowledge of his affliction by buying a medical treatise. Far from helping him, what he read about acne rosacea only plunged him in the end into a more futile lassitude. He learned that an alcoholic victim might give up drinking for five years before his abstention would begin to show results, nor was benefit certain. So it was with everything else. Tea, coffee and meats, tight collars and tobacco barred; intricate ablutions and unctions recommended, subject to frequent treatment by an expert surgeon. That sort of thing for years on end—and no sure promise of a cure. Even if it came, it might be due to a natural readjustment totally unconnected with abstinence. No wonder he gave way to a temporary riot of excesses.

That mood passed and left him merely indifferent. He stopped thinking about what and how much he ate, drank and smoked. More than ever, he gave himself up to living in the mind—slaving, reading, studying, and at night escaping from life into the woods or descending into the ragtag company of the petty politicians and misfits of the town who had begun to draw to him like scobs to a magnet. The back table at Jack's, plunged in the somberness of the depths of a tunnel, gradually became an informal rendezvous. Without planning or volition on the part of anyone, it developed into a puny imitation of Tom Platt's famous Amen Corner.

Before he knew how it happened Harry had become an arbiter in a small way, simply because various subhenchmen, each with a following of sorts, saw fit to defer to him. What he looked like, sitting far back, crouched in the shadow, meant nothing to them. What mattered was the shrewdness of his better trained brain toward which they reached through blind instinct. They were not conscious of when they had begun to ask "What do you say, Harry?" nor were they in the least startled upon awaking to the fact that they had tacitly set up a new power on a sordid throne. That was the way things had always happened, and it was natural that Harry should settle with a nod or a shake of the head which of two men was to be employed by the new garbage contractor or which of the town's

The CITY OF PLEASURE TROVE

Miami by the Sea IS READY

That's the cheerful, unqualified assurance this message brings. Amazing speed in repairing, blessed with abundant health-producing sunshine, has overcome the effects of the September 18th storm. Many hotels and apartment houses were only slightly damaged and have continued operating without interruption. Other hotels, without exception, are ready now, or will be upon scheduled opening dates, with their usual comforts and conveniences.

It's still June in Miami—all winter through, with the same friendly sunshine, balmy breezes, tropical surroundings, inviting seashore, enjoyable sports, healthful conditions, and the carefree life that have made Miami the World's Greatest Winter Playground.

You'll find much that's new in Miami this winter. This year $250,000,000 from all sources has been spent in developing this section. Lofty buildings have changed the skyline in a few short months.

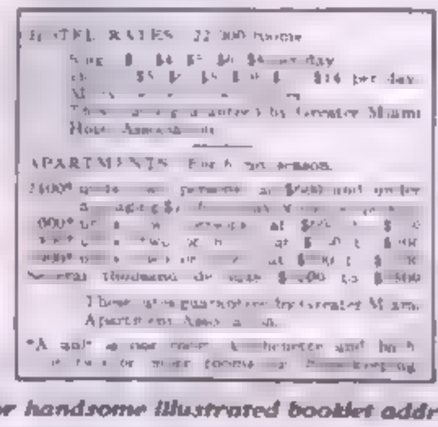
Miles of wide new boulevards and well-paved streets have opened new routes of motor traffic and brought the suburbs closer in. New modern hotels and apartment houses add their welcome to the favored hostelries of former years.

New theatres, new schools, new churches, new homes, new stores, new industries, mark the continued growth of this ever progressive community.

A new railroad line, another double tracked; new steamship services, fast new boats on the older lines; new standardized hotel and apartment rates. New golf courses added to those for which Miami is famous. New diversions increase the entertainment features.

ARTHUR PRYOR'S BAND—Two Concerts Daily
December to April—Royal Palm Park

Millions of Dollars have been spent this summer in improved motor highways to Miami. Direct de luxe trains to Miami from New York, Detroit and Chicago. Through Pullmans from all principal northern cities. Speedy ocean voyage in the finest coastwise steamship service in the world direct from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.



For handsome illustrated booklet address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Miami, Florida

This advertisement authorized by City Commissioners of Miami

What the Pilgrims Missed

They missed the big dish of ripe, rosy, juicy Skookum Apples—specially grown by experts—that will complete the Thanksgiving feast in millions of American homes this week. Serve Skookums tonight. Leading dealers everywhere. Look for the rose-colored wrapper with the Indian Head.

Write today for unusual recipe book showing 209 tested ways to serve SKOOKUM Apples. Address:

SKOOKUM PACKERS ASSOCIATION
311 Phipps Bldg
Wenatchee, Washington
Northwestern Fruit Exchange, *Sales Agents*
Dealers, write for proposition

Skookum Apples

buy 'em by the BOX

WENATCHEE-OKANOGAN

Spartan allotment of *filles de joie* should fade before a newcomer.

Learning, near enough New York to borrow sophistication and a ward system, but far enough away to escape the leveling influence of a suburbanite invasion, presented as complete a cross section of American life as could be found anywhere. Technically it was a city—a flourishing city. It had fourteen churches and exactly the same number of licensed saloons, the latter on the verge of ostensible eclipse. It had four banks, a trust company, two sets of chain stores, a beautifully paved main thoroughfare and drowsy side streets, a few of them, notably Oak Street, still shaded by ancient trees. It had a fast set, a country-club crowd and a genuine intelligentzia that not only could but did read Remy de Gourmont in the original. It had a Democratic majority, made up of everyone who carried a dinner pail; a feminine group of parlor socialists; and a disproportionately powerful Republican minority that knew how to get what it wanted. It had two slums, one white and the other colored, of about fifty houses each. It had an amazing amount of unsuspected wealth, widely distributed, and considerable poverty, but no actual want. It had an honest-to-goodness Civic Betterment League at the top and Jack's Cellar at the bottom of as beautifully assembled a city government machine as ever ran silently in a bath of the oil of compromise.

Harry might have developed into an active political factor, and thus been carried out of himself by an absorbing occupation, had it not been that he took no interest whatever in the people by whom he was surrounded. They were an accident. Big men in the ward world such as Thomas O'Brien and Ben Brosnahan began to approach him in a flattering manner through their lieutenants, and it was rumored that even the great Fallahee was keeping his eye on the new nucleus in Jack's Cellar, but these advances meant little to Harry. He was an exile, not an outcast; and bitter as the pill might be, he had to swallow the fact that his heart and his dreams remained shackled to his past.

The joy he took in avoiding a nod of recognition from Midge or in giving Julian Detwetter an unseeing stare is hard to describe but easy to explain. With these two it was more than a matter of simply being on the defensive as he was with the rest of his former world. They interested him passionately because he was still in love with Midge and because Julian had become her constant attendant.

This youngest of the Detwetter tribe had been withdrawn from the circle of children with whom he would naturally have associated by an attack of infantile paralysis. He had been taken from doctor to doctor, and even to Europe for a treatment which had lasted three years. A cure had been finally effected, leaving him, however, with one leg slightly shorter than the other and a limp that was barely perceptible when he walked, and disappeared completely when he danced. But the defect was sufficient to bar him from acceptance by the local drafting board. He had tried another; and then, led on by a sense of the dramatic rather than by patriotism, he had made a spectacular pilgrimage to several recruiting stations, declaring that he would go abroad as a fighter or not at all.

His action in this matter could not be dismissed as the gesture of a *poseur*. Julian was more than that. He was afraid of nobody or nothing, jeering openly at Leaming's estimates of what was proper and improper. Even in appearance he seemed to have caught something of the litheness and smooth sallow complexion which match the mental adroitness of Parisian youth. There was a mocking light in his dark eyes and a twist to his lips that laughed at the world in which he lived without ever contributing in the least to its gayety. He stood off from it as a whole by deliberate choice, but made raids whenever he felt like it on whatever individuals happened to capture his fancy. With the possible exception of Midge, there was scarcely a girl who was not flattered by a chance to dance with him and who was not made to feel awkward afterward by the way he talked.

His round of the recruiting stations seemed to have had a peculiar effect on Midge. She no longer met his raillery with a negative coolness which disarmed him without leading him on. Instead, she seemed intent on making him talk, on getting under his skin and discovering for herself what sort of person he really was. Although they were so frequently together, Harry got a chance to watch them only by glances and at long intervals. It appeared to him that Julian grew more and more familiar and assured, but that Midge always wore the same half-puzzled, frowning look. Knowing the directness of her nature, he would have wondered what was behind that frown had he not attributed it from the first to his own nearness. It pleased him to think that she sensed his presence, even if she did not look at or actually see him.

In his capacity as secretary and treasurer of the Bessemer Die Works, Julian was often at the State Street National Bank. Far from trying to avoid Harry, he would stand around for minutes at a time rather than let anyone else wait on him. He was the one person in the world who did not hesitate to look directly at Harry's nose, and even allude to it, his lips drawn in a twisted, enigmatic smile. While the war was on, it might be: "Well, Harry, we cripples seem to be missing a lot." After the war it was: "Let's you and I start a post for the maimed and the halt the girls have left behind."

In his half-forgotten tolerant days, Harry had admired Julian from a distance and had thought he might like him, given a chance. Now he hated him with a virulence he would once have thought absurd. He envied his cool insolence, his genuine scorn for what others might think, his hours with Midge, and even his nondisfiguring crippled leg. When he saw him enter the bank his blood would leap with the force of a shock, his eyes would grow moist, his hands clammy, and he could feel a flood of color pouring through his neck to gather and swell in the flaming torchlight of his nose.

Julian would approach, purposely exaggerating his limp, and murmur with his disarming though maddening smile, "How's the boy, Harry? They can't accuse us of hiding our candles under a bushel, can they?"

III

LIFE pressed in on Harry harder and harder, though he now was in easier circumstances than ever before. Since his mother died he had been given two raises, besides an unusually large Christmas bonus; but what could he do with money? Three meals a day, clothes and a few books. What else interested him? Nothing—nothing except the thought, born of the cash in hand itself, that he might some day flee to the ends of the earth and find peace as Lafcadio Hearn had done, driven also by the cruel spur of deformity. Scarcely conscious of a definite plan, he began to hoard, locking the money away at home. No one knew better than he the theoretical waste of this procedure; on the other hand, few people would have been shrewd enough to throw away interest at 3 per cent as a fair exchange for an incentive to add daily to a visible fund.

In the meantime he found a sullen pleasure in noting that all was not going well between Julian and Midge Frazier. The frown had deepened into a little line between her eyebrows, and Julian had begun to lose his cool assurance. The conviction grew from day to day and from week to week that something was the matter—something serious. The men who make up the paying department of any bank soon develop a sixth sense, an intuition based on an unconscious study of character, which is sometimes uncanny in its accuracy.

It was this sort of illumination that came suddenly to Harry. Without reasoning the matter out, he knew that Julian, naturally a careless spender, was in urgent need of money.

He began to play up to his conviction. When he heard that young Detwetter was planning a shooting trip in New Brunswick but had had to put it off twice on account of unexpected work, he felt sure that his enemy was about to be delivered into his hands. He went out of his way to show overconfidence in Julian as an old customer, the son of the chairman of the board of directors of the bank. But the safeguards against carelessness were so numerous that where one was ignored another stepped in automatically to close the apparent breach. A genuine chance could occur only by a fluke, and it was many days before a fortuitous combination of circumstances opened the way to the setting of a perfect trap.

Thomas Temple, in the adjoining cage, had a high barrow at his elbow packed with Liberty Bonds. Julian came in at a slack moment with an order to deposit a bulky package of collateral against a short loan for the Bessemer Die Works. He took the package from a large leather dispatch case, which remained on the ledge just touching Temple's wicket. After a little talk Harry tried to open his own wicket, but pretended to have trouble with the catch. He called to Temple, "Take this in, will you, Tom, and bring it over to the safe." As he turned to go to the safe himself, he saw Temple opening his wicket and heard it close but not latch. Temple had to walk several steps to reach the safe, where Harry was already busy with the combination, which had not yet been opened for the day. He stood a little to one side, using both hands and thus forcing Temple to wait. In the highly polished surface of the lock he saw Julian take a handful of the bonds, slip them into the dispatch case and draw the wicket shut until it locked.

The trick was done. In an appallingly brief interval of time a plot had been conceived and executed by two people with directly contrary motives. But fortune was not through with its run on the black for Julian. Before Harry could hand him his receipt his father threw open his private door, saw his son and called him peremptorily. He started to take his dispatch case, changed his mind in an instant of indecision, and left it behind. As he disappeared Harry underwent a revulsion of feeling which amounted almost to panic. Having started the mills of fate to grinding, he would have given a finger off his right hand to set them back again. He summed up the nagging little taunts that Julian had flung at him and found their total out of all proportion to the terrible revenge he had taken. A Detwetter on the road to the penitentiary! Swiftly he left his cage, snatched up a newspaper and folded it as he walked around into the public passage. When he came to the dispatch case he brushed it with his elbow so that it fell from the ledge on which it was balanced. It was unlocked, even unfastened, and spread open as it struck the floor, making it easy for him to substitute the newspaper for the bonds. As he arose and replaced the case he saw the knob move on Mr. Detwetter's door.

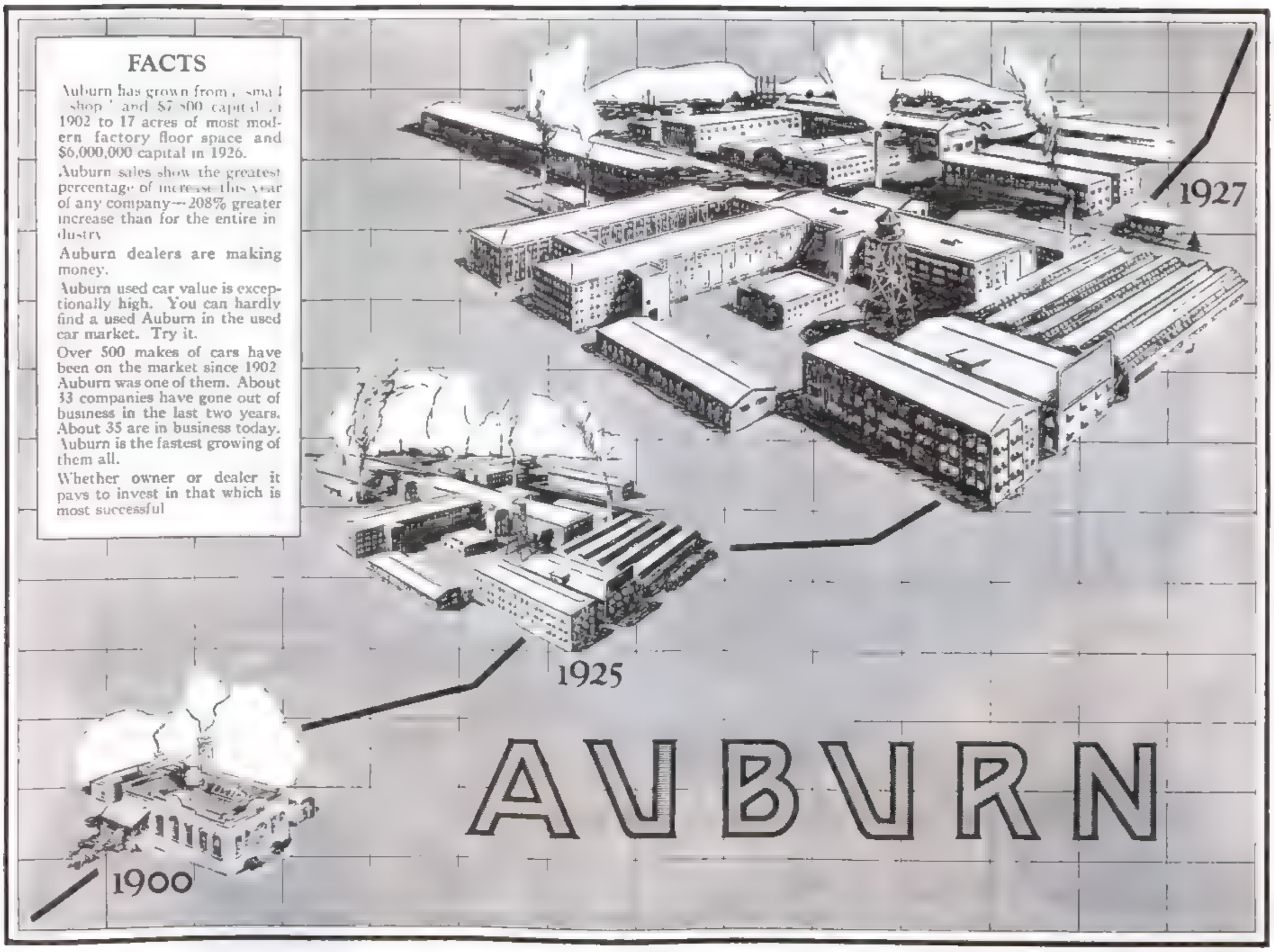
Genuine panic seized him. In another instant the steel jaws of the trap he was trying to lift from his enemy might close on himself. He crossed to the large radiator, capped with a wooden cover, which stretched beneath the side window of the bank. With one hand upraised, he opened the window from the top; with the other, the position of his body completely blanketing his action, he lifted the wooden cover and slipped the bonds beneath it. While his upper hand was still on the window sash Julian came up to him.

"Cooling off your nose, Harry?" he asked with his usual smiling insolence. "Not a bad idea. I'm going to give my game leg some air too. I've just been telling the old man I'm off at last on my trip."

Harry's hand, holding out the receipt for the Bessemer collateral, trembled with the rage which shook his whole body. He

(Continued on Page 78)

Capacity doubled to produce new line of cars


FACTS
Auburn has grown from a small "shop" and $7,500 capital in 1902 to 17 acres of most modern factory floor space and $6,000,000 capital in 1926.
Auburn sales show the greatest percentage of increase this year of any company—208% greater increase than for the entire industry.
Auburn dealers are making money.
Auburn used car value is exceptionally high. You can hardly find a used Auburn in the used car market. Try it.
Over 500 makes of cars have been on the market since 1902. Auburn was one of them. About 33 companies have gone out of business in the last two years. About 35 are in business today. Auburn is the fastest growing of them all.
Whether owner or dealer it pays to invest in that which is most successful
1927
1925
1900
AUBURN

SOON—New Straight Eight and New Six at New Prices

The automobile world now expects E. L. Cord to do the "impossible." Unprecedented interest awaits his coming announcement. Auburn has made the greatest growth of any company in the entire industry in the last two years. What did it? Public approval of Auburn's new styles, new designs, and new improvements did it. Public demand for the greatest value for the least commensurate cost did it. The enthusiasm of Auburn owners did it. The acknowledgment of Auburn's leadership by competitors imitating did it.

Now, before others can even "catch up" Cord is ready to introduce a complete new line of cars that will place Auburn values even farther ahead of others today than they were 18 months ago. Wonderful new models, at remarkable new prices that will establish totally new standards by which all other values must be measured and readjusted. New cars built to out-perform, out-wear, and out-satisfy anything ever put upon the market.

These new cars are so well constructed, so advanced in every way, so far ahead of the times that Auburn sales rooms will be crowded and dealers everywhere will be seeking the Auburn franchise. Worth waiting for!

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Auburn, Indiana

EXIDE RADIO

New Model Exide Power Unit

Consists of large capacity Exide Battery and charger in handsome mahoganized metal case. Stays charged from your house lighting circuit. Unit in two sizes: 6-volt at $38.00; 4-volt at $28.00. Master Control Switch gives single central control of "A" and "B" circuits, including "B" eliminator. Price $4.50 extra. Units of smaller capacity with self-contained switches in 6-volt and 4-volt models. Prices: $36.00 and $27.00 complete.

Pacific coast prices slightly higher.

4-VOLT POWER UNIT

Same construction as larger 6-volt unit above, but of smaller capacity. Contains Exide "A" Battery and a specially designed charger. Price $28.00.

For better reception
Exide Radio Power throughout

POWER UNITS

Constant . . . uniform "A" power *from your light socket*

PICTURED at the left is the new model Exide Radio Power Unit—the very latest equipment for furnishing power to your radio set from your house lighting circuit.

Hook it up to your set, plug it in light socket or base plug and your "A" power supply becomes certain, uniform and trouble-free.

You can use your set day or night—and there is always at your service a full, uniform flow of current to insure the very best reception.

Inside the handsome mahoganized metal case is an Exide Battery of large capacity and a specially designed charger. When your set is not in use, the charger replenishes whatever power has been consumed.

Master Control Switch governs both "A" and "B" circuits

The new Exide Master Control Switch, for use with this unit, gives you a single, central control of both "A" and "B" circuits, including "B" eliminator. With the necessary wiring, it also enables you to place the unit anywhere, in cabinet, nearby closet, etc. The Master Control Switch can be placed on your set or at any point where it is most convenient to operate.

When you are using the set you snap the switch one way and the Master Control Switch admits both "A" and "B" power. When the set is idle, you snap the switch the other way and put your battery *on charge* —restoring the power previously consumed.

The Exide Power Unit is silent in operation. There are no moving parts. All the attention it requires is the addition of water once a year. Made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose, it contains every improvement and is endorsed by the highest engineering skill.

You can secure this unit in two sizes—one for sets using 6-volt tubes; the other for sets using 4-volt tubes. Also in 6-volt and 4-volt models of smaller capacity with self-contained switches.

See the complete Exide line, including standard "A" and "B" radio batteries, at any Exide dealer's or your neighborhood radio store.

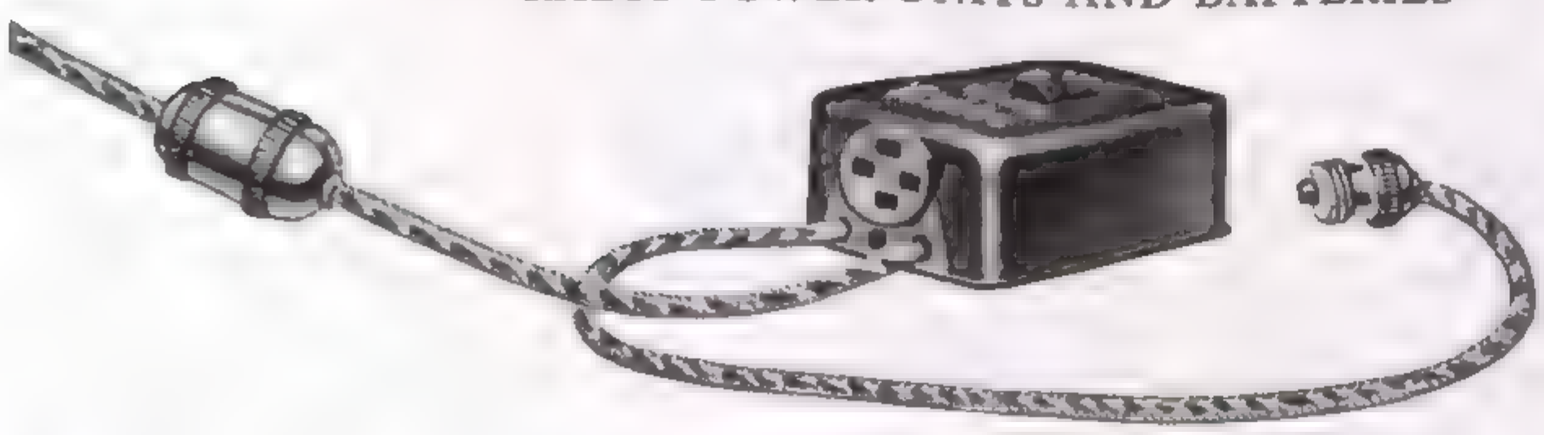
THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

6-VOLT "A" BATTERY
Standard Exide Radio "A" Battery for 6-volt tubes. Rugged. Compact. Price $12.30 up.

24-VOLT "B" BATTERY
In glass cells. 6000 milliampere hour capacity. Also in 48-volt size. Prices, $9.75 and $17.10.

Exide

RADIO POWER UNITS AND BATTERIES



New Exide Master Control Switch gives single, central control of "A" and "B" power including "B" eliminator. Can be placed on set or wherever it is most convenient to operate.

For better reception *Exide Radio Power throughout*

Summer Less Than a Week Away

WITH plenty of time to "get ready" you can be in Sarasota a week from today; bathing in the warm waters of the Gulf—or lounging on the vast stretches of sandy beach.

Sarasota—"Where summer stays and the Nation plays"—offers relief from the rigors of northern winter and healthful recreation in the pleasant warmth of Florida's west coast.

Nine beautiful golf courses in and around Sarasota—tennis—roque—riding—motoring—salt and fresh-water fishing, bathing, boating—Big League baseball.

At Sarasota's many modern hotels, a cordial spirit creates an "at Home" atmosphere which enables you to get a full measure of enjoyment from your stay at Sarasota...A thousand and one summer delights await you here this winter.

Jules Brazil, Sarasota's official host, will arrange your accommodations and plan your pleasure program for you without obligation. Write him in care of the Sarasota Chamber of Commerce.

SARASOTA FLORIDA

"Where Summer Stays and the Nation Plays"

MR. JULES BRAZIL
SARASOTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
102 Pineapple Avenue, Sarasota, Florida

Dear Mr Brazil:
Kindly send me your "pleasure program" for the 1926-7 winter season, together with descriptive literature.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 74)

wished with all his heart that he had left the bonds where they would have burned an unmistakable brand, and he could barely control his voice enough to say, "Here's your receipt."

"Mail it to the office, will you?" answered Julian, brushing by him and going to the dispatch case, which he latched and strapped with steady fingers. "I've got only time to catch my train. By the way, dad wants to see you."

Harry watched him leave the bank, emphasizing his limp so that each step seemed to fling back an added jeer, then he turned and went to Mr. Detwetter's private office. The old man was sitting slouched in his chair, his head down and his bulky shoulders curved into an arched mound. His fingers, spread on the edge of the desk, looked like wrinkled sausages. He spoke without looking up: "Is it you, Harry?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm worried about that boy of mine. Either I don't know him or he's no good. Do you like him?"

Harry was tempted to temporize, but there was something so unchanged about the old man and the room, as far back as he could remember, that it had the power to bring any period of his former self to life. In these surroundings he could be a child led by the hand, or a boy come on an errand for his father, or a college youth receiving laconic instructions for his first job. He answered frankly as he would have done years ago: "No, sir."

"I hoped you did. I thought perhaps we might do something. He seems to be friendlier with you than with anyone else in the bank."

"It isn't friendliness, Mr. Detwetter; it's just the opposite. He never says anything to me except to make me angry. That's the only reason he ever speaks to me."

"Eh? What sort of thing?"

"You can guess. He pretends we are equally deformed. He always limps up to me and away from me as if his game leg was about to fall off. That's what gives him the excuse to say things nobody else would have the nerve to try."

"It's like him," said Mr. Detwetter, his eyes bulging out, but staring fixedly down at the blotter on his desk. "It's the sort of thing he'd think up, and he smiles when he does it so you can't smash him. But he'd better look out for somebody else. John Frazier, the best friend I've got in the world, said if he was his son he'd take him out some night and drown him."

A flood of rage and jealousy, different from anything he had ever felt before, swirled through Harry's veins until it seemed to him they must burst. It was this moment that Mr. Detwetter chose to look up. His eyes started to cross Harry's face in the usual blank, unseeing way, but came to a violent stop.

"Good Lord, Harry!" he gasped. "You've got to do something! See a doctor!"

"I will," muttered Harry, scarcely able to articulate. He went for the door. "I'll go, and I won't come back."

"Nonsense!" called Mr. Detwetter. "Harry, I didn't mean to ——"

But Harry was gone. He took his hat and overcoat and left the bank. It was a crystal-clear November day, with the first sharp chill of winter in the air. As he turned out of State Street, the bare limbs of Leaming's many trees formed a towering network of lace against the pale-blue sky, and the disclosed houses seemed to have crept forward into bolder outline. Though he walked in a daze, he was quite certain of what he was going to do. When he reached home he glanced at his watch, went hastily from room to room, opened the closets and looked at his sparse outfit of clothing with a sneering smile. He shrugged his shoulders, took only his money, and left, locking the side door behind him. Through force of habit alone, he slipped the key under the mat.

By two o'clock in the afternoon he was disembarking from the ferry in New York. The three-hour journey had given him time to calm down and measure the possible consequences of his hasty departure. At first he could only think how much simpler things would be if he had found a chance to replace the bonds, but almost immediately he realized the great risk which would have been involved. Say his action had been noticed—who would have believed that Julian and not himself had been the thief? What proof would he have had? None. His present position was damning enough, but at least he could lean on his own innocence as on a bulwark. To the extent of having opened the way for the theft, he was an unfaithful servant, but he was no thief.

Even his knowledge of where the bonds were hidden was a handicap. He dared not disclose it for fear people would say he had started to steal and then lost his nerve. He balanced the good he might do Temple by sending him a telegram against the evil that would fall upon himself. He might wire: "Julian took what you are hunting for. Look under radiator cover." The mere detail that Temple would not start checking up much before five made him postpone sending the message. There was plenty of time. In any case, not many hours of liberty could be expected by a fugitive marked as he was. If the worst came to the worst, and he was haled back to Leaming as a prisoner, his story would be just as strong then as it was now.

He crossed the big open space adjoining the ferry and headed aimlessly northward along the water front. He had passed only three of the piers when he came upon one which bustled with unmistakable activity. More out of idle curiosity than with intention, he approached the high entrance, paused to note that there were no restrictions and presently wandered in unmolested. He stood to one side, amusing himself with watching the stevedores speeding up their work, and an occasional belated passenger, running anxiously until someone shouted he had an hour, and then stopping short to look around sheepishly. Four motor cars were lined up, awaiting their turn to be shipped as they stood, and another was in the slings.

Harry had looked on with interest as the eight padded prongs were adjusted. Here was a new thing, something so eminently sensible that it appealed to him strongly. An owner could drive his car to the appointed spot on the pier and go aboard. A week or a month later that same car, without even having had its tires deflated, would be swung ashore as this one was being swung into the hold, and he could throw in his baggage and drive off. That was more than efficiency; it was comfort. Harry examined the cars to judge what sort of people owned them. Only the last in line, half hidden behind a tower of packing cases, was a limousine. He went to it, opened one of the doors and glanced in. The rugs were still tumbled carelessly on the floor of the tonneau.

He drew abruptly erect and stood rigid, thinking, weighing, measuring, with the speed of a lightning calculator. The ship was no transatlantic liner; even a landlubber could see that. She might be bound for Cuba, or the West Indies, or coast ports, or the Mexican Gulf, but whichever it might be, a week ought to bring her to her first port. He could not ask a question, as he dared not be noticed. He left the pier and hurried to a lunch counter near the ferry, but did not approach it. Instead, he found a street urchin as incurious as the cobbles of his native city and bribed him to run an errand.

In twenty minutes Harry was back at the pier again, his overcoat pockets crammed with sandwiches and a long package containing eight pints of mineral water under his arm. He had noticed no uniformed officials on the pier—only three or four blue-nosed individuals in straight overcoats who looked as if they might be in authority. One of these called to him perfunctorily, "Hey, buddy, is that package for a passenger?"

"I'm a passenger," said Harry, and walked on without looking around. He listened for a further hail or pursuing footsteps, but heard neither. Going first nearly to the gangplank, he turned only when he was certain he would have a full view of the limousine. It was still there. Retracing his steps, he doubled between the pile of packing cases and the car, climbed in and closed the door firmly.

He drew a long breath of relief, feeling the sudden sense of security which blesses every successful step in a desperate adventure. Then he draped the rugs like a tent over his head, laid his package in the center of the floor and sank down quickly to curl himself around it, exactly as he had so often fallen on a football. He felt sure the rugs were tumbled in natural folds over and around him. It seemed hours before he heard shuffling steps approaching and felt hands laid on the car, but in reality it was only a few minutes. The next instant a hoarse voice called out, "There's a pile of rugs in here. What about 'em?"

Harry felt the blood freezing in his veins. His body turned icy cold, but his brain was racing hot. It called him names such as idiot and fool, and at the same time argued with him at length that he was no worse off caught now than caught a few hours later. It is not only the drowning man's mind that can cover a lifetime in the space of a second; a dream can equal the pace and so can any moment of anguish, for there was no appreciable interval between the shouted question and its answer: "Too late now. Leave 'em lay."

Again he drew a long breath of relief and immediately felt he was going to smother. His body, a moment before so cold, was hot all over, clammy with running sweat. He scarcely noticed the lurch of the car as it swung upward into space and was totally unconscious of any sensation of swaying, but he felt the bump when it landed and could follow the movements of the stevedores as they rolled it into the depths of the hold and lashed the wheels to stanchions. After that came shouts and scrambling, then the thud of hatch covers going on, and finally the silence of a tomb. He threw off the rugs and drew air into his lungs in great gulps.

He had had the forethought to bring with him several boxes of matches. He struck a light and looked at his watch: it was only ten minutes after three. A feeling of tremendous elation seized him, so that it was all he could do to keep from shouting. Let the bank worry, let Julian stew in his own juice, let all of Leaming talk its head off! He rolled the thought of his innocence of any crime on his tongue and found that it had substance and an actual sweet taste. As for his escape in spite of the blazing brand he wore, the perfection of its irony against the forces of law and order made him laugh aloud. The reverberating echo silenced him and he crouched in fright for several minutes, but soon became wholly reassured.

He lighted more matches and explored his surroundings thoroughly, being careful to thrust the burnt ends in his pocket. He knew little about ships; perhaps some of the crew would visit the hold, and perhaps it would not be opened again until arrival at the first port of call. In any case he wished to be prepared to hide all traces of himself at a moment's notice. He laid his plans carefully. He would have to be awake every twelve hours at least, each time his watch pointed to twelve o'clock. Only in that way could he count the days and measure his provisions accordingly. He calculated to make them last a week; after that he would have to go hungry or give himself up.

During the first three nights, as the hold was clammy and cold, he made himself a warm bed with the two rugs and his overcoat laid beneath the inner running board of the car. On the fourth night he awoke dripping with perspiration. For a time he thought some violent illness must have attacked him, but as he touched one object

(Continued on Page 81)

many times better than in 1921

WITH four times less drain on your "A" batteries than the storage battery tube of five years ago, the filament of a Radiotron UX-201-A throws across to the plate five times as many electrons—a steady stream of tiny electrical charges that carry the song and speech. This is a big increase in efficiency!

And the Radiotron UX-201-A does not burn out—unless you apply a huge, excessive voltage. It does not die gradually, but keeps its efficiency almost to the very end of its life.

These are but a few of the advances in vacuum tube making that have come from the laboratories of RCA and its associates—General Electric and Westinghouse. Unceasing research brings continual improvement in RCA Radiotrons, making possible ever better reception—at lowered cost.

to get more power

—put an RCA power Radiotron UX-120, UX-171, or UX-210 in the last audio stage of your set.

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RCA is not only making Radiotrons steadily better—but is further improving reception with these new special Radiotrons. Keep your set up to date.

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The storm that ruins the stylish shoe

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SHOE STYLES change constantly. You need new style rubbers to match them. And only rubbers that correspond in design to the new shoe models can fit well, look well and wear well.

Every season our designers study all the latest models in shoes—every season our expert craftsmen produce newly designed rubbers to fit *exactly* all the most popular types of footwear.

Such attention to style, combined with the skill developed in 75 years of making this country's most serviceable rubber footwear, has established "U.S." rubbers and arctics as leaders in smartness.

They're leaders in long wear, too. For into "U.S." rubbers go the finest material and the finest workmanship. They're the product of the largest manufacturer of rubber footwear in the world!

It will pay you to look for the "U.S." trade mark. "U.S." rubbers and arctics are made only by

United States Rubber Company

Here's a rubber that keeps your feet dressed up!

Designed to fit the new brogues that men like for sport and office wear, this rubber slips on and off easily—yet fits your shoe smartly and snugly, line for line. And because it fits—it wears! There's a wide range of choice in other "U.S." styles, too—for all kinds of weather and wear.

"U.S." rubbers and arctics are styled to look well, fit well and wear well!

"U.S." Rubbers

Trade Mark

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

The newest and smartest creation for women!

At last a galosh that's just the right height and just what particular women have asked us for! It's warm without being clumsy—and it's ideal for wear with street and dress shoes. It comes in your choice of gray or tan tweed or in black jersey. There are lots of other "U.S." styles too—all designed to fit your newest shoes.

(Continued from Page 78

after another he realized that he was imprisoned in a stifling oven. He had read about the Gulf Stream; this must be it. It was washing the metal sides of the ship and heating the closed compartment to the danger point.

Forgetful of everything else, he stripped to his underclothing and lay panting on the bare scantlings with which the deck was floored. He was wide awake when a terrifying sound reached his ears—hammering on the blocks that locked the hatch. He remembered exactly what he had planned to do, but the mere thought of scrambling into the car and hiding under the heavy rugs paralyzed him, so he lay quite still, scarcely daring to breathe. He heard the folding back of the tarpaulin and presently a dazzling shaft of light plunged down into the darkness. A moment later another section of the hatch was lifted and he heard a gruff voice call out, "That will be enough, men. Get aft to Number Two."

All day long he stared up at the welcome light with mixed feelings of fear and thanksgiving. He checked his watch not only against the movement of the sun but against the ship's bells, which he could now hear. At six o'clock the second dogwatch replaced the hatch covers and in the darkness Harry came slowly to his senses. The more he thought the matter over, the more was he astonished at his carelessness. What if the opening of the hatch had been a preliminary of making a port? Toward morning he dressed in spite of the heat, and threw the rugs into the car as he had originally found them. Two long nights and days passed before the slowing of the propeller and certain unmistakable sounds warned him that the vessel was about to enter a harbor.

His first reaction was of rage at himself for not having realized that he would get such a warning in ample time; his next was to take his one long satisfying drink of water since leaving New York. After that he settled down to think. He was at one more of those crossings of the ways which offered ten chances of disaster to one of salvation, but he had the brains to fall back on the common-sense reasoning that had already served him. At whatever point he was caught, he was no worse off than if he had been caught before. Marked as he was, to stop anywhere was merely to toss up the sponge, and it was up to luck to stick by him or throw him over.

Which should he do—hide behind the cargo and watch for a chance to climb out of the hold unnoticed, or cover himself with the rugs, ride to the pier and risk discovery at a single throw? He decided on the latter course because it was quicker, and his patience was at an end; also because he did not know whether the ship would go alongside or unload into lighters. If she lay off shore, his one chance of running the gantlet of watchful eyes unnoticed was to reach land as he had left it.

He found he could get four of the empty bottles into his overcoat pockets; the rest, together with every scrap of evidence of his stay, he wrapped into a compact bundle. He placed it and the overcoat on the floor of the car; then he arranged the rugs over him in such a way as to provide a channel for air. Even so, he was on the point of collapse before he heard the hatch covers being lifted. From that moment on, however, he was too excited to remember his discomfort. He heard men descend and approach; he felt the car start, roll forward, tip and rise. He was aware of sudden brilliancy at the end of his breathing tube, and a moment later came the thud of landing. He held his breath and listened with all the intensity of one who feels his life at stake. Clank of loosened grappling hooks; the sound of receding voices and whispering bare feet. He uncovered his head. Someone spoke close by and he ducked again.

"She looks all right," said a drawling voice. "You go get some gas while I clear the baggage."

It was like a cue in a play. Harry counted thirty; now or never. He wormed his way out of the rugs, turned quickly and the next instant was sitting apparently at his ease far back in the deep seat. Through the windshield and the windows he could see that ahead and to the sides the coast was clear. He took time to notice which way to the shore, then he pulled his soft hat low on his forehead, opened the door and stepped out. A passer-by almost collided with him and paused to look around curiously. Harry had an inspiration. More calmly than he could have imagined possible, he kicked the nearest tire as if testing it and then walked to the next. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the stranger, a well-dressed colored man, shrug his shoulders and continue his way toward the ship.

Feeling reassured, he reached into the car and picked up his overcoat and the bundle. A moment later he was walking along an interminable concrete jetty. He dared not hurry for fear of attracting attention; but once he had schooled himself to a moderate pace, he gained the courage to look around. No one was near him. The heat was terrific and he stopped to rest, laying package and overcoat on a stringer at the edge of the pier. He stared at them and thought hard; his toe crept forward and pushed them into the water. The package sank at once, and as the opened bottles in the pockets of the overcoat began to fill, it also sank. He sighed and looked up.

The strangeness and beauty of his surroundings overwhelmed him. Never before, not even in his dreams, had he seen such water and such a shore. Toward the open sea an island like a great lazy whale rose out of the porcelain blue of the bay. To the south and east, tumbled folds of dark-green velvet drew the eye heavenward along creased valleys to a tumultuous line of mountain peaks. Directly before him a city of dazzling whiteness was spread out like a fan. Where was he? He did not know.

IV

AS HE neared the end of the jetty he slowed down to a snail's pace and watched to see what other people were doing. All the stevedores and porters he had noticed were black, muttering a jargon which he could not distinguish; and he was not surprised to find that the two policemen standing beside the exit also were colored. They seemed to pay little attention to the passengers who were beginning to arrive from the boat, and he soon gathered that all baggage must have been examined at the ship's side. Having no luggage whatever, he was even less than a passenger—a mere visitor. He walked out from the precincts of the customs as unmolested as he had entered the pier in New York, and knew that at last he was a free man. Strangely enough, the completion of his escape did not give him half the thrill he had experienced after the success of the first step or at the moment in the hold when he had laughed aloud, filled to the explosion point with elation.

But he was soon to learn that he was not through with excitement. As he turned the first corner he saw a group of American marines bearing down on him, and instantly every fiber of his mind grew tense to the threat of danger. He did not have to stop to think to realize that if these rollicking young men once laid eyes on his nose he was lost. If a cabled description had not preceded him, it would surely soon follow in such detail as to make a photograph quite superfluous. In the next doorway sat an old darky presiding before a tray of strange foods. He stepped across her lap into the shade of a noisome hallway, took off his hat and began to fan himself violently. The marines passed. Where was he? In the Canal Zone? After all his luck that would be too cruel a stroke of fate.

He pointed to the section of a banana leaf containing a turnover stuffed with some kind of hashed fish and held out an American dollar bill in payment. To his dismay the woman accepted it at once, handed him the food, counted out several coins and gave them to him. He examined the largest. On one side was a coat of arms consisting of a palm tree, draped flags and two cannons, surrounded by the words "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" On the other he read, "République d'Haiti."

So that was where he was. He sat on his heels just within the shadow of the doorway and tried out his French: "*Il fait chaud.*"

She turned placid eyes upon him and murmured obligingly, "*C'est vrai.*"

He knew she did not mean it, for the weather was not hot to her, but he was pleased that she had understood. He asked her if she talked English and her face hardened into the blank mask of the passive resister. She pretended she had not heard him and he did not repeat the question, for there was a smoldering light in her eyes which warned him he was on dangerous ground. His ankles began to ache. He thrust forward his heels, sat on the beaten clay of the floor and began to eat his turnover. He finished it and bought another, which he washed down with the cool watery milk of a green coconut. Frequently marines passed, but never stopped. The darky's customers were of the humblest of the natives, who spoke a patois of which he understood not a word.

There was something about the strangeness of his surroundings, of the food and the newness of the drink that seemed to carry him completely out of himself. He was happy with a content which could not be attributed merely to the comfort of a full stomach. It went deeper than that. It lifted mind as well as body, and appeared to open a road toward hope. He was amazed at its power until it came over him that at no time had the woman given the slightest attention to his nose. Aided by her indifference, he himself had forgotten deformity and tasted the joy once more of being a normal member of the human family. She was black; he had a monstrous nose—psychologically, that made them partners! But she must have noticed it; if someone questioned her she would surely remember. He must make her his friend. He began to talk in French, at first falteringly, and then with increasing confidence. Finally he asked her pointedly, "What are all these American soldiers doing here?"

"I ask it of myself!" she muttered sullenly.

"They are not my friends either," he murmured. "If they caught me they would make me prisoner. Tell me how to escape them."

"It is not easy; they are everywhere. From Anse d' Hainault to the Môle St. Nicolas, they are in every town."

"What about the hills?"

She smiled with a hard glint in her eyes. "They do not like the hills." She turned to look at him curiously. "Are you not afraid of the hills?"

"Why should I be?" he asked, puzzled by her expression. Except for a shrug she did not answer, but kept her eyes with their strangely enigmatic look fastened steadily on his face. A newsboy passed, calling out a paper, and he handed her a coin, motioning her to buy him a copy. She complied, and without resuming her place behind the tray, told him to follow, and led him through the hallway to a small back room overlooking a squalid courtyard. There were a table and two homemade chairs, in one of which sat a very old man, so decrepit that he paid no attention when they entered.

"Wait here," said the woman, and disappeared.

Harry took the empty chair and tried to engage the old man in conversation, but elicited only two or three unintelligible grunts. He saw a cracked looking-glass nailed to the wall and went to it. For a moment he felt no shock simply because he could not believe that what he looked at was a reflection of his own face; then the truth forced itself upon him. This horrible tramp with soiled hat, spotted clothes, a disfiguring nose and a week's beard was himself! The innocent happiness he had known only a little while before became

(Continued on Page 85)

"Fortify for Fire Fighting"

IMPROVED Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

THERE are few "sure things" about anything. But one sure thing about Fire is a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher.

No fire can grow big if an Improved Pyrene Fire Extinguisher is around. It destroys fire—smothers it. It is fire's worst enemy.

An Improved Pyrene Fire Extinguisher is a faithful friend—a hard fighter with a strong constitution. Stands a lot of hard usage—and still is serviceable. It will always be ready when needed.

It is a "sure thing" to last long—serve well—and kill fire.

Kills Fire Saves Life

Pyrene Manufacturing Co.
Newark, N. J.

Caution: Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.

"Don't you wish YOUR engine was the 'take-apart' kind?"

Here's an Engine worth waiting for!

BOYS—how many times have you wished you could take your electric engine to pieces? How many times have you *tried*—and had to send it away to be fixed—because it just wouldn't go back together again for you?

Here's an engine that you can take apart—often as you want to! And then put it together again—with no tool but a screw driver—and find that it runs again just the same as before!

More fun, isn't it, than just watching your train *go*?

Dorfan
LOCO-BUILDER
ELECTRIC TRAINS

are sold in leading stores in a wide variety of passenger and freight trains from $6 up to $36. The Dorfan Loco-Builder Engine also comes separately, either assembled or taken apart, with simple directions, which any boy can understand, for putting together

SEND FOR BEAUTIFUL FREE CATALOG

FREE PRIZE CONTEST FOR BOYS!

Show this ad to your toy Dealer and ask for a Free Entry Blank for the Dorfan Prize Letter Contest. 100 big prizes—Radio sets, Watches, Camping Outfits, Movie Cameras, Bicycles, and 200 Dorfan Licensed Engineer Diplomas. Closes January 15th. If Dealer hasn't Blanks, write us.

THE DORFAN COMPANY
Dept. S-11 137 Jackson St., Newark, N. J.

DEALERS: Wire or write for Blanks.
No boy can enter without one.

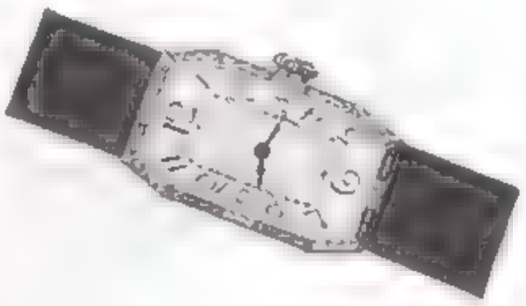
For greatest beauty

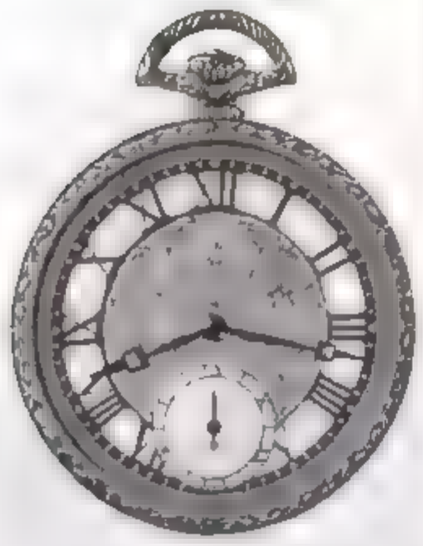
Christmas is the day of days for the giving of a fine watch. No gift could be more of a necessity than an accurate timekeeper; no gift more constantly useful every day. None could impart greater pleasure at the moment of its giving

ELGIN

There are two positive requirements for Elgin complete watches —timekeeping efficiency and beauty of appearance. To attain this latter, we have turned to Wadsworth for many of our most beautiful designs.

DE FOREST HULBURD, *President*
Elgin National Watch Company

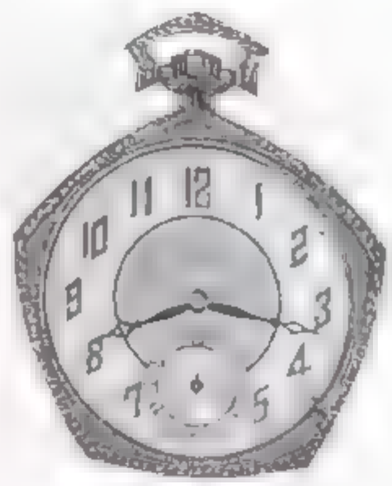




GRUEN

For many years, Wadsworth has made all our gold filled cases. Illustrated here are three examples of cases designed exclusively for Gruen movements, including the Pentagon, which is one of our patented shapes.

FRED G. GRUEN, *President*
The Gruen Watch Company



HAMILTON

We have chosen Wadsworth Cases for several of our new models. Wadsworth Cases were selected not only for beauty of design but also because their known quality is worthy of casing Hamilton Accuracy.

CHARLES F. MILLER, *President*
The Hamilton Watch Company

ILLINOIS

Again we have turned to Wadsworth for specially designed cases as shown here. The popularity of our Bunn Special for railroad men and our new A. Lincoln thin model has fully justified our choice of Wadsworth Cases.

HENRY BUNN, *Vice-President*
The Illinois Watch Company

TAVANNES

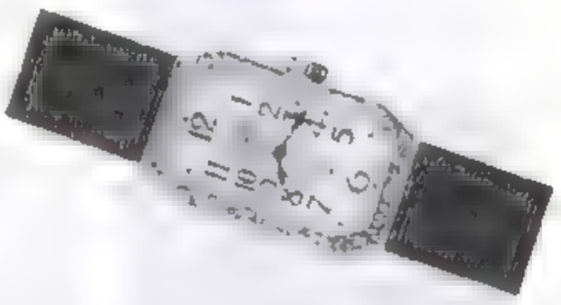
Practically all the popular Tavannes Watches for men and women are dressed in cases made especially for us by Wadsworth. The watches illustrated are representative examples of the beauty and variety of designs.

ADOLPHE SCHWOB, *President*
Adolphe Schwob, Inc

Wadsworth

in watch case design

the world's foremost manufacturers and importers look to WADSWORTH



NATURALLY, it must be a *good* watch—a watch of established quality and with recognized standing as a thoroughly reliable time keeper. For nothing is more exasperating than a watch which does not keep good time. You will therefore, in all probability, select a movement bearing the name of one of the watchmakers or importers whose statements appear on the page opposite.

Each of these names represents an enviable reputation in the field of watchmaking. One may mean more to you than another. But taken all together they mean watches as fine as can be procured anywhere.

Such are the watch manufacturers and importers who for more than thirty-five years have consistently selected Wadsworth Cases to dress and protect their better movements.

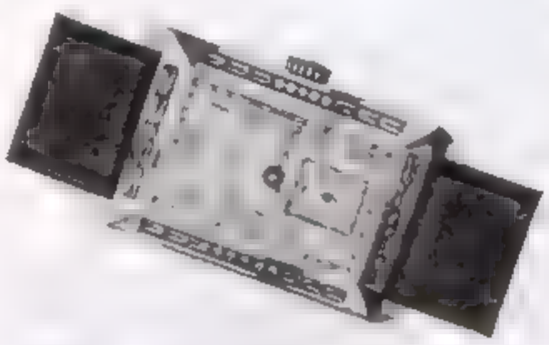
Why should not you, then, place the same reliance in the Wadsworth name as do these master watchmakers?

In buying a watch, whatever the movement you select, or your jeweler recommends, see that it comes dressed in a case by Wadsworth, for more than a generation the acknowledged style leaders in watch case design.

Among the many Wadsworth creations you will find a case exactly suited to your taste, and at a price easily within your means.

And the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside is your assurance of correct design, finest workmanship, and that exactness of fit essential to adequate protection of the intricate mechanism contained within.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
DAYTON, KENTUCKY, SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO
Case makers for the leading watch movements



Cases MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

The growing metropolis of the fast developing Southeast invites you to share its opportunities

Ideally located on the mighty St. Johns River, Jacksonville's commercial and industrial development is constantly going forward

THE discovery of Florida by the American people led to a speculative rush into the state that, for a time, overshadowed agricultural and industrial development. The end of that movement, we hope for all time, again places investment ahead of speculation and puts service instead of quick profits once more in command. We welcome this change and invite the public to help Florida realize her natural and inevitable growth.

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(Continued from Page 81)

grotesque. He turned away despondently, sat down, took up the paper and started to read in spite of the failing light.

It was a broad sheet of four pages of six columns each, and presented an absurdly imposing appearance. He gathered before he had read far that it was the official mouthpiece of the current government. Half the first page was taken up with two leading articles, both attacking the same rival publication; the other half was devoted to advertisements which looked like more leading articles, and to a signed letter from France which might have been written from around the corner. He began to be amused, and turned to the foreign news within. There was one short cable from France, another from Germany, a third from England and a fourth from Italy. Beneath the last was an item given almost equal importance and headed, *Criminel Fugitif*. Just as he had felt no shock at the moment of seeing his face in the mirror, so did he read once through the entire paragraph quite calmly. Then he read it again with cold sweat forming on his forehead:

We are informed by the American consul that the alleged embezzler, Harry Jones, described in last Monday's issue of this paper, is now suspected of murder. The victim was his friend, Julien Detwetter, whose body has been found in a locality known as Jasmine Pool, near the important city of Leaming in the United States of North America. A corner torn from a newspaper and transfixed to the soil by a pocketknife contained the words: "Search for Harry Jones." The handwriting, though barely legible, is said to be that of the drowned man.

Harry sat crouched beside the table, crushing the newspaper into a moist ball between his wet hands. Here was something that made all the rest of life seem like a light-hearted holiday. "The alleged embezzler, Harry Jones." The words were burned into his eyes as if with a branding iron. The knowledge of his innocence had prevented his ever imagining them in print. They were ugly—horribly ugly. Strangely enough, that blacker phrase, "suspected of murder," did not trouble his spirit in the same way, even though it frightened him more. Julian must have deduced quickly enough who had taken the bonds from his dispatch case. He must have gone back to Leaming in rage and despair, to hear of Harry's departure. It was like him to kill himself, but it was more like him still to try to leave behind a diabolical legacy. Who else could have seen the chance to weave so strong a net with such flimsy material?

The net was not really strong, but only Harry himself knew that. He could go back, he could tell about the bonds and disclose their whereabouts, he could prove that he had gone all the way to the Erie Station on the morning train. If he gave himself up at once he could establish that he had left New York too soon to have gone back to his favorite walk past Jasmine Pool in the interval. He could surely free himself of the charges of murder and of theft, though a black stain might remain; but it wasn't worth while. It wasn't worth while for an extraordinary reason. The thing that kept him from returning to confront a jury was a bit of cracked mirror nailed to the wall of the room. He imagined himself a juror, a judge, a reporter, a morbid spectator, looking at that face.

He arose and started toward the door. The room as well as the courtyard had grown dark with surprising swiftness. He could just make out the form of the old man, doubled up in sleep, and he almost collided with a figure that seemed to arise from nowhere. It was his friend, the street vender. She took him by the hand and led him across the open space into an alley which debouched on a narrow street. Once there, she freed him and walked ahead. She was wearing a white cotton dress, and he followed it through one back way after another until they came out at last on a country road; then he drew level with her.

"Keep back," she muttered. "Don't walk with me"

"Why not?" he asked, calmed by the apparent emptiness of the night.

"Stay back as far as you can see my skirt," she ordered again. "Leave it to children to be childish."

He wondered how much she knew, and obeyed. They walked for hours, all night long, the towering hills on their left and the murmuring bay on their right. The dawn came early, and at the first sign of light the woman turned sharply away from the water. Almost immediately they began to climb, and in half an hour they had scaled a rounded knoll that seemed high when one looked down, but a mere mound when one looked up. There she stopped with a wave of her hand toward the overhanging mountains.

"Take no road," she advised him; "only the little paths." When he handed her a five-dollar bill, she glanced at it and said, "It is too much, but I will keep it, because I am poor."

Harry looked at her intently. "They will offer you a hundred times that to tell them where I have gone."

"Take no road; only the little paths," she repeated with her enigmatic smile. "When you are hungry tell the hill people you hate the soldiers." She unknotted a handkerchief and disclosed a handful of coins. "Here is all the small money I took in today; buy it from me, for you will need it."

A moment later he stood alone, watching her descend by the way they had come. Before him stretched a panorama of beauty so stupendous that it seemed to exclude humanity and made him gasp with loneliness. Beneath his feet was the clustered village of Petit Goâve, with its toes glued in the melted turquoise of the endless bay, studded only by the huge whale-backed emerald of the Île de la Gonave. Behind and to his right were tumbled mountains of the texture of cut velvet, piled ever higher on the hills that cupped the pale green of sugar-cane fields, set like enamel in the plains. He could see the jetty and the ship on which he had been a stowaway. Against the surrounding grandeur they looked like tiny toys forgotten by a child.

Suddenly, from beyond the dazzling whiteness of Port-au-Prince, a speck rose swirling in the air and came rapidly toward him. He stared at it unbelievingly, it seemed so wrong, so out of place against that untroubled sky. While it was still far away he could hear the droning roar of the motor that drove it, and the sound filled him with a double rage. This disturber of colossal peace was also his particular enemy. He crept under the dome of a thick bush and stayed there until the flying machine, following the coast line, had passed out of sight and hearing. Then he arose and turned toward the mountains. The deep clefts of the ascending valleys were thickly forested, while the rounded ridges in between were comparatively bare. He picked out a depression that climbed almost to the ridge of the first range and headed for its base.

Hours later, panting and dripping with sweat, he came out on that first rise, only to open up a vista of new valleys and higher peaks. A hut invited him. It was miserable in itself but startlingly bejeweled with a thick growth of green on its thatched roof, with the scarlet flame of poinsettias against one wall, and all about the golden globes of oranges, hanging heavily on clustering trees. He searched in vain for the owner, refreshed himself with some of the fruit, and then started on again, descending a little sometimes, but only in order to climb higher. All the valleys were incredibly, almost defiantly luxuriant. In their depths they were untouched by man, who preferred to till the steep sides of the hills to coming to grips with the viscous primeval growth. Generally there was a tinkling stream and a hard-beaten though narrow path, with an occasional masked offshoot that told of a dwelling near by.

He came across a woman washing clothes, and after some difficulty made her understand that he was hungry. She went to her hut, and while she was boiling him a yam he took some of her coarse soap and sought out a pool deep enough for his purpose. It seemed to him that the sensuous pleasures of all baths, past and future, were gathered into an essence for his individual enjoyment. He scrubbed his naked body until it shone like white moonlight beneath the running water; then he rolled in the cold stream, cast out his arms, propped the back of his head on a mossy ledge and stared up at huge tentlike leaves on some exotic towering tree.

It was all unbelievable, a fantastic dream, and again he was happy in forgetfulness. Midge Frazier would love this stream. She would pick out a pool of her own and call out excitedly at the sight of every new and unheard-of thing. She would have loved, too, the view from the first hill, seen in loneliness only this morning, already so far behind. She would have shared it with him, made its piercing beauty easier to bear. Then he remembered—he remembered the marines, the newspaper clipping and his face as he had last seen it in the glass.

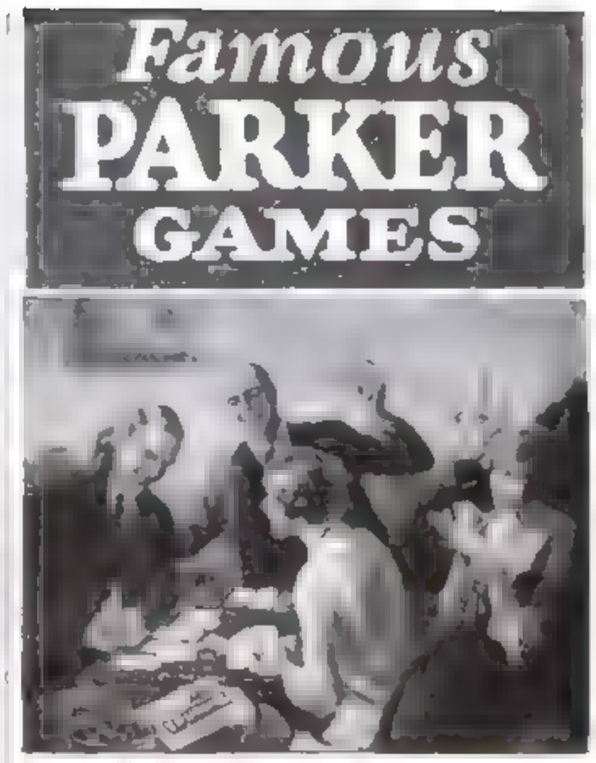
He laughed aloud hoarsely and struggled to his feet, only to reel and fall to his knees. What a joke! Midge Frazier married to that face! He had to put his hand on the bank to steady himself before he could rise, and even so he could hardly keep his balance. It took him a long while to dress, and by the time he had put on his coat he realized he would not feel the heat again that day. He was cold, not so much on the outside of his body as in the very marrow of his bones. The hot food the woman had prepared, washed down with native coffee, seemed to put him right again. He paid her and started on.

At sunset he reached the top of the divide and could see the sea both to the north and south. It was far down, but astonishingly near, not more than fifteen miles on a level line in either direction. But so far down! It looked as if he might throw out a stone, wait, and see it splash; yet to the east the peak of La Selle still lifted his eyes heavenward. All about him, cluttering his feet, were tumbled hills. Wilderness and a profound stillness, the silence of the heights; even the barking of a dog seemed to come up to him stripped of sound. A man could die here and not regret it. He could enter peace before death, lie down with a smile and leave his bones to bleach into harmony with a visible eternal scheme.

Harry sat on a flat rock, hunched his knees within the circle of his arms and watched the red disk of the sun cut its way neatly into the distant sea. At first it slid down smoothly, then he saw that it was whirling—whirling like a buzz saw. In place of sparks, it shot off great black blobs that described a high arc and then disappeared into space instead of falling into the ocean, as they should have done. He threw up his hands to cover his eyes, but he could still see the black blobs shooting off the edge of the whirling sun. He turned sick at the stomach and retched. Then he knew he had a headache—the first sudden splitting headache of his whole life.

It drove him frantic. He leaped to his feet and started to run to get away from it, but the incline was too steep for running. He fell, rolled, scrambled, caught his balance and lost it again. He reeled from bush to bush and then from tree to tree until he came into the abrupt darkness of a valley bottom and found himself on a vine-brushed path. Knowing that he must keep to that path at all costs, he sank to his hands and knees and followed it like a dog. Presently his eyes grew accustomed to the dusk; he got to his feet again and walked as rapidly as his strength and the narrow way would allow.

Before long he saw an opening of the trees and the gleam of one tiny light and then another. He hastened on, and presently found himself stumbling in the midst of a nest of weirdly strange constructions. They were built of plastered masonry, and except for their strength looked like toy houses, no higher than his waist. They had pitched roofs, pillars and alcoves, but no



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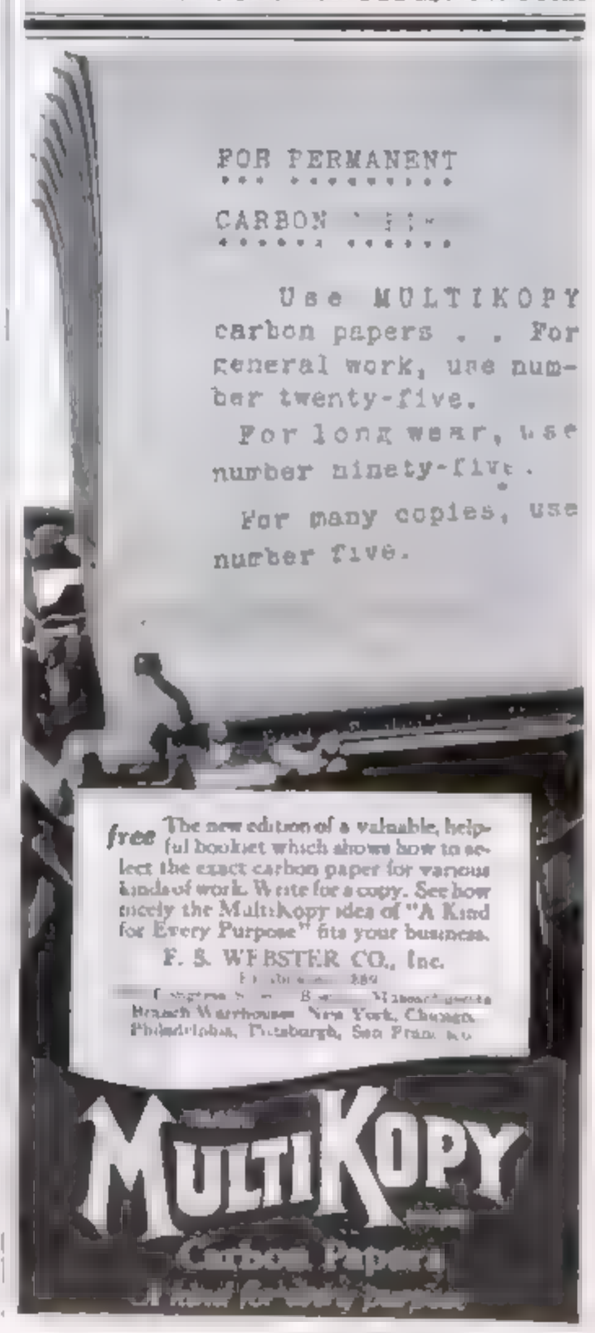
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windows. In the recessed spaces and between the columns were crude offerings in various stages of decay, and here and there a ghostly lighted candle. He was in a graveyard.

A feeling of rebellion more than of panic seized him; death on the heights, yes, but not here! He felt his way between the clammy little houses, his head hot and his body cold, his teeth chattering one moment and locked together the next so tightly it was a wonder they didn't crack. His throat was raw and sore. Instinctively he headed for the dip in the nearest valley, plunged down it, and came eventually upon the usual trail paralleling a noisy brook. In spite of the fact that it seemed better worn than any he had followed for many hours, the new path suddenly headed almost at right angles into the stream and ended. He searched in vain for any continuation on the other side and went back to see if he had missed a branch, but found none.

Since there was no other way, he stepped into the water and began to walk downstream, pushing the encroaching verdure aside as he advanced. Sometimes the water barely covered his ankles; sometimes it rose, icy cold, halfway to his knees. The glimmer of a band of sky ahead and the steady hum of a waterfall warned him that he was on a mountainside and in danger, but he was far beyond caring. The sound of the waterfall came nearer and nearer. He moved more slowly, feeling the banks on either side in search of the lost path. The next moment he stepped on a slanting rock, slippery with moss. His feet flew from under him and he shot out into space. Even in the air, he was aware of pale light from the open sky and could see just beneath him what looked like a patch of sharply tilted meadow. He fell on it and grasped desperately at the tender green growth. It broke away in his hands and he slid to the ground with a thud before an open door. The jolt seemed to burst his aching head wide open to the accompaniment of a blinding flare of light.

Then there was total darkness, but not peace, for pain followed him even into unconsciousness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

One Way to Earn Rapid Promotion

By Eugene Whitmore

RECENTLY I talked with the vice president in charge of sales of a great food-products company. He was telling me how he won his position over the heads of older men—older in age as well as in years of service with his company. His story follows:

"As I sat waiting to be assigned my work the first day I came here, I looked over the sea of faces in the office. Suddenly my natural elation at landing my first position turned to fear. I realized that nine hundred people worked for this company that had just annexed me to its pay roll. All nine hundred of them were my seniors. And the employment manager had assured me that promotion was made according to seniority!

"I asked myself over and over again if my chances wouldn't be better with a smaller company. Nine hundred people to be promoted, fired, to die or resign before I could hope to be president of the company. The prospect discouraged me. I had heard that a certain industrial captain had said that he would simply hire a new office boy and go ahead if the president of any of his various companies died or suddenly resigned. In a way this was reassuring, but the step-by-step method of promotion seemed slow and tedious to me that first day when I realized that approximately nine hundred people had seniority rights over me.

"While I was still debating the desirability of seeking a new position with a smaller company a suggestion contest was announced. The company offered fifty dollars to the employe submitting the best suggestion for the improvement of any process or method used in our organization. When I thought of the contest it seemed as if it would be impossible for me, one of the youngest employes, to think of any idea which these nine hundred other people had not already thought of or tried. But I had sixty days in which to enter the contest."

Cutting Down Competition

"Before the closing date I submitted six suggestions. Most of my ideas came from listening to complaints of my fellow employes, or from making notes of things that delayed our work. Imagine my surprise a few days later when it was announced that one of my suggestions had been awarded first prize. Although the fifty dollars seemed like a fortune to me, nevertheless the fact that I had won this recognition meant even more.

"Some months later I learned why I received the prize. Only nineteen suggestions were submitted, six of which were mine. Out of nine hundred employes only thirteen besides myself had enough energy or initiative to write out a suggestion.

"This experience started me to thinking. I saw that only a small percentage of our employes were really trying to get ahead. I didn't have nine hundred competitors for the president's job, because, if the contest was any criterion, not more than 1 or 2 per cent were actually making any effort to get ahead. It was a great comfort to me when I thought this over. My tasks seemed lighter, the road to the top much shorter.

"My six suggestions out of a total of nineteen attracted the attention of the president, who was a member of the committee on awards. He sent for me and told me to keep both eyes open and promotion would be certain.

"As I analyzed my chances for advancement it seemed as if the sales department offered the quickest route to promotion. I applied to the sales manager for a transfer to this department. He waved me back to my high stool in the accounting division. The sales department had no vacancies, except for experienced men, he told me.

"I went back as directed and stayed there until vacation time rolled around. Back to the sales manager I went. I asked for an opportunity to try out as a salesman at my own expense during my vacation. He was inclined to laugh, but after he learned that nothing else would make me happy he agreed to supply me with a sample case, price list and order book. He assigned me to a territory which was then vacant because several men had failed in it.

"Between the time I obtained his permission to try my fortunes as a salesman and the first day of my vacation I studied our product at every spare opportunity. I went to lunch daily with some visiting salesman and plied him with questions. I studied our advertising, form letters, recipe books and printed matter as a pool-room loafer studies the racing forms.

"When I started out to the territory I was frightened and panicky. In those days there was a lot of mystery surrounding salesmanship and I had many conflicting bits of advice thrown at me. But one determination stuck in my mind—I would break some sort of record. I felt certain that it would be impossible for me to break any sales records, but I knew it would probably be easy to break all records for the actual number of calls made in one week. I went out determined to break this record.

"By the end of the week I had made more than one hundred and fifty calls. The following Monday when I reported back to the office the sales manager was unstinted in his praise. At first I couldn't understand why he praised me so liberally. Later in the day I learned I had led the sales force that week. Everybody in the office thought I must be a born salesman. I was nothing of the kind.

"In breaking the record for the number of dealers visited I naturally sold more goods than the regular salesmen, because the average number of calls a week was considerably under one hundred."

Out to Break Records

"Soon after, I was given a regular territory. My only thought was to break some record constantly. One month I determined to break all records for putting in window displays. The next month I went out to lead the sales force in the number of new accounts opened. The following month my heart was set on hanging up a new record for the number of dealers visited; again I tried to smash records for the largest number of items per individual order. In a surprisingly large number of cases I succeeded in breaking these various records because no one else tried very hard to beat me.

"After I had traveled as a salesman for two years I was given charge of a district and made district manager. For a time it looked as if I should stay in this position indefinitely, because everyone told me the sales manager was married to his job and would hold it until death. He seemed unusually healthy too. I was a district manager for four years, when he resigned to go into business for himself.

"His assistant was given his job and I was made assistant general sales manager. The former assistant couldn't get along with the men in the field because he had never been a salesman. He resigned in less than two years and I stepped into his shoes as head of the sales department.

"From there it was but a short step to the position of general manager. I am not trying to make a display of modesty when I say I have very few, if any, abilities not possessed by the average man. Most of the men over whose heads I have been promoted are as capable as I; the only difference is that they didn't try.

"Whatever success I have enjoyed has been due to that early discovery I made: That only a very small percentage of our seniors are really trying; that, instead of having the entire personnel of our organization to compete with for promotion, the veriest tyro in any organization has but a fraction of the total number of employes as competitors for the highest positions."

I left this man with a new idea: That it isn't as difficult to get to the top of our huge present-day organizations as it may seem; there are so few trying that the man who really tries can't avoid standing out from the others.

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THE BAD END

(Continued from Page 15)

"At my own house, of course," she retorted. "They told me you had the key."

He hesitated, considering; then he said slowly: "Why, the fact is, Emily, it ain't fit for you there yet. I haven't got to it. Got so much to do here." And he added, "Did they tell you I bought the place—off the town?"

"I always looked to buy it back when I could," she said, her voice stiff and strained.

He stood a moment, then began to strip off his apron. "I'll walk over with you," he decided, "quick as I get the key."

"I don't need you," she retorted.

He smiled. "Well, I want to talk to you," he replied.

She might have protested more, but he went back along the hall and disappeared, and by the time he returned she was submissive. So they moved along the road together.

"I hated to see your old place going down," he said soberly, and his tone was so gentle that she somehow melted toward him.

"I hated having it go," she agreed. "But the taxes kept right on, and I wasn't ready to come back to stay." Her indignation returned. "I didn't look for anyone to buy it."

"I bought two-three places," he explained, as though defending himself against any charge of particular malice. "The old Holman house, and Gillaspie's."

She looked at him curiously. The Holman farm had been abandoned near twenty years; the house was one of the two or three very old houses in town, had long since fallen near decay. Gillaspie's was just beyond the Woodman place, toward the village. There the buildings were in better order; that purchase she might understand. But ——

"I don't see what anybody'd want with the Holman place," she protested.

He smiled faintly. "The house wasn't good for much," he agreed. "I've tore it down." He added, with a curious effect of making conversation: "You see, I learned the carpenter's trade, and I kind of like working around with a hammer and a saw. I like the smell of wood."

She scarce heard him for the fear that struck her heart. "You're not going to tear my house down?" she cried.

He shook his head. "I thought I'd fix it up," he explained; "that and Gillaspie's, after I get done with mine." They were in the yard by this time, and he fitted the key and thrust open the stiff old door. She looked at him doubtfully; but he stood aside, and Emily fled away from him, into the house that had been her home.

He did not follow her; she found herself alone in the dark and shuttered rooms. She had been here for a day the year before; but it seemed to her that since that time an odor of decay had entered in, and a sour smell of moldering wood. For a little she stood bowed and helpless, feeling the weight of the old place upon her shoulders; and her eyes were filled and swimming. Then she began to work at the windows, seeking to open them, but she could not do so. They were stiff and difficult; the shutters were rusted, and her strength was insufficient. Bert, she thought, had gone home, else he would come to help her now. But when she went to the front door to see, he was sitting there beneath the elm before the door.

"I can't get the windows open," she said, a little helplessly.

He hesitated, then rose and came into the house with her. A cobweb streaked her glasses, so she took them off. Inside the house it was warm, stifling her; she laid aside her hat and brushed back her hair with her hands. Then as light came in she began to see so many things to do.

The man went about opening the windows, his great hands forcing them to submission and obedience; she watched him let in the beauty of the sunlight and the little stirring currents of cool and cleansing air; she followed him, almost unconsciously, as he went to and fro, upstairs and down. There was a curious, large freedom about him; he moved so gustily that he seemed to blow away the odor of decay. Now and then he spoke, panting a little with his exertions. "Have to get a pry to start that sash. It's froze tight." And again: "I'm going to start fixing this house over soon as I get done with mine." And in a rear bedroom upstairs: "If there was three windows here instead of one, it'd be right pretty and light in the afternoons." And when his labors presently were slackened he said: "They've cut up the upstairs some, and bricked in chimneys, here and downstairs too. It's going to be a job, putting it back the way it used to be."

She had followed him about, curiously infected by the very extravagance of his own energy, a little afraid of him and of his ways. But she said at this, "I remember when pa did it. I was about ten years old."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Do you?" he asked. "I wish you was going to be around to show me how to go at it." She made no reply to that; and a moment later he asked straightly, "Are you staying on a spell?"

"I'll be here two-three days," she said reluctantly. And added, as a concession, "Anyway."

For Emily found herself beginning to think rebelliously of normal school.

By and by she went back with Bert to have supper at his farm. "I've got a woman from East Harbor looking out for me," he explained. "Mrs. Prine." He chuckled. "Guess she thinks I'm in a bad way; but she's a good cook and keeps things nice. And she can put you up, and tomorrow you can get settled over here."

Emily had spoken of the place, over and over, as hers; she had some vague hope that this might provoke him into reminding her of his ownership. Then she could be angry with him. But his persistent good nature and his mild acceptance of her claim to ownership left her no target for her smoldering anger and distress. So she went home to supper with him submissively.

Mrs. Prine, she found, expected her; when Emily protested that her coming must be an inconvenience the woman said gloomily, "Mr. Woodman told me he'd fetch you, and there's always enough in the house to feed an army, and everything to do with that a body can think of."

Emily found that this was, indeed, true. Bert, having brought the two together, left them while he went about minor businesses of his own; and Emily found herself confronted with a bewildering succession of wonders. There was an electric-lighting plant, bulbs already hung in some of the rooms, the wiring cables visible here and there where Woodman was setting them in the walls. There was a new stove in the kitchen, and there were taps above the sink; and Emily cried, "Running water!"

"Nothing else would do him," Mrs. Prine confessed. "He's a fool to spend money He's gone and got a bathroom upstairs."

"But where does the water come from?" Emily protested, and Mrs. Prine explained in the tone of one who has done her best to avert the calamity: "He's got a big lead tank in the attic, and a pump down cellar, runs by electricity. And an engine to make the electricity, and the Lord only knows what he'll be a-buying next."

Emily held her tongue, but she used her eyes. The place was still in some degree of chaos, the wiring not completed, the carpentry half done; but enough had already been begun to give her some glimpse of what the finished work would be.

"It's not like a farm at all," she said when they sat at supper. "It's like living in town somewhere."

"Better," Bert assured her. "I don't know where you could go in town and look out and see that." He pointed to the rear window; and Emily found that even from her chair she could see the benign sweep of river, dark water cool against dark wood. "I'm going to put a wider window there," he explained. "And another in the other room, and open up the upstairs on that side so the house will kind of look that way. Leave the front toward the road the same."

Mrs. Prine made a disapproving sound. "And go on the town when you're done," she predicted.

He smiled a little, spoke again to Emily. "I want to fix up your house the same way," he explained. "There's that little front bedroom upstairs will do for a bathroom; and a good cellar, and the fireplaces will be nice when I get the old bricks out."

She caught, faintly, the infection of his project. "It will cost a lot of money," she protested uncertainly.

He laughed. "Well, I never could see any use in money unless you spend it," he told her.

After supper, in the early twilight, he insisted on showing her over the house, explaining what he had done and what he planned to do, and he spoke then of the Gillaspie place. "That's newer than this house—and yours," he explained. "Won't take so much fixing up. I thought some of putting a porch on back, over the kitchen. Make the kitchen cooler, and a nice place to sleep, in summer, out there. And the barn's good."

She was uneasy, yet interested too. "I'd like to see our house kept up," she confessed.

"The thing that bothers me," he told her—"I can do the carpentry and figure that out all right. But when it comes to the floors and the walls it kind of stumps me. I don't know whether it would look better to paint the walls or paper them; and the floors, I don't know whether they'd ought to be stained or painted, or just oiled." He chuckled. "Mrs. Prine, she says she likes a kitchen floor oiled. It scrubs better."

"It takes a woman to decide those things," she agreed.

Later he insisted on walking home with her, for she had decided to sleep in her father's house that night. And before he left her there, he asked again, "How long did you say you could stay?"

The day had been warm; the night was still and the air lay like a fragrant pool about them, heavy with the scent of blossoms. She made a movement of rebellion. "I was going to normal school," she confessed; added a moment later, "I'd like to stay here." Then laughed helplessly. "But I'm a working woman."

"I'll tell you," he said soberly. "I could use you; you could help me a lot about this house, and the painting and the paper and all. I could afford to hire you to help through the summer."

She moved nervously aside, a little afraid. "I'll have to go back," she protested.

He caught at his own idea, enlarged upon it, drove it home. "How much would you have to have?" he asked. "What do they pay you? You'd be worth a good deal to me."

She shook her head. "I guess not."

"It'll be kind of fun here," he argued. "I like doing this sort of thing, and you might get to like it too. And I guess I could pay what they'd pay."

"I won't be earning anything," she said, almost explosively. "But I have to keep studying, to get more pay for what I do in the winter."

"A summer here'll do you more good," he urged. "You'll feel better after. And—I can pay you, say, seventy-five a month and get the worth of it in the ways you can help me along."

(Continued on Page 90)

How much do you pay for COFFEE?

Probably more than enough to enable you to serve MONARCH *every day in the year*

Down from High Mountain Plantations comes the pick of the World's Prize Coffees

THESE sure-footed mules wind down narrow mountain trails, bringing the pick of the world's best coffee crops from plantations a mile or more above the sea.

Inaccessible, almost, are these world famous coffee plantations, hidden away in tropical mountain valleys, 4,000—5,000—6,000 feet above sea level. No railways. No paved roads. The only outlet to the coffee ports is by tortuous, boulder-strewn mountain paths or dry river beds that offer precarious footing to pack trains.

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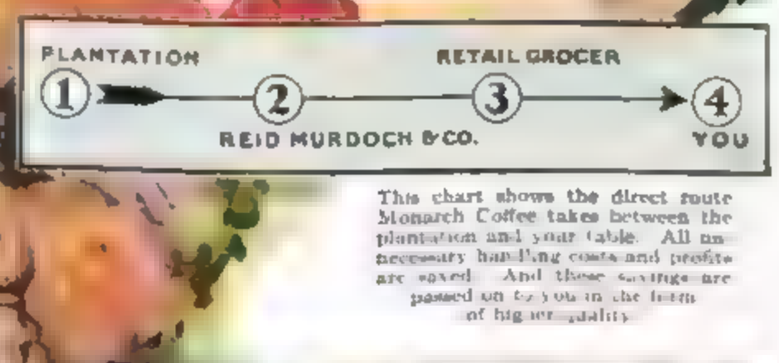
Monarch Coffee is brought down from the high mountain plantations over rough trails like this. Below: Here the road is a dry river bed. Note the coffee bags. They weigh about 140 lbs.; each mule carries 2 bags.



This chart shows the direct route Monarch Coffee takes between the plantation and your table. All unnecessary handling costs and profits are saved. And these savings are passed on to you in the form of big ger quality

A Master Blend

One would naturally think that coffee of such rare quality must necessarily be prohibitive in cost. But no. For money saved in other ways puts this coffee within the reach of practically everyone. As a matter of fact, you are probably spending enough for coffee right now to enable you to serve Monarch every day in the year.

How the Cost Is Kept Down

Part of every dollar you spend for coffee pays for handling costs. If these handling costs are high, coffee quality often must be sacrificed to keep the retail price within reason. But if handling costs are *low*, coffee quality can be improved without adding an extra penny to the price.

And right there you have the reason why Monarch—a blend of the world's finest coffees—is sold everywhere at such a fair and reasonable price. As you will note on the chart at the right, Monarch Coffee takes the shortest route between the plantation and your table. All unnecessary handling costs are eliminated. All unnecessary profits are saved. In other words, our direct-from-plantation method of distribution means simply this. Instead of paying for *coffee handling* you pay for *coffee quality* when you buy Monarch.

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Our Guarantee of Satisfaction

In fairness to you and to us, we ask that you try Monarch and compare it with the coffee you now use. You risk nothing in making the test. For every Monarch Merchant is authorized to refund your money promptly if you are not delighted with Monarch Coffee. Order a trial package today. If your grocer can't supply you, write for the name of a Monarch Merchant near you, and a free copy of our interesting booklet entitled "Coffee Blossoms."

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Established 1853

Chicago Boston Pittsburgh New York

Some of the 1001 Monarch Quality Food Products

Coffee	Sweet Relish	Sliced Pineapple	Teenie Weenie
Tea	Cream Sauce	Sweet Mustard	Sweet Gherkins
Cocoa	Wax Beans	Peanut Butter	Sweet Mixed Pickles
Spinach	Sweet Peas	Apple Butter	Mayonnaise Dressing
Catsup	Lima Beans	Mincemeat	Thousand Island Dressing
Olive Oil	Asparagus	Pork and Beans	Yankee Beans with Pork
Tomatoes	Beets	Green Beans	Golden Bantam Corn
Succotash	Sour Kraut	Sweet Potatoes	Sweet Cream Corn
Pears	Strawberries	Shoe Peg Corn	Extra Small Peas
Apricots	Blackberries	Vegetable Soup	Cooked Spaghetti
Salmon	Raspberries	Clam Chowder	Early June Peas
Sardines	Currants	Loganberries	Red Kidney Beans
Tuna Fish	Fruit Salad	Pimiento Cups	Grape Fruit Hearts
Shrimp	Blueberries	Preserved Figs	Yellow Cling Peaches
Spaghetti	Pimientos	Tomato Soup	Orange Marmalade
Pumpkin	Grape Juice	Food of Wheat	Prepared Mustard

MONARCH COFFEE
Quality *for* 70 Years

Our Monarch Coffee comes to you in sanitary, air-tight 1 and 3 lb. containers under four seals. It is never sold in bulk.

Our Monarch is the only nationally advertised brand of quality food products sold exclusively through the men who own and operate their own stores.

(Continued from Page 88)

She shook her head, said positively, "No use in talking. I couldn't." And before she should weaken she said good night to him. He hesitated a moment, then seemed to submit and took himself away. In the dusk she watched him move reluctantly toward the house along the road.

She slept that night in her own room in the rear corner, toward the river; and the night airs came cool from the water and fragrant from the deep wood. She slept, but not till after hours of wakefulness; and slept at last only fitfully, beset with fear. This fear troubled her dreams, and it greeted her on waking. She was afraid—desperately afraid—that he would not repeat his urgencies of the night before. But by the time she had dressed she laughed at herself for these misgivings.

"If I can't make him do that I'm not any good at all," she told herself; "if I can't make him say what I want him to say."

During the summer the town watched Woodman's activities with a morbid interest, waiting for the end; and Gay Hunt shared with Belter the honors of informer in chief. For while Will Belter cultivated Mrs. Prine, and nightly purveyed that woman's acid comment on Woodman's ways, Gay Hunt was hired by the man himself to help put the Gillaspie place in repair, and so was able to recount follies he had seen with his own eyes. Each night at the store he had his tale to tell—a tale of bathtubs and kitchen sinks and electric generators and new floors and a porch to sleep on.

"Putting out money all the time," he declared. "I've quit saying anything to him. Long as I get my pay it don't matter to me; and I see to't I'm paid every week regular."

"The way he's spent, what he had from his pa must be near gone by now," Joe Race hazarded.

"He ain't took in any," Hunt assured the other man; but Will Belter, always jealous of his preeminence, crowed over Gay.

"Yes, he has too," he cried. "He shipped off a lot of old pine boards, and hinges and things, and a mantelpiece, from the Holman house, when he tore it down. Sent it freight to Boston, all in crates and boxes. And Mrs. Prine told me he got something for it—a check. She couldn't make to find out how much it was."

They were for a moment impressed by this; but Hunt said authoritatively, "He never got enough to pay the freight!"

"Who said so?" Belter challenged; but Hunt laughed at him.

"I'm saying so now."

Belter had curiosity in plenty, but he lacked the imagination necessary to a successful lie. So now he subsided, muttering.

Then Gay said sympathetically, "It's too bad about Emily Byron. I'm kind of sorry for her."

"Why?" someone asked.

"Well, she's been around all summer picking out colors of paints and wall paper and things; and now she told Mrs. Hunt the other day she was fixing to give up teaching school, going to stay on here this winter." He added ruefully, "She used to be sensible, but I guess she's lost her sense too. Don't mind spending money any more than he does."

"He's paying her good wages," Belter cried. "Didn't think she'd be helping him all summer for nothing, did you? She'll be able to buy back her pa's place, time Woodman's done."

"What's he doing it all for?" Luke Hills demanded, in a mild exasperation. "What's he look to get out of it? Putting a lot of fancy fixings in a bunch of old farms!"

"I heard tell," Will Bissell suggested, "that that man Baird, from Boston, that stayed with Bert last week for the gunning, was going to buy Gillaspie's off of him."

"No, he ain't," Belter denied. "Bert invited him down and gunned with him and tried to sell it to him; but what's anybody from Boston going to buy around here for?"

"Baird told me he thought it was kind of pretty, there along the river," Bissell urged mildly. He was never much inclined to force his opinions on these others here, but he was a little weary of them all tonight. They had lingered later than their custom was, and he began to move about in that premonitory fashion which always warned them to depart.

Chet McAusland had listened, taking no part in the talk. He and Woodman had found certain things in common; they were alike in their love for fishing and for gunning. Also, Chet is a man who believes in living; he has spent each day of his life to the full, and is the richer for that spending. Tonight, as he drew toward the door, he spoke to Bissell. "I think Baird will buy," he said. "I gunned with them one day." Bissell nodded. "It's done Emily Byron a pile of good, being here," Chet added, "the way she looks. She's quit wearing glasses and fleshed up a little, and she don't have that tired look around her eyes any more."

"I wouldn't wonder," Bissell assented.

"Guess she's sensible to stay," said Chet. "Long as he's fixed it so she can. Good night, Will."

As he started, afoot, up the hill toward the farm, he heard Hunt and Luke Hills in front of the store agreeing that Woodman's collapse was near.

The winters in Fraternity are long, and there is time in them for great accomplishments. Spring, in the year after Emily came home, was late; seemed for a while never to be coming. But neither Bert nor Emily fretted at its delay; for they were very busy indeed. They had, with a little day labor from Gay Hunt, accomplished great things in the intervening months; the Woodman place was all complete, so that even Bert said there was no more to be done to it; and Mrs. Prine sniffed and exclaimed, "And high time too."

Gillaspie's was sold months before; and Baird would be coming presently to try for trout in the streams toward North Fraternity and to make ready for the advent of his family, who would spend the summer there. The Byron house had, since February, engaged all their labors; but that, too, was nearly done. Emily and Bert had spent the long days there together, while Bert turned his hand to every trade; he was an electrician today, a plumber tomorrow and a mason the day after; and Emily learned the trick of handling a paintbrush, and discovered, by long and laughing experiment, how to lay paper smoothly on a wall.

They had worked so well that they were near working themselves out of an occupation; little else remained to do. And then, about the second week in May, when spring was belatedly making its appearance, Baird came for the fishing; and Woodman went, day after day, to tramp the brooks with him. The season was so late that the large trout had not yet run up into the streams, but they caught more than enough for their needs; and Mrs. Prine fried them crisply on the new stove in Bert's kitchen.

"Is he having a good time?" Emily asked Bert one day.

He nodded. "He likes it," he assured her. It seemed for a moment that he would say something more, but in the end he only added: "He's not one that wants to fish and nothing else. He likes the flowers. The woods are full of them. I never did see so many."

"The meadow flowers aren't out yet," she protested.

"You've got to get into the woods," he explained. "Jack-in-the-pulpits and trilliums and anemones, and there's a lot of that stuff like ground phlox over at the cemetery; and violets—yellow and white and purple. Everywhere you go." He added, with a sudden thought, "You ought to come with us tomorrow and see."

She shook her head. "I don't know how to fish," she retorted.

"Sit under a tree and rest yourself," he insisted, laughing. "Walk along the brook and see the trout. It's right pretty in the pasture down below Ring's. You come on. It'll rest you up a lot. We've worked pretty hard."

He was so urgent, and he made the prospect so attractive, that in the end she was persuaded. So the next day these three departed together; and they left the car at the lower bridge and walked down into the Ruffingham meadow, and while the men fished, Emily sat under an elm by one of the open pools and drowsed indolently in the shade. By and by she was tired of this; and she went back upstream, picking her way and moving slowly; and she passed the road where they had left the car, and still went on.

Above, in the pasture, there lies on one side of the brook a growth of pine and hemlock, tall and fine and full of dark and secret places; but when Emily entered there she found that the mosquitoes knew these places, too, and she crossed to the other side of the brook, wetting her feet in the crossing, and emerged into more open land, where among the alders there were little grassy glades.

She had found flowers everywhere, in variety if not in profusion; there was something the more charming in the discovery of single blossoms; they had an individuality lacking in great masses of fine bloom. And here among the alders, and in the open places, she found the grass crisp and pleasant underneath her feet. So she moved aimlessly on, till by and by she paused, caught with delight in the spot she thus had found.

Alders ringed it round; beyond the westward fringe of them the brook sang in the wood. At the upper end, an elm, like a lyre, with drooping branches, threw its generous shade. And within the oval boundary of the alders there was smooth and level turf, the grass stoutly green and sprinkled all with violets. As she looked across the opening Emily was conscious of no individual blossom, nor of any masses either; only the green of the grass was warmed by their color, and her eye, turning this way and that, found the nodding little blossoms here and there, scarce lifting above the grass, curiously shy. And she was so pleased that she crossed the glade, stepping carefully so that she might not tread upon them, and sat down there by the elm; then lay at her length along the ground, her eyes half closed. High overhead a great white cloud, solid and substantial as a castle with turrets, towered motionless in the blue vault of the sky.

They were to have had their luncheon at the car by the road below; but she forgot this, forgot time. So it was that Bert came at last to hunt for her, and he left Baird by the car. Emily heard him before she saw him—that is, she heard something stirring among the alders, and thought perhaps it was a grazing cow, and opened drowsy eyes.

From beneath her lowered lids she saw his great figure, half hidden, moving toward her, emerging at last into the sun. And it amused her to close her eyes again, as though she still were sleeping, and to listen to the muffled fall of his feet as he came slowly toward her across the open ground. Then he stood beside her, and his shadow fell across her face and she opened her eyes.

He laughed down at her, his breath catching faintly. "Asleep?" he asked.

"I was," she confessed.

"Lunchtime," he said. "I came looking for you."

"I forgot," she told him, and sat up and began to adjust her hair.

He looked away from her, down the brook; the faint color of the flowers against the green caught his eye, and he said thoughtfully, "Lot of violets here."

"Yes."

"Pretty," he commented, and she made no reply; and then he turned to her, and she got to her feet, brushing down her skirts. He chuckled, and she looked up at him to ask why.

"Well, you and me have got to decide something," he explained.

"What is it?" she asked.

He jerked his head down the brook. "Baird," he told her. "He put it up to me this morning."

"He hasn't changed his mind about Gillaspie's?" she protested. "He can't. He's bought it and paid for it and all."

Bert laughed again. "No," he said. "But he's got a brother. His brother was up here three years ago; that's how Baird happened to come. Brother liked it here too." He hesitated. "The thing is," he explained, "Baird wants to buy a place for his brother. And he'll take my place or yours—either one of them." She stood very still, but she knew her heart was pounding. "He wants to know," he ended.

She tried to nod. "Which one are you going to let him have?" she asked.

He smiled at her. "Which one do you think?" he countered.

"Why should I decide?"

He perspired faintly. "Well, you're the one to say," he insisted.

She dropped her eyes again, calmer now, comfortable and assured. "Well," she said judicially, "your house is bigger, but I like mine better. It's prettier, toward the river. Will he pay the same?" He nodded, finding no word. "Would you mind?" she asked, smiling up at him.

And then he chuckled, laughed aloud; and she would have eluded him, but was glad she did not quite succeed. About them, faintly coloring the springing green of the new grass, lay the purple passion of the violets.

"They'd gone off to East Harbor in the car," said Will Belter. "Never said a word to Mrs. Prine. Only when they come back Bert just says to her, 'Well, we're married, Mrs. Prine.'"

"He's about done," Gay Hunt told them. "He's had to sell his house to this Baird's brother."

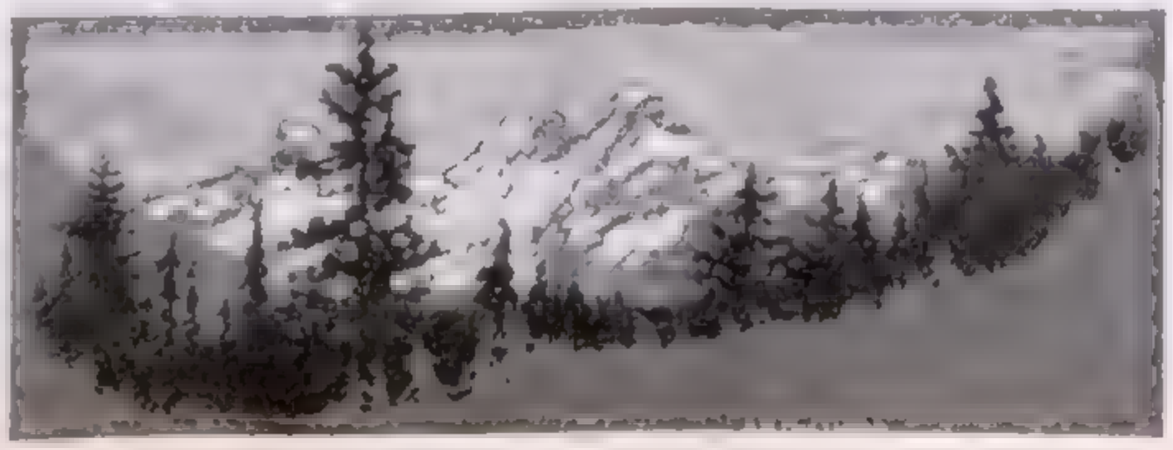
"Going to be hard on Emily," Belter agreed. There were half a dozen in the store listening alertly. "She'll have a time with him."

Will Bissell, without smiling, said, "He don't seem to learn either. He's gone and bought the old James place, beyond Byron's, now."

"It ain't but just a question of time," Luke Hills predicted, "before he's on the town."

"Emily won't stand for that," Gay argued. "She'll make him quit it, give her time. Or if she can't, if he's bound to go on, she'll get him away from here. Still got some sense left maybe; enough to straighten him out."

"You can't do anything for a man like that," Hills insisted. "You just got to look for him to come to a bad end."

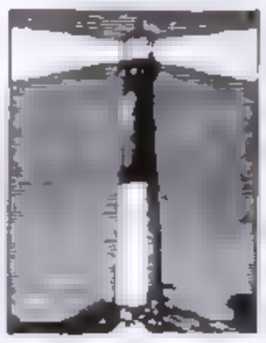


As long as the sap keeps rising

A BOTANIST was asked the question, "When does a tree stop growing?" His answer was, "When the sap no longer rises to the top."

A SUCCESSFUL newspaper must be rooted deep in the confidence of its readers. It gains its strength from the public. To continue to grow and widen its sphere of usefulness, it must draw from this public the sap of editorial vigor, and that sap must rise to the very top of the editorial structure. News editors, managing editor, editor-in-chief, and publisher, all must be in intimate, living contact with the public served, or the newspaper will not grow and will begin to atrophy.

IN RECOGNITION of this principle of nature and of newspaperdom, Scripps-Howard newspapers are edited not from distant offices, but from the very life of the communities in which they are published. Further, these newspapers are edited by young men—men who are drawn from the Scripps-Howard organization.



SCRIPPS · HOWARD

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CONSEQUENTLY, the Scripps-Howard newspapers command the respect and confidence of more than a million and a half families, which constitute their readers.

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Such fragrance! I could hardly wait to get the taste of tobacco like that. I tamped a load into my old jimmy-pipe, lighted up, and pulled that P. A. smoke deep down into my system. It was cool and sweet as a glass of milk at the spring-house door. It was *friendly*.

What I mean by "friendly" is it didn't bite my tongue or parch my throat. Before I struck bottom, I loaded up again. It's been like that for years now. The tobacco isn't grown that could wean me away from good old P. A. Take this tip from an old-timer who has tried them all: *Get some Prince Albert today!*

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process

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—no other tobacco is like it!

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THE LADY KILLER

(Continued from Page 19)

"Well, then, Elsie," said Mr. Donaldson, and smiled a smile which proved him a persistent user of dentifrices, "do you know what I thought when I first saw you?"

"No," said Elsie Peeble.

"I thought," said Mr. Donaldson in a confidential tone, "that here is an interesting woman. They are so rare. Of course you know you are pretty; but there are plenty of pretty women. It is very seldom, indeed, one finds a woman who is both interesting and pretty."

"I don't think I'm pretty," said Mrs. Peeble.

"Have you no mirrors in your house?" asked Mr. Donaldson. "I'd advise you to look in one. It's funny how attractive women often do not realize their attractiveness. Take Wanda West, for example. You know what a knock-out for looks Wanda is ——"

"Oh, do you know Wanda West?" exclaimed Mrs. Peeble. "I saw her only last night in her new picture ——"

"Do I know Wanda West?" repeated Mr. Donaldson, and his manner conveyed the idea that he knew her very well indeed. "I'll say I do. You see, I've been about quite a bit in my time, Elsie. Well, Wanda is a fine girl, even prettier in private life than on the screen—and what a brain! But she said to me once, 'Mal, I never think of myself as beautiful. I always think of myself as a big, clumsy creature, with hair like excelsior and a face like an ill turnip.' Now isn't that absurd? I told her so. She's little and dark -and rather like you, Elsie."

Mrs. Peeble plucked more grass.

"A friend of mine," pursued Mr. Donaldson, "is one of the big directors in Hollywood. 'Mal,' he said to me once, 'why don't you go into the pictures? You have a box-office face.' But perhaps you are not interested in movies, Elsie ——"

"I go at least once a week," she said.

"I suppose," mused Mr. Donaldson, "that I should be expressing myself on the screen. But, as I said to this big director, 'Dave, there's no future in being a film star. When your vogue is over you're through. Of course, it is a fascinating life for six or seven years, but as for me, I prefer a business career.' He said, 'Mal, I don't blame you. It's pretty tough trying to give your public art when what it wants is noodle soup. I'm sorry I can't tempt you to go into the pictures, but anyhow, will you do this for me: Will you keep your eyes open for good screen material? You know—girls with looks and personality.' Have you any photographs of yourself, Elsie?"

"Only a few little snapshots," Mrs. Peeble said. "I look like a scarecrow in them."

"I don't believe it. You just couldn't," said Mr. Donaldson. "May I call round and get them some day soon?"

That very evening Mrs. Ellis O. Peeble, Mrs. Luther Gunn, Mrs. Walter Brink and Mrs. Fred Ross took out their little household-account books and began to figure out ways and means of saving enough money out of their grocery allowance to pay for a set of cabinet photographs, front view and profile, by the town's best photographic artist.

Within two weeks after his arrival Mr. Malcolm Donaldson was on terms of easy familiarity with all the wives of Willow Manor.

It was Fred Ross who broached the subject. It was during a quiet Saturday night dancing party at his house. Mr. Donaldson, in the living room, was at the piano, filling the night air with a melodious declaration that under the bludgeoning of chance, his head was bloody but unbowed. The wives of Willow Manor were listening raptly, their eyes on his sculptured shoulders and classic profile. Fred Ross made mysterious signals to the other husbands, and they tiptoed out, having visions of homemade rhubarb wine. They followed Mr. Ross into his small tin garage. He shut the door and addressed them.

"What are we going to do about it?" he asked with feeling.

They seemed instantly to understand what he meant.

Luther Gunn took the floor. "I am a vestryman," he stated, "and come from nice people. I have an old-fashioned prejudice against breaking a commandment. But I have come to the conclusion that there is only one thing to do."

"What?"

"Murder him," said Mr. Gunn.

Cries of "Hear, hear!"

"I'm in favor."

"Bully thought."

Perched on a bumper of his sedan Mr. Ross, as chairman, said, "The motion seems to be, and is, carried. It only remains to settle a few trifling details. How? When? And who will have the pleasure?"

"I saw him first," declared Mr. Taylor.

"He addresses my wife in public as 'dear,'" said Walter Brink.

"Mine too."

"And mine."

"My wife wants me to wear a cake-eating pongee suit and a pink tie like his," stated Mr. Ross.

"I claim the privilege," put in Mr. Taylor. "At breakfast this morning my wife called me Mal."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Ross, "we must not be selfish. We can all get in on this, each man to use his favorite weapon. I choose the lawn mower."

"A good old-time straight razor for me," said Mr. Taylor.

"A niblick for me," said Mr. Brink.

"Boiling oil has its good points," said Mr. Gunn.

Ellis O. Peeble, who had not spoken, now remarked, "I'm with you, of course, in anything you do; but it seems sort of wasteful for all of us to get ourselves hung for the sake of a few moments of pleasure. The trouble is that this smirking baboon hasn't done anything that would really justify us in going to the trouble and expense of murdering him."

"That's true," sighed Mr. Ross. "I suppose it would put us in a bad light if we killed him just for being a general nuisance. Perhaps we could go to the Board of Public Works and have him abated."

"Unless I'm mistaken," said Mr. Brink, "there's nothing in the sanitary code forbidding this Greek god—I quote the ladies; I, personally, have another name for him—from calling our wives pet names, giving them romantic flutters and putting them in a state of goofiness, particularly as our wives don't seem to object."

"Object?" said Mr. Gunn. "They eat up his line. Do I dare criticize him? I do not. My wife says I'm a jealous sap making subways out of moleholes."

"Mine wants me to take Charleston lessons so I can be more like him," said Mr. Brink morosely.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Ross, "that Peeble is right. Murder is popular but impractical at this time. We'll file that idea away for future use. Any other suggestions?"

"A good, quiet beating," suggested Mr. Gunn, "might bear fruit. Nothing elaborate or spectacular, you know, but including, possibly, a dented nose, some missing teeth and a cauliflower ear."

"Sound scheme."

"Let's go."

Again Mr. Peeble spoke, "I hate to keep raising objections, but a few occur to me."

"State them."

"First," said Mr. Peeble, "it would do no good. Suppose we jumped on the handsome hyena? What then? He'd be a poor martyred darling and we'd be a gang of cowardly loafers. I don't know much about women, but I know that much. Second, I have to admit he doesn't look like the sort of man who'd turn the other cheek. Of course, if one of us would like to take on the job of beating him up, I'll be glad to hold his coat."

No one volunteered.

"I might add," said Mr. Peeble, "that Donaldson weighs one hundred and eighty pounds on the hoof and has won medals as a boxer. Now, personally, I weigh a hundred and thirty-two and am as soft as a bag of dead mice."

"Me too," said Mr. Ross.

"I couldn't fight my way out of a paper bag," lamented Mr. Brink.

A sad silence settled on them. Mr. Ross broke it by saying, "We must use psychology."

"Where can we get some?" asked Mr. Gunn.

"I mean," said Mr. Ross, "we must be wily and full of guile."

"How?"

"Let's think," said Mr. Ross. They thought.

"I've an idea," said Mr. Brink presently.

"Spill it."

"Slow poison," said Mr. Brink.

"We decided that murder is out for the time being," said Mr. Ross.

"I don't mean that we are to give Donaldson the poison," said Mr. Brink.

"You mean we take it ourselves?"

"No. Feed it to our wives."

"I'm not for that."

"Count me out."

"You don't get me," said Mr. Brink. "I mean we can poison their minds against this ham Romeo."

"How?"

"Let's work on them," said Mr. Brink. "Let's give them an idea of the sort of man he really is—a professional lady killer."

"A snake in the grass," added Mr. Taylor.

"A philandering twirp," said Mr. Gunn.

"We can tell them—and not lie either—how he has let on to us that he fancies himself as a charmer. He's always hinting that he's been a cut-up with the ladies all over the map," said Mr. Brink.

"Swell idea," said Mr. Ross. "Let's try the Brink plan. But remember, lots of guile. Nothing crude. Prussic acid in sugar-coated pills."

"Right."

"We'll show him."

Thereupon the meeting adjourned.

Five days later the husbands convened again in Fred Ross' garage. Mr. Donaldson was in the living room proclaiming in mellow bass that he thanked whatever gods there be for his unconquerable soul. The wives of Willow Manor were listening.

"Well," said Mr. Ross, with the mien of a mortician, "we certainly were wily. Guile and more guile. Those were my own words. I hereby eat them."

"As father of the Brink plan for poisoning minds against a pest," said Mr. Brink, "I feel that I should enter the nearest home for half-wits—if I could make the grade."

"We certainly ruined the Greek god," said Mr. Taylor sourly. "Hear him in there, bellowing, while the ladies look at him with eyes as big as golf balls and think, 'How fascinating! He has a past, my dear. Oh, the wicked, irresistible darling!' We understand women—bah!"

"And I was that artful," said Mr. Gunn. "I began craftily, by singing his praises——"

"So did I," put in Mr. Brink.

"My approach too," said Mr. Ross.

"Then," continued Mr. Gunn, "I went on to say I admired him and envied him for his past. I said I wished fate had made me a breaker of hearts, instead of a designer of pumps. I told, laughing the while, how he bragged of having left a trail of love-sick ladies behind him from Bangor to El Paso."

"Bit by bit," said Mr. Brink, "I gave him a record of skullduggery that made

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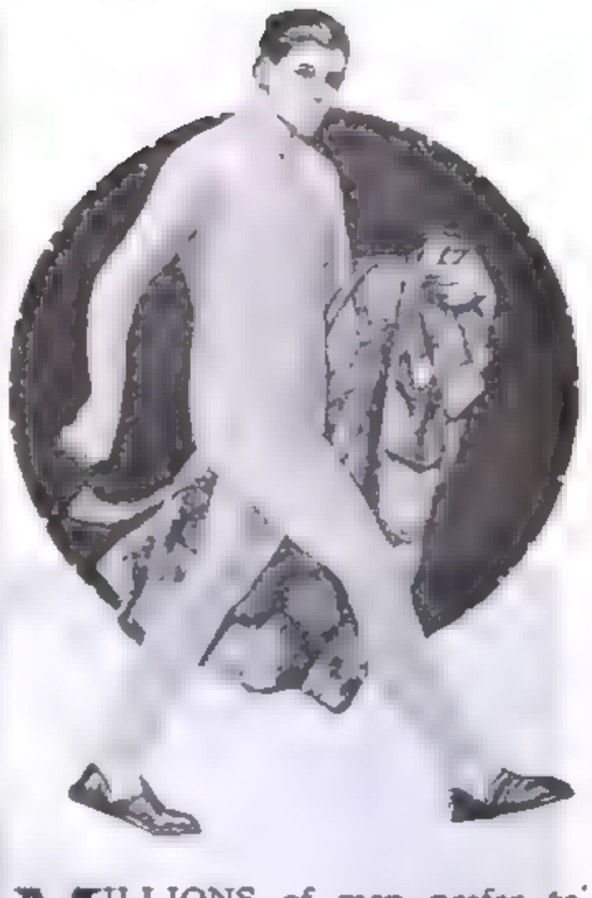

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Nero look like a prize boy scout. I told my wife that Donaldson regularly got a sore wrist opening mash notes. He hinted as much, you'll remember."

"I," said Mr. Ross, "quoted him as saying that he could kiss any woman within an hour of meeting her, and make her like it."

"Well," remarked Mr. Brink, "it appears that we master psychologists did the one thing necessary to make him a complete hero. We made him sound dangerous. The blacker we painted him the more attractive we made him. Well, what now?"

Ellis O. Peeble spoke up.

"We've been unfair to Donaldson," he said. "We must not go on trying to knife him. After all, he can't help being attractive to women. He was born with an outgoing nature. He says so himself. Now I propose that we be more tolerant. He has helped make life interesting for all of us. We really should be grateful to him and try to learn from him, instead of plotting against him ——"

"You mean we should be friendly with him?" asked Mr. Ross.

"I do," said Ellis O. Peeble. "It's the only way."

"I'd sooner have a porcupine for a pal," said Mr. Ross.

"Believe me," said Mr. Peeble with great earnestness, "I've studied the situation, and I know that conciliation is the only thing. We can't murder him; we can't smack him down; we can't queer him by calling him names; and I feel sure we can't out-Romeo him. Our one chance is to be friendly with him."

"Maybe you're right," said Mr. Ross despondently. "You don't talk much, Peeble, but what you say usually makes sense. Well, what do we do?"

"I think," said Ellis O. Peeble, "that we should show him we think well of him. Now here's my idea. Our big annual community celebration has been set for Labor Day. You were kind enough to make me chairman. I think it would be a friendly gesture toward Donaldson if you let me resign and made him chairman in my place."

"But you've done all the work of arranging it by now," protested Mr. Ross.

"Yes. It's all set," said Mr. Peeble. "But Donaldson can have the glory. He'll love being master of ceremonies ——"

"It hardly seems fair to you, Peeble," objected Mr. Brink.

"Oh, it will be fair enough," said Mr. Peeble. "Let me have my way."

"Well, if you want to ——"

"What sort of jamboree are we having this year?" asked Mr. Gunn.

"Oh, the usual stuff," answered Mr. Peeble. "Tennis tournament, potato races, and so forth; for the bigger kids, dancing, a six-piece band, a cold supper. Only one novelty this year—a baby parade."

"Good idea."

"I had to think up something new," said Mr. Peeble modestly. "Women like that sort of thing. Gives them a chance to show off their little angels. They'll dress the kids under five in a few yards of crêpe paper, pin a handful of roses on the gocart and march around Wilson's field, and then we'll give a prize for the cutest kid—a spoon, or a cuckoo clock, or something."

"Fine," agreed the husbands.

The first Willow Manor baby parade began more or less promptly at four o'clock on the hottest Labor Day afternoon anybody could remember. As the day drew near, the wives of Willow Manor became more and more excited about it. Deep secrecy surrounded the preparations for it. Sewing and planning went on behind closed doors. Rumors flew about, and speculation. Just how was Elsie Peeble going to dress Bupper and Twister in her effort to win for one of them the really quite magnificent silver oatmeal set the committee was offering as the prize?

Nerves were taut as the young mothers lined up and made ready to march past the benches where the spectators sat, and where stood Mr. Malcolm Donaldson, a striking figure in a white linen suit, adorned with a purple badge which bore the gilt word JUDGE.

With the air of a Roman emperor opening the gladiatorial games Mr. Donaldson gave a signal to the band to play a march. Across the field, to pass in review before his judicial eye, moved the baby parade.

First came Mr. Ellis O. Peeble, solemnly trundling the gocart in which sat his infant son, Bupper. Elsie Peeble had sought to win favor by striking a patriotic note. The gocart was decorated with red, white and blue bunting, and Master Peeble was dressed as Uncle Sam, even to a goatee of real hair. Halfway across the field the goatee began to tickle his youthful nostrils. He sneezed, coughed, and tore it off. Mr. Peeble had to stop and pick it up and attempt to stick it on again. Bupper resented this and nipped his sire's thumb. Mr. Peeble ejaculated "Ow-w-w" and "Naughty," and gently smacked his son. Bupper howled. In some manner the tall hat he was wearing was pushed down over his face, and in this condition he passed the judge's stand.

Little Gloria Brink came next, propelled by an enormously proud mother. Gloria was supposed to be a nasturtium, in red crêpe paper. As she was only two, and had an underdeveloped sense of responsibility, she fell asleep as soon as the parade started and was wheeled along comatose.

At no small trouble and expense Junior Taylor, next in line, had been set upon a miniature prize ring, mounted on old buggy wheels, and he, in trunks and tiny boxing gloves, was supposed to strike a fighting pose. His mother had rehearsed him patiently in this rôle for a week. That morning a sudden attack of prickly heat had beset him, so as he passed the judge he was scratching himself as vigorously and effectively as one can who is wearing boxing gloves. The other Taylor infant—Peggy—was sucking her thumb as she was propelled along, wearing a tight red velvet dress, rouge, penciled eyebrows and a beauty spot; this being Mrs. Taylor's conception of the garb of a vampire.

Next came Mrs. Elsie Peeble, smiling confidently as she exhibited her daughter, the intelligent but bow-legged Twister, as a bathing beauty, in a one-piece suit with the words MISS WILLOW MANOR printed on it.

Her vehicle was painted in gay colors, and was hardly recognizable as the elderly Peeble wheelbarrow.

The Gunn twins were ballet dancers, freckled and teething. Douglas Brink was a bunny, or something furry. The McAdoo child was a gypsy. Hortense Kelty was Charlie Chaplin. Elbert Dunnigan, third, was a pepper in green oil cloth and didn't seem to like it much. Other infants were other things, in homemade costumes and decorated perambulators.

Then the last entry appeared, and Willow Manor gasped. No one had seen it as the parade began to form. Now Willow Manor rubbed its eyes and recognized that the mother in the case was that youthful Mrs. Bell who had moved into one of the new cottages only a week before. Busy making ready for the parade, the Willow Manor mothers had paid little attention to her, except to note that she was a retiring person, presumably a widow, who devoted all her time to her baby. They took notice of her now.

Mrs. Bell was dressed in the flowing white robes of a Greek goddess, with a jeweled crown on her blond head, and Willow Manor perceived that she was exceptionally pretty.

She was leading a pony; a manicured and beautiful animal of purest white, wearing a fancy harness of gilt leather on which small golden bells tinkled as he stepped proudly along on trim hoofs.

The vehicle he was drawing was no homemade contrivance of wheelbarrow or baby carriage ancestry. It was a large and elaborate float of white and gold, trimmed with spotless silk and embowered in white roses. In the midst of the roses posed the Bell baby, and he was just about all any baby can be, for he had long golden curls, a pink chubbiness and a most winning smile. He was, obviously, Cupid, with tiny wings on his dimpled shoulders and a small golden bow and arrow, which he roguishly pointed at Mr. Malcolm Donaldson as he passed the reviewing stand. Someone among the spectators began to applaud: the others joined in.

Mr. Malcolm Donaldson surveyed the line of mothers, fathers and infants for a brief moment. Then he walked straight to Mrs. Bell and her child and presented the young Cupid with the silver oatmeal set. Mrs. Bell and infant received the honor calmly.

They bowed and smiled toward Mr. Donaldson.

Three days later a group of husbands met in Mr. Fred Ross' tin garage. Mr. Ross had invested in a box of rather expensive cigars, and these he dispensed. A spirit of expansive joviality seemed to be on the assemblage.

"Well," observed Mr. Brink, "Chicago's gain is Willow Manor's loss. He was transferred to the Chicago office at his own request. Said it was too slow here for him."

"Strangely enough," said Mr. Gunn, "nobody was at the station to kiss him good-by."

"I wish," said Mr. Taylor, "you could have heard my wife! I never knew she had such a vocabulary. She began with 'that dim-wit' and 'oh, that skulking viper,' and went on from there."

"My little woman employed the expression, 'brainless boob,' freely and emphatically," said Mr. Gunn.

"Well, well," philosophized Mr. Ross. "Isn't life quaint? Up like a rocket and down like its stick! Think of it; we'll never again hear him trolling out 'Give a man a horse he can ride. . . . Give a man a girl he can love.' I can hardly bear the thought."

"I want to sob too," said Mr. Brink.

"We saw a curious bit of physiology," remarked Mr. Taylor—"a man being frostbitten on a hot Labor Day night. Sad case."

"I was afraid for a while," said Mr. Gunn, "that there might be bloodshed. My wife has the curious theory that our twins are the most remarkable babies that ever came out of the everywhere into the here, and anybody who doubts it had better look round for the nearest exit."

"I wish," said Mr. Brink, "that you could have cast an eye on my helpmate that night. She couldn't talk. She could only sputter. You see, she is rather partial to her offspring. Well, she went out that night and stamped up and down on her prize geraniums."

"There's one person I feel sorry for though," said Mr. Ross. "That's little Mrs. Bell. Something tells me that our wives are going to be distinctly cool toward her and her cherub."

Mr. Peeble said from his corner, "Don't worry about that. She goes back to New York tomorrow."

"What?"

By way of reply Mr. Peeble drew a slip of paper from his vest pocket.

"I've some business to lay before the house," he said. "Sorry to mar so happy an occasion by bringing up anything sordid, but I must. The fact is that our little celebration cost more money than the committee was allowed."

There were mutterings of dismay.

"I regret to have to tell you," said Mr. Peeble, "that each of you gentlemen will have to pony up the sum of $39.85 for extra expenses."

The mutterings increased in volume.

"Hey, what's the idea?"

"How come, Peeble?"

"What for?"

"Rent," said Mr. Peeble.

"Rent?"

"What do you mean, rent?"

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"Here," said Mr. Peeble, "is an itemized account, done in my best auditor manner. You can inspect it."

"Read it."

Mr. Peeble read from his little slip of paper:

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"Stop!" cried Mr. Ross. "Say no more."

He addressed the others. "I move that this bill be paid without quibble," he said.

The enthusiastic chorus of "Ayes" made the garage rattle.

"I further move," said Mr. Ross, "that Mr. Ellis O. Peeble, of Number 6 Maple Lane, be given a rising vote of thanks and three rousing cheers."

Other residents in Willow Manor wondered what was going on in Mr. Fred Ross' garage that night.

From the variety of sounds which issued forth it was suspected by some that home-made rhubarb wine was being indulged in. It was.

About midnight there was another parade, down the chief street of the suburb. The husbands of Willow Manor were escorting Mr. Peeble to his home, as a guard of honor. Before his cottage they paused to sing "He's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny."

And now you know why they called it Peeble Place.

THE PRIMITIVE MOTIVE

(Continued from Page 21)

wasn't; Fairman Lane had said no more than the exact truth. That, Willie thought, was what robbed him of any security of spirit.

Long ago, mentally preparing himself for a probable exposure, he had wondered how he would accept such a disgrace; and now, with that possibility close before him, he recognized that it would overwhelm him. In other words, contrary to his show in Landon Custis' room, he had little courage. Yet it wasn't physical courage he lacked, but moral stamina. He wasn't really an outlaw, a rebel, from society; he hadn't actually the wish to stand alone. Willie Gerald began to wonder what ten, what a hundred, people would say when they discovered the truth about him. He knew what they would do. Already he felt himself to be an outcast, and he wondered unhappily what world, what society, he would inhabit. The financial market he had known would be closed to him—everyone there would have been told of his petty and ineffectual dishonesty; he would become a clerk in some such remote city as San Francisco or Detroit, perhaps even end by sleeping in his clothes on the street.

The following night he was to go to John Price's for dinner; he sat beside Eliza, and for the first part of the dinner anyhow, he wondered wretchedly how many men present knew of the quarrel in the club. However, it began slowly to dawn on him that none of the men in Landon's room—not even Fairman Lane—would repeat what had happened. This was a comforting truth. For tonight, anyhow, and for a number of other nights, he was safe. At once he grew more cheerful.

"I can't imagine why you've been so glum," Eliza Grinling told him. "In South Carolina I thought you were very engaging; I was very much taken with you; but in New York ——"

He replied that, like the rest of the present young, she cared only for change. "Variety," he repeated. "You'd like me for a week and then turn to someone completely different. What you are actually saying is that you're tired of me."

She replied, "Never tell a girl she is tired of you. It simply puts the idea in her head; and besides it sounds like a complaint. If it occurs to you that you haven't a situation in hand, get hold of it, be quiet, or go."

Willie complained that though he might have grown stupid she had acquired a most depressing worldly wisdom. "I wish we were fishing again for whatever it was we fished for. I was happier with you at Belrive than I've ever been before and certainly since."

That was better, she answered encouragingly. "Of course I was only afraid you had forgotten all about—about Belrive. And it's still there, you know. It really is, Willie." She had said Belrive, but it seemed to him that wasn't quite all she had intended; no, she had been more personal. Deliberately. He stared down into his plate, for he felt that to look at her just then would be to commit himself. But to what, to how much, he didn't just know. Clearly Eliza had a great deal of courage; the especial sort he so signally lacked. The man on Eliza's left engaged her, leaving Willie Gerald to consider her with the greatest care. He came to the conclusion again that she was the most attractive, by far the most eligible, woman he knew. And she had continued to like him.

Gerald had envied Harry Barnes and Custis the masculine freedom of their life in a club; he recalled all his doubts about women; but he began to see that a life of celibacy was neither appropriate nor desirable for him. It wouldn't give him the surrounding, the atmosphere and color, he instinctively desired. And certainly Eliza Grinling would. Lost in such considerations he had almost reached a momentous decision when the scene with Fairman Lane returned vividly to his mind. It broke into irreparable fragments the conclusion slowly forming in his thoughts. He understood Eliza well enough to realize that at the proof of his fraud she would drop him instantly. That would be mechanical with her, for Eliza inhabited a sporting world where a particular fairness of dealing was a basic necessity. He didn't mean that it was immaculate; it had its own lies and dishonesties, but certain acts and misrepresentations were impossible to it.

She returned to him and he commented on her brownness. "Tennis," she said briefly. "It's funny, Willie, that you don't play games, or rather play them so badly. You've lived practically all your life with people who love them. Of course, I don't mean bridge, for no one is better than you at that. But you ought to play court tennis like Andy Scrine, or ride very well, or—or something."

"You needn't wonder," he replied, "since you have answered your own question. I do them all so wretchedly. I was simply rotten at it in school and college. I'll go even further—I like you better in printed chiffon than in doeskin breeches. I'd rather see you on the bank of the Ashley River than bounding over a tennis court; or with a brassy. My dear Eliza, violent action, and specially for a woman, isn't æsthetically charming. There are almost no good statues or paintings in troubled movement."

"That makes me sick!" she exclaimed. "And so do you when you talk like that. It's the furniture and plush in you. The plush, Willie. But, then, I expect really that's why I am fond of you. Don't people look for their opposites? I adore polo, but for myself, not polo players. I've had a few and I know. Linton was that way and you see what happened to us—I'm divorced before twenty-five." Willie Gerald, in a voice almost sharp, asked her if she wanted him to begin embroidery. "I'm glad I'm going," she answered, rising. "You have never been worse. Five more minutes and all my illusions about you would be gone. I don't want to lose them, Willie," she added in a swift half whisper.

Later, sitting beside Isabella Price, Eliza's mother, the memory of Lane came back to torment him. Isabella, because of her connection with the furniture he had falsely disposed of, must be particularly bitter.

"You could never guess," he began in a momentary desperation, "what happened to one or two of the things I got from your school at Belrive. I only found it out myself very lately—Isabella, they were sold as genuine antiques. The greatest authorities on early pine were completely fooled. Naturally after they left me I couldn't control their several destinies."

But that, she exclaimed, was simply too miraculous! "Willie, I think it's the greatest compliment possible to my school and the boys. You must let me tell them. They'll be so encouraged."

Willie Gerald instantly objected. He was afraid that wouldn't be wise. It might lead the colored youth of Belrive into dishonest ways. "Or I might be accused of misrepresenting your furniture," he added as lightly as he could manage. That wasn't, even he noticed, very light.

Isabella Price frankly thought he was talking nonsense. "As if you had a trace of that kind of energy," she proceeded. "John is always half annoyed at you because you don't do more. I've heard him say that he'd like to have you with him." Willie Gerald looked at Mrs. John Price and Mrs. Price looked at Willie Gerald. Neither said anything more. She had already given him, Gerald realized, a most pronounced encouragement.

His feelings were utterly confused; on one hand he told himself that his present freedom was his most valuable possession, and there, on the other, was Eliza. She seemed quite different from the older women, the society, which had so lately oppressed him. She had, in spite of her short unhappy marriage, the promise of unspent and malleable youth. The thought of that recalled Freda Renant to him; he had neglected her shamefully; and at the first opportunity he went to the antique store she had together with Amy Beltran. Freda and Mrs. Beltran were both busy taking count of stock and Willie cheerfully asked if they had failed.

"Failed!" the older woman exclaimed. "Don't be ridiculous. We've paid back all the money lent to us, with interest, and we each have—well, we have a lot of money. I'm going to take the shop up to Vermont for the summer, near Woodstock, and Freda —— You had better tell him what you're going to do, if you want to."

Freda said airily, "Oh, me! Why, the most romantic thing in the world. What all nice young girls set their hearts on. And, Willie, that miracle has come to me. To me! I can't tell you how grateful, how happy, I am."

In reply to this Willie Gerald pronounced the sole word "rot." But he continued. "You're going to be married, and let me tell you, if it's to an old man I'm going to cut you off without a wedding present. If it is, I—I don't know what I won't do. I'll be enraged, for one."

There was no need for excitement, Freda replied; it wasn't an old man at all. In fact, he was rather ridiculously young. "Love's youngest dream," she added. "I am going to marry Rudolph Kneiss."

"That's just a joke," Willie told her with an incautious severity. "You're trying to be funny."

Freda Renant turned toward him deliberately. "At any rate you're not," she answered. "It seems I must repeat that I am going to marry Rudolph." She meant it, Gerald saw, and he was astounded; more, he was outraged. Freda and that Kneiss. He recalled a small youth, petulant and precocious, with weak eyes, a lax mouth, an impotent chin, the son of a great factory somewhere, who had become a dot, a mere infinitesimal speck, on the social horizon. And growing smaller, Gerald silently added. Even Freda Renant couldn't do anything with Rudolph Kneiss. She was lost. Freda was standing, waiting for him to speak: Amy Beltran had stopped what she was doing. He took out his cigarette case, fumbling for a cigarette.

"You must have been pretty desperate," he spoke at last. He had intended to say none of that; it was the expression of a subconscious preoccupation; and yet he wasn't sorry. He couldn't have lied to Freda about Rudolph Kneiss.

"You are not very polite," she replied. "But then I didn't suppose you would be. What I object to is you are unfair. You don't know Rudolph; it appears no one does but me, and he is as generous and kind as possible." He might as well go on now, Gerald thought. He'd never see Freda under these threatened new circumstances anyhow.

"If you're looking for generosity and kindness in a husband, he may be perfect," Gerald agreed; "but I've known you for a great number of years—since you were in a baby carriage, to be exact—and I have never seen you pay the slightest attention to such qualities before. I understand that I ought to be conventional about this and simply let you go, but I can't. It's nonsense. You mustn't marry him, Freda. Why, he'd have sauerkraut for dinner ——"

She interrupted him to say he had forgotten how much she liked that, in hot-dog sandwiches.

"No, I'm serious," he went on impatiently. "You won't just be decently unhappy. You will be ruined. It can't go on."

"It has. It will," she answered, showing him a superb emerald on a significant finger. "You've never been a girl and you have never been poor, and you're just an impractical man. Listen, Willie, when I come down to the store now a small black town car is waiting for me—I think it's a Sunbeam. There is a green orchid in a little crystal vase, and powder and perfume things in ivory and gold. It's outside when I am ready to leave, and I go by the park. A little drive, do you see. There is a chauffeur—an Italian, with a face like the nicest olive in the world—and it all belongs to me. It's mine! I can have it whenever I want, for as long as I like. I don't have to borrow it from anyone. And yesterday I bought fifty pairs of silk stockings, and all of them would almost go in my glove at once. And bottles of Venise '76, enough to fill a bathtub. I ordered a chinchilla cloak—it's like smoke tied with plum-colored ribbons—and slippers as delicate as cigarettes and thousands of times more expensive.

"You don't know, Willie; you couldn't. I think I'll have Addison Mizner build me a house at Palm Beach, with a patio of yellow tiles open on the Gulf Stream, if you remember how purple that is; with a gallery of cedar, Willie; and sleep on a Spanish bed painted with gay angels. And Spanish silver. And a striped marquee on the sand."

Willie Gerald stopped her brutally. "And pay someone to drown Kneiss. Freda, it's no better than obscene." If it could be stopped he intended to do it.

"Very well," she said unexpectedly, "marry me yourself. Run away with me, Willie. We'll have an antique store somewhere and live in the two rooms above it. We will have a light truck and go out together after old boots and shoes—I mean chairs and tables. We can name our daughter Sheraton and a son Fairman Lane Gerald. You'd like that."

Willie Gerald was a tall man and he gazed down at her frowning. "Your humor isn't in the most exceptional taste," he corrected her. "It's possible that a great deal has happened to you already. I've said

Continued on Page 103

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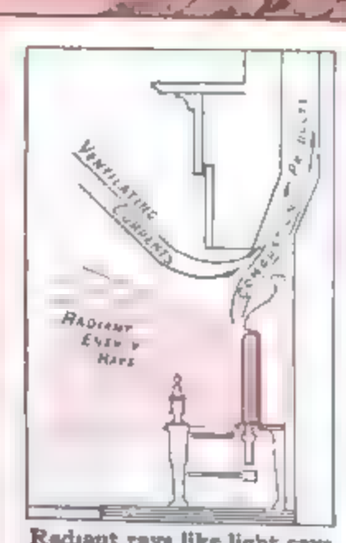

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(Continued from Page 98)

enough, Freda; too much; and you'll be glad I'm going." In the street he was profoundly depressed. The whole world of his old pleasures and connections was breaking up. The world was going to the devil. Willie couldn't bring himself to believe that Freda would marry Rudolph Kneiss—a horrid little individual. But perhaps, as she had told him, he was only an impractical man; women, it might be, were different. A black town car and chinchilla furs and thousands of stockings. Perhaps such things were of the first importance; the old values, the old beauty; a mere remembered sentimentality. Then he himself, Willie Gerald, had always considered money to be inseparable from a happy marriage.

Finding himself on Madison Avenue he suddenly decided to seek the relief, the familiar security, of Matthew Wilson's store. The door, however, and greatly to his surprise, was locked; but seeing a man moving about inside he knocked. There was no immediate reply, and he knocked again, insistently.

The door was then partly opened and he was regarded without interest by an unfamiliar face.

"Mr. Wilson," Willie said impatiently. "Where is he?"

The answer was brief. "He's dead. Died last night." But that, Gerald told himself standing very much alone on the pavement, was impossible. He would have been told, his services required. However, Matthew, he remembered, had been unmarried; none of his family lived in New York; he had merely inhabited rooms. Dead. Matthew Wilson. Why, he'd been connected with Willie ever since his first purely amateur interest in old things.

This, on top of his mental confusion, was a blow. He even felt slightly sick physically, and hurried from the clamorous traffic of the city to the comparative quiet where he lived. Gerald felt as if everything that supported him had been suddenly taken away. He felt impotent, helpless, like a child lost in a crowd. All his assertiveness, his determination, had vanished. It seemed to him that it had gone with the blow he struck Fairman Lane. That act of long accumulated resentment had exposed his deeply hidden and actual being.

His hatred of society, after all, had been no better than a rebellion against its indifference to him; and this, Willie Gerald realized, simply meant that its significance was increased rather than diminished. Yes, telling himself that at last he was free from his old slavery to the world of the materially and socially elect, he was more committed to it, more tightly bound by its forms, than ever before. And now when he knew the truth everything had been ruined for him. In three weeks, probably less, he would be exposed and thrown out from his earthly Eden. Gerald was at once in a state of rage and apprehension. Why had he struck Lane? Why had he sold as antique those cursed chairs? It wasn't possible that they would all escape from Fairman Lane's search.

A great deal of this, he reminded himself, had been Rose Brincker's fault. If she had known her own mind three years before at Bar Harbor he'd be happy and safe now. She had come to him only when it was too late. In addition, it was Eliza Grinling's image which filled his mind, and not Rose's. But his chance there was gone forever. It would do him no good now to marry Eliza, even if he could, for it was her whole circumstances and life that he loved; and that soon must be closed to him. Gerald regarded himself bitterly; he was then a parasite and a man who blamed things on women. He hadn't been able to cure himself of what he was intrinsically. That was, in short, a bounder!

The waiter from the Constitution Restaurant, bringing up, as customary, his breakfast and the mail laid for him in the lower hall, left, with the coffee and Melba toast, a letter from Rose. Actually he was afraid to open it. "My dear Willie," she had written, "I think, in view of everything, you are treating me quite too badly. If you get this, as you should, Thursday morning come to dinner at eight. I shall expect you." The signature was no more than Rose. It seemed that he was not being asked but commanded, and he said aloud he wouldn't go. Nothing could force him to appear docilely before Rose at eight that evening. Yet, faced with the alternative of deliberately antagonizing Rose, his determination weakened; it was apparent that he had begun to have an indefinable fear of her.

It was at this unhappy juncture—it was almost noon—that the Japanese servant from below announced that Mr. Rudolph Kneiss wished to see him; and Willie was so confounded, so mentally impotent, that before he realized it he had permitted Kneiss to be brought upstairs. The young man grasped his hand with a too fervent and damp palm.

"It was nice of you to see me," he proceeded rapidly, diffusing so early a distinct air of Scotch whisky. "You could guess I came on account of Freda. Mr. Gerald, I—I—you—well, you can help me. You know she likes all the old things you understand about and I don't—glass and silver and china, specially silver, and I wondered if you would look about and get me some for her. The best! It don't matter what it costs. I want to give her a lot, all at once, if you see what I mean. Collections."

"Sit down," Gerald directed. "You'll die on your feet from lack of breath. And how do you mean I can help you?"

"Why, get it for her," Kneiss again explained. "Buy it and charge me any old price you please. Everywhere. Anywhere."

"Oh," said Willie Gerald. "Yes, I do see. You want me to buy for you on commission." He grew more annoyed. "And who the devil told you ——" He broke off. After all, why not? That's what he was known to be—a dealer in antiques. "What you mean," he went on in a different voice, "would take weeks, perhaps months. I know where such things are, but they are difficult to get. Yes, it would need time and diplomacy. A great deal is in private collections and the owners would have to be persuaded." Kneiss stopped him:

"When will you start?"

Gerald's mind was active; he wanted to get away at once from everyone, particularly Rose; if disgrace was about to overtake him it would be far pleasanter to experience that misfortune from a distance.

"It would be very expensive," he said, temporizing.

"And on top of that," Rudolph Kneiss asserted, "in addition, I'll give you 20 per cent. Mr. Gerald, if you think nothing of me, think of Freda; I know you like her." That afternoon, Willie Gerald said to himself. He'd telegraph Rose and proceed at once to Hector Maclare, in northern New York state; from there he'd drive over into New Hampshire. But, better than all the rest, he would at least have a few more weeks of comparatively superior freedom. It would be reassuring, too, to deal even for such a short while in honesty. No one could question his actual judgment.

Rudolph Kneiss, he acknowledged to himself, was at least fully as generous as Freda had insisted. Willie was driving at a very rapid rate, in a very heavy and rapid car, through the beginnings of the Berkshire Hills. The correct back of the chauffeur was at once stolid and reassuring. Willie noticed that his ears, which stood out, flapped ceaselessly in the wind. "We'll go to Salisbury, I think," he said. The conventional "Yes, sir," was to Willie Gerald a soothing music. He was fortunate, his trip auspiciously begun, with Maclare. Gerald managed to secure from him a pair of three-section, mold-blown amethyst salts; a unique, large, three-mold quilted bowl; a cobalt-blue Baltimore Monument flask and a dozen Jersey tumblers greener than aqua. In addition Maclare let him have a small but characteristic group of Stoddard jars and pitchers.

"Don't come back this way," he warned Willie. "I'll shoot you if you do. Probably I'll never want to see you again. You took advantage of my low state of mind and rose fever."

Willie Gerald was hardly less successful with Prentice Vane in New Hampshire. He actually secured Vane's pair of comb-back Windsor love benches and—a servant had broken a piece the morning of Willie's arrival—Mrs. Vane's collection of Sandwich vases.

"I'm discouraged," Mrs. Vane explained. "In addition, I'm encouraging Prentice instead of restraining him. I really believe that if you told him you had a green-diamond creamer for eleven thousand dollars, he'd make out a check without stopping to think." Later, when Willie was returning from Montreal, where he had gone for a famous silver tea pot, melon-shaped, from the period of Queen Anne, he visited an exhibition and sale of characteristic New England antiques. The sale occupied a ground floor, and scarcely pausing for a glance, he proceeded upstairs to the exhibition . . . where nothing was offered to the public. There he found the finest, the only complete, set of nankin china of his experience—the blue was the color of the August night sky; the gold delicately laid on the rims was like a pure and precious dust clinging for a moment to the china. That he had to have, and fortified by the memory of Rudolph Kneiss' liberality, he took a room at the local hotel and proceeded with his purpose. That required nine days and very nearly five thousand dollars.

He had been away from New York now more than the month allowed Fairman Lane for the production of his proof about Gerald, and Willie began to question the wisdom of staying longer. Undoubtedly it would be pleasanter not to face disaster, but it suddenly occurred to him that he, as well as Lane, was committed to return to Landon Custis' rooms. To stay away was almost a complete admission of guilt. Therefore, and very much against his desire, he turned definitely in the direction of New York. That, however, didn't prevent his stopping at any roadside store for the sale of antiques which seemed promising; and in that manner he went quickly through the small stock of a silent but polite woman established in the gate lodge of what was evidently a large and then unoccupied estate. Willie Gerald was leaving when he saw a small heavy chair with turned legs and a crude banister back. He asked its price, feeling the texture of the wood, noting the character of the sausage turnings.

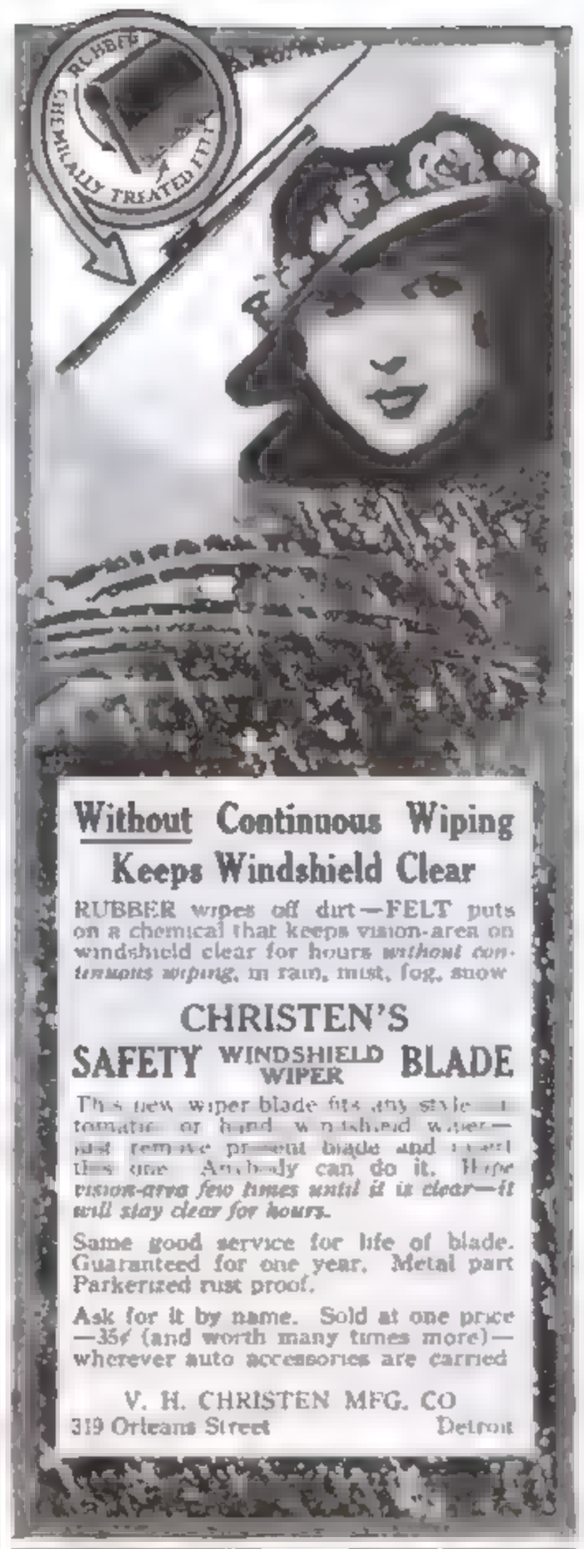
He was interested for the astonishing reason that it had been made in Isabella Price's South Carolina school. Willie knew that from twenty evidences; and yet it hadn't been one of the pieces he'd disposed of. That was just as certain. How, then, had it reached Massachusetts? He couldn't imagine; but he was sure of one thing—he'd buy it and retire the chair from circulation.

"I'm sorry," the woman replied to the announcement of his purpose. "It oughtn't to be there; it is sold." Willie promptly asked to whom.

She hesitated. "It isn't customary to say who has bought things," she reminded him; "but I don't think, in this case, he will mind. A Mr. Fairman Lane in New York." Willie Gerald left the gate house hastily. He'd had an unpleasant reminder of what, most probably, lay before him. Yet it was all very mysterious. How had that accursed chair got North? What would Fairman Lane do about it? He might have persuaded himself that he had been mistaken about the chair if Lane hadn't bought it.

In New York almost the first man he met was Harry Barnes, and Barnes said at once, "Scrine was talking about you last night. It's more than a month since you had that trouble with Fairman and we haven't heard a thing from him. Willie, come up to the club for a cocktail tomorrow afternoon, as

(Continued on Page 105)



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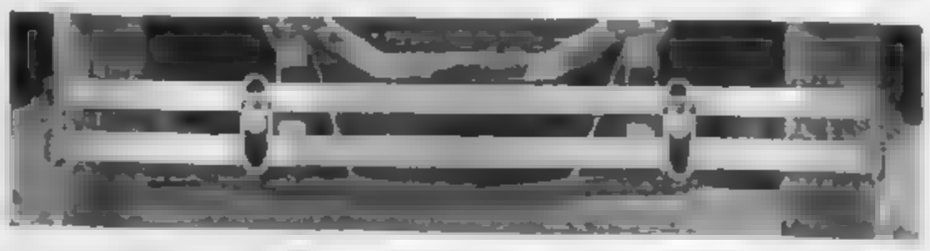

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(Continued from Page 103)

usual, and we'll wind it up. We can't let it go on forever. It isn't fair to you." There was no possible way of avoiding such a direct issue, and Willie Gerald agreed. As a result his sense of discomfort, of apprehension, increased. That night he didn't go out and he couldn't get to sleep. What, he asked himself fifty times, would Lane be able to show?

He considered going away again—this time permanently—with all the money he possessed and a changed name. The truth was he wanted to do it, he almost decided in its favor; it wasn't so much a sense of obligation that held him as a sickness at losing, even for a day, the life which held everything he desired.

He might yet, he thought, maintain his decency in the face of whatever Lane would attempt to prove; he wasn't, Gerald told himself, a complete fool. Yes, his position was still worth a struggle. And then, after a thoroughly wretched and sleepless night, he was called on the telephone by Eliza Grinling.

"You can't know how glad I am you're back," she told him. "I've been calling you steadily for most of a week. Willie, I have to see you at once; the most absurd thing has happened. It's just as funny as it can be, and rather disagreeable too. Not really, but it might be. Anyhow, I must see you about it, and not later than lunch today."

Willie Gerald was, he discovered, remarkably glad to be with Eliza again, and he listened with a close attention, a growing absorption in all that she had to tell him. They spent the afternoon together, and as a result he reached the club late. Word had been left at the door for him to come up to Landon Custis' rooms, and there he found Scrine, Harry Barnes, Landon and Fairman Lane.

"Now, Fairman," Andy Scrine proceeded, "you can go on with the show, and God help the women and bystanders."

"I have been hurried a little," Lane admitted. "I'm not quite clear with it all yet. But I have enough. It's this, mainly: Gerald was invited to John Price's place in South Carolina, Belrive, when John wasn't there ——"

Barnes interrupted him. "Just ignore that part, will you."

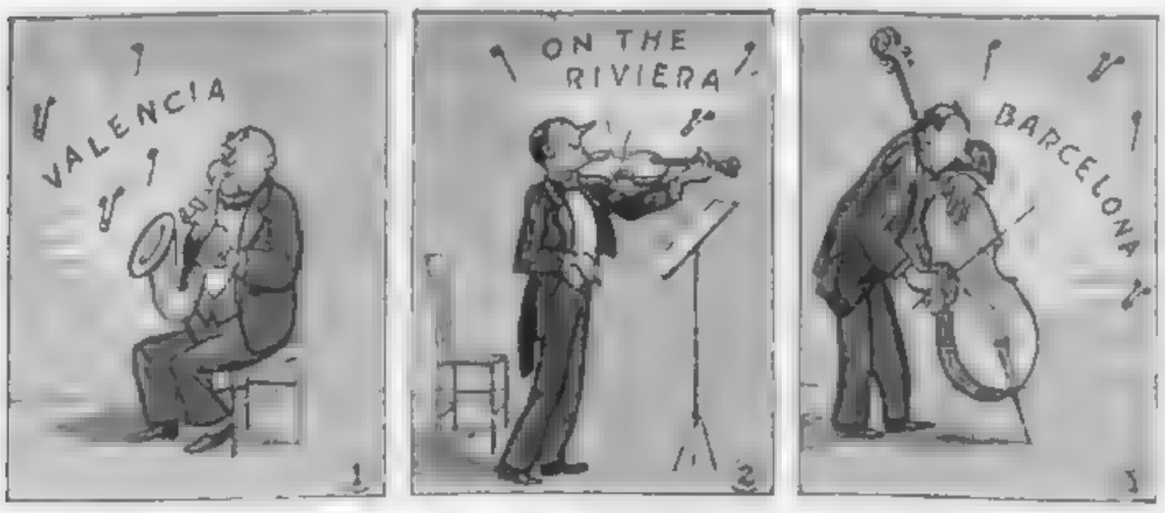
Lane hesitated, sharply annoyed, but he continued. "You may or may not know it, but Isabella is very much interested in the negroes. She has an industrial school for them, where they make simple and crude pieces of furniture. The furniture is so simple it's like the very early American things. Well, Gerald bought a carload of it and sold it through several agencies for genuine antiques. I have been able to buy seven pieces he disposed of; I got one only last week in Massachusetts."

Landon Custis turned to Willie. "You must be able to answer this conclusively," he told him. "I can't imagine Fairman would make so much up."

Willie replied that in a way he was embarrassed. He had particularly hoped Lane wouldn't bring up the subject of the negro furniture. "Under the circumstances. If this wasn't an exceptional situation, in a way official, I'd have to be quiet and accept what he said about me. It's at once more serious than you think and as humorous as the devil. Mrs. Price herself has been selling the furniture as genuine." Fairman Lane laughed. "As a matter of fact," Willie added, "he got the piece in Massachusetts from a Mrs. Gore, who had been housekeeper for Isabella's mother, and was living in the lodge of the place they haven't been able to sell. I had lunch with Eliza Grinling only today and she asked me to do what I could about it. Isabella, of course, wasn't serious; the money is less than nothing to her, naturally. What Eliza wanted me to do most was stop Lane's investigations. Mrs. Price and Eliza know about it, and Eliza didn't want him to land her mother in jail."

Andy Scrine said, "I'll see that he doesn't. Henry, give Willie Gerald a cocktail."

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.



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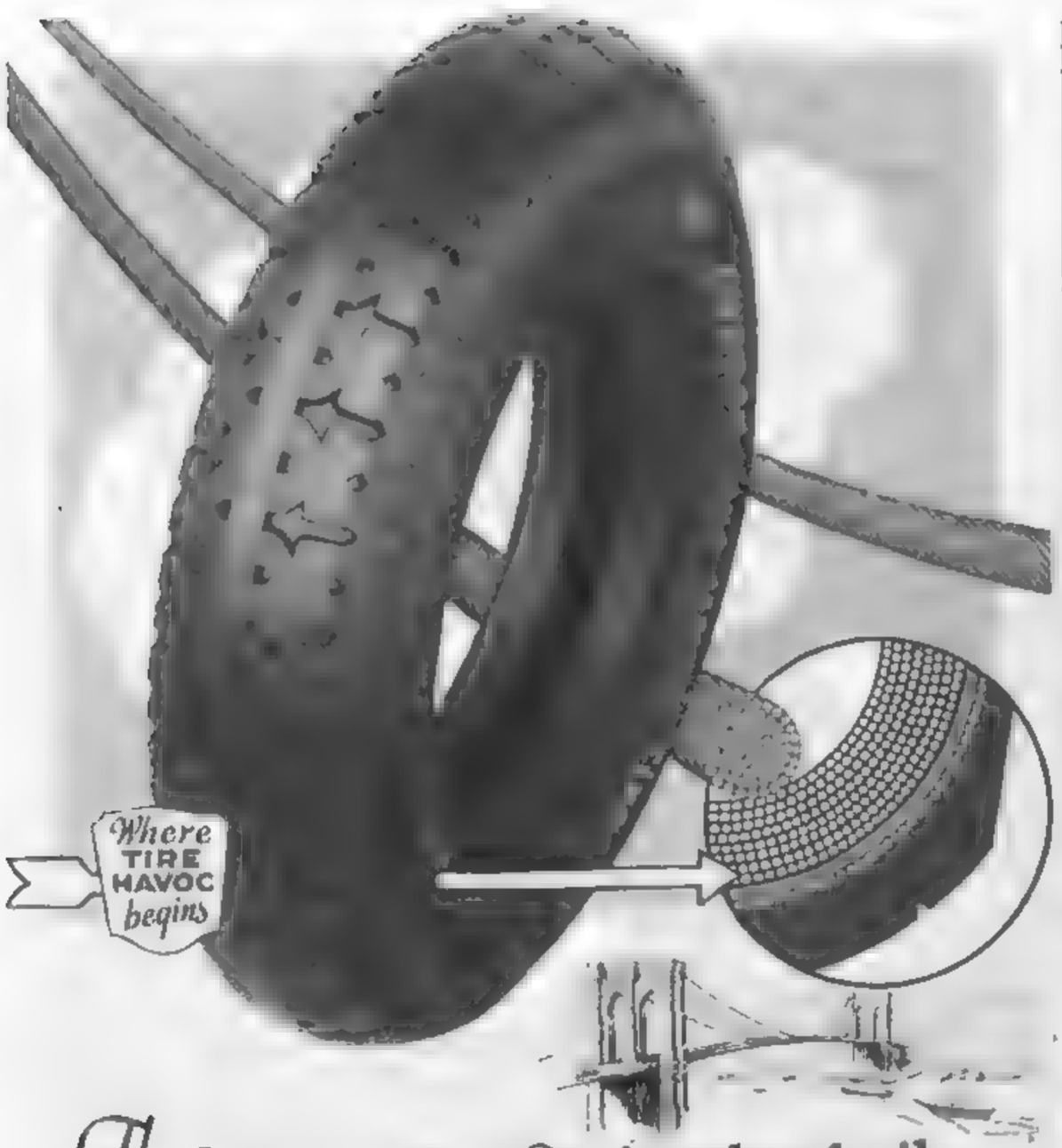

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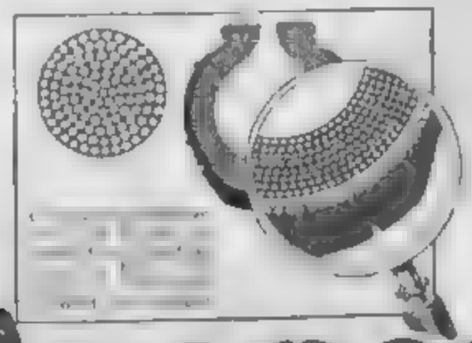

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THE PASSING STRIKE

(Continued from Page 25)

the ten-year period the general improvement of industrial relations has been reflected by closer contact between the Department of Labor and the trade, employers and labor organizations, and we also know more today about checking up strikes than we did ten years ago. It is therefore fair to assume that fewer strikes were missed in 1925 than in 1916. Another qualifying factor is the increase in the number of workers in the country during the past ten years.

Even this, however, is only a partial picture. Though figures are not obtainable of the number of workers involved in every strike, the bureau has kept accurate statistics where they are available, and they indicate an even greater reduction of disputes. In 1916, for example, we had such figures for 2667 strikes. They gave us a total of 1,599,917 workers involved, or an average number of 600 per dispute. In 1925 somewhat less than half that number of strikes—1012—involved only 428,218 workers, an average of about 423 per dispute. The estimate of time actually lost decreased from 49,680 days for 2116 strikes in 1916 to 23,809 days for 875 strikes in 1925. This indicates an increase in the average duration, but even so there is a saving of more than 50 per cent in time lost.

These figures are of very definite value as indicative of the trend, but it is only when we approach them from the new viewpoint of the worker that we are able to estimate how far we have traveled along the road to industrial peace. A point I would like to emphasize in this connection is that any man of average intelligence who has devoted most of his life to union work must be assumed to have certain definite information which is not a matter of general knowledge. This may sound rather obvious, very much like saying that two and two make four. In labor matters, however, our national habit of assuming that the employer is generally in opposition to his employe, that the strike is the chief function of the union, and the chief purpose of the strike is compulsion, has badly botched our arithmetic. We search so persistently for force that we overlook the finesse.

The Fiction of Figures

The great soft-coal strike of 1922 is a perfect example. It illustrates how we may be deceived by figures when they are taken out of their true relation to the ordinary current of everyday life and thrown up into the headlines. Until the general strike in England early this year our 1922 strike in the coal fields alone was the largest turnout of organized labor in the history of the world of which we have any record. The men went out April first, returning to work in various districts between August fifteenth and thirtieth, as agreements were signed by the different operating groups. Early in August of that year a survey by the Department of Labor indicated that 607,000 out of 795,000 coal miners were on strike, and at the peak of the disturbance the number was close to 625,000.

The event is so recent that every reader of the newspapers can recall the computations based on these figures. Even without the comparisons I am about to offer, these computations now are reminiscent of rival casualty claims during the early days of the war. It was a dull week that failed to depopulate France and Germany—on paper. So, during the coal strike, the newspapers furnished figures, supplied in perfect good faith by scores of agencies or made up by their own experts, calculating the enormous losses suffered by miners and operators. It was a matter of simple arithmetic to multiply the number of strikers by the rate of pay, and multiply that figure by the number of days the strike lasted. The result ran into an imposing total of days and dollars lost, but no one seemed to wonder how the miners stood up under it. They endured it, of course, as the speculator endures the loss of profits he might have made if he had only bought at the bottom and sold at the top.

But that is not a perfect parallel. We are not limited in this case to generalizations. On page 485 of a pamphlet entitled Coal in 1922, published by the Geological Survey, is a chart showing production, capacity, men employed, mine price per ton, and average number of days lost at bituminous mines from 1890 to 1922. It reveals that the average number of days lost in 1922 was 166, or just seven days more than the average loss in 1921. Both losses were excessive, even for an industry which has never worked full time. But the fact remains that the strike cost the miners only one week's pay more than the depression of 1921.

Now if we forget about the miner for a moment and swing around to the public point of view we make another and even more amazing discovery. In 1922, despite the average loss of a week's work, we actually produced 6,346,149 tons of soft coal in excess of the production for 1921. Obviously that end was achieved by a higher efficiency. What happened was that work was not subject to the usual lost days in the months before and after the strike. Before the strike the country increased its stocks in anticipation of the walkout. Meantime the miners ran up their earnings and put the surplus aside against the days of idleness. After the strike, stocks were depleted and demand kept the mines busy for the rest of the year.

Playing Up to the Public

Looking back at these figures over the cooling years, we can see now that the widely proclaimed national menace was not a menace at all. More than that, we can see that the excitement felt by the more voluble elements of our population never communicated itself to the general public. The attitude of the miners is best indicated by the fact that not a single act of violence was reported. They went about their striking as calmly as ordinarily they go about their work. This was not because they are endowed with less emotion or more control than other elements of our population. It was due to the fact that they reacted to definite information concerning the whole status of the strike.

The attitude of the public was by all odds the most important phase of this information. I am not revealing any secret when I say that the leaders did not lose sight of it for a single instant. How could they, with 600,000 observers reporting daily on what the people were saying? Nothing could be more obvious than this, yet even the students of labor matters seem to have overlooked it. Perhaps our habit of thinking of the strike in terms of fifty years ago is responsible. Every editorial writer in the land is aware that a new strategy has been developed in strike management, but few of them seem to suspect it is the consequence of a new vision. To say the worker has common sense for gratefully accepting what chance has given him is to offer him a halo of stupidity.

As I see the developing strategy of labor leaders, the object today is to win through pressure of public opinion. The strike is still a contest, but it has taken on some of the aspects of a friendly suit, with the public as the supreme court. No one knows better than the experienced labor leader that you cannot get public approval by compulsion. He knows this because he deals directly with one of the most independent units of the public. More than that, he has learned that he cannot pinch or even inconvenience the public without hurting himself.

There isn't anything philanthropic about this attitude. We shall probably continue to have strikes as long as men must work to

(Continued on Page 109)

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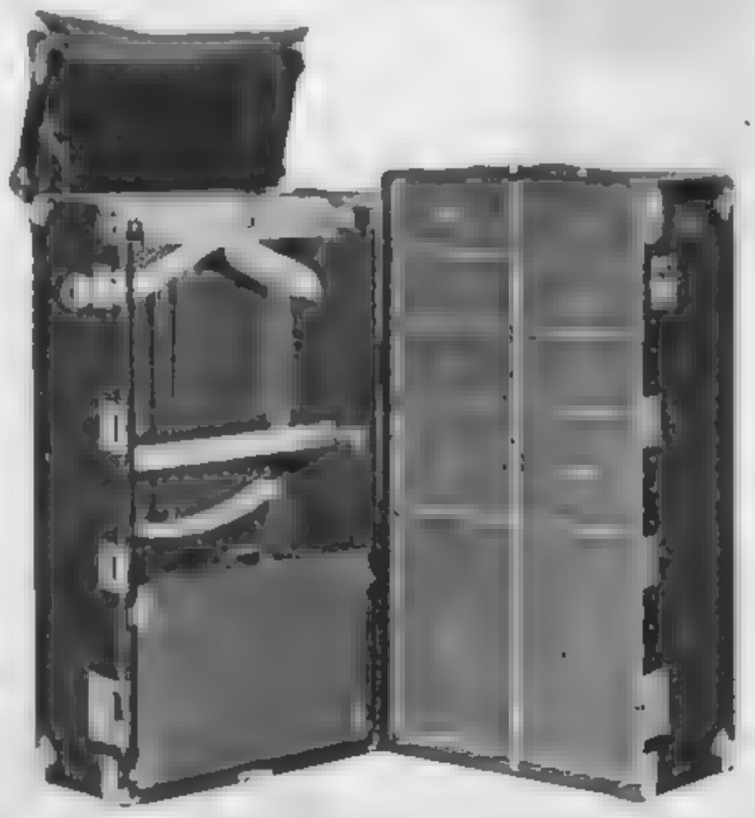

One of the new models specially designed for Christmas giving.
Now on display at Hartmann dealers' everywhere.

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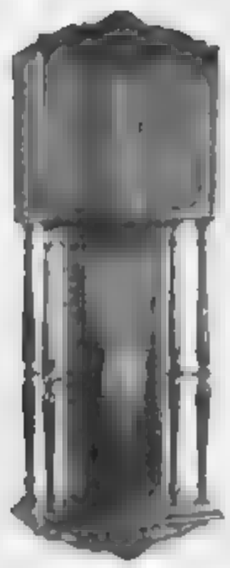

The Wall Speaker

Designed for use on top of the console or to be hung on the wall. Looks like an old fashioned wall clock, flanked by four graceful spindles and supported by a narrow shelf at the bottom. From the standpoint of acoustics there is a certain advantage in having the mouth of the speaker six or more feet from the floor. The tone vibrations are better distributed

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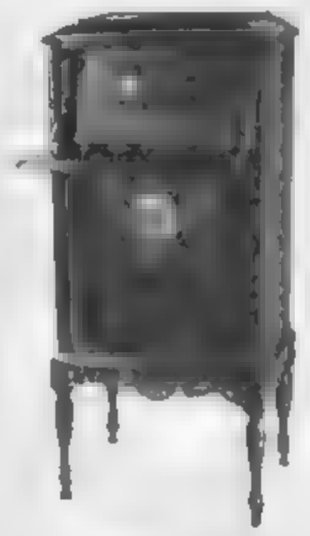
The "Highboy"

A more elaborate console model, eighteen inches wide and seventy four inches high. Speaker is contained in a tall, graceful superstructure extending six feet from the floor. There is nothing like it in radio design. It is like a grandfather's clock or perhaps more nearly like a tall, slender cupboard of old English design

$235

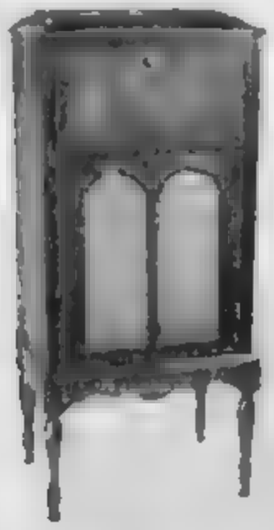


Model 201

"Single-tuned Six" Console without speaker, but space for A and B batteries and charger or socket-power equipment. Six tubes

$170

Listening to Pfanstiehl "Overtone" Radio is like being there yourself—The Tone is so Lifelike



Model 202

Something Really *New* in Cabinet Design

There is so little machinery in a Pfanstiehl, inside and out, that an extremely compact console cabinet is possible—only eighteen inches wide and forty-one inches high. And still it has room for every a[illegible] needed to [illegible] a [illegible] and—no speaker. A and "B" batteries and charger, or socket power equipment. Everything is contained in a petite piece of furniture making a well balanced radio unit. The console is a space saver, fits anywhere—in a corner, between windows, or between doors—however contracted the space

$210

PERHAPS you recall, not so long ago, when the projection of movie films on the screen was somewhat blurred and unsteady. Compare that with the lifelike movies of today, and you have an apt parallel of the difference between reception with ordinary sets and the pure, rich tone of the Pfanstiehl "Overtone" receiver.

The difference lies in mastery of the overtones—how exactly they are reproduced. It is they which give tone color to voice or music, are its very "soul." Pfanstiehl has solved this problem by protecting the delicate vibrations which make overtones. There are no complicated parts in the set to absorb or distract them.

Such parts are commonly employed in radio to correct errors which arise in the radio stream while being highly amplified. In the Pfanstiehl there are no errors to correct. The stream flows unhampered through the set. Hence the tone is lifelike and natural—as if you were listening to the singing or playing at its source.

In Radio, as in all mechanical and technical progress, simplicity is the goal and most difficult to attain. In Pfanstiehl design it is an outstanding merit.

Precision Tuning with a Single Knob

Simplicity also governs tuning. Single control that tunes *exactly* is possible only with a set that is extremely simple inside. It cannot be appended to the inner workings of a complicated receiver. If the set is designed for simple, direct flow of radio energy it does not need multiple control.

Thousands of radio owners know the advantage of Pfanstiehl single control. They enjoy the convenience of turning a single knob to immediately reach any wave length desired. A child can tune as *accurately* as an expert. It can be done in the dark, blindfolded, by ear if you like.

Model 20

"Single-tuned Six" Table Set.

$125

Seek a demonstration and learn what true radio enjoyment is

Pfanstiehl Radio Sets are sold only by authorized, exclusive dealers. There is likely one near you. He will be glad to demonstrate the simple tuning and lifelike tone. The beauty and workmanship of the cabinets you can see for yourself. If your dealer cannot show you the Pfanstiehl models, write us for catalog illustrated in color

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Pfanstiehl Overtone Radio

Prices West of the Rockies Slightly Higher

(Continued from Page 106)

live. I do not expect to see any change in the normal human desire for betterment that leads to strikes. But I think the great mass of workers has caught some inkling of the eternal truth that power carries with it responsibility for restraint, if only for self-preservation. The workers have had their Frankensteins. I believe they have learned by experience that the abuse of power, which is responsible for most human misery, is also the beginning of the loss or destruction of power.

I know of nothing that more aptly illustrates community of interests in a nation than the way in which this development has kept pace with the growth of enlightenment on the part of employers and the general elevation of social standards. There is a parallel even in the physical expansion of business and labor organizations. As his unions have grown the workman has recognized the economy of doing things on a large scale, and size has compelled him, as it compels the corporation executive, to look further and further ahead. Strikes, as I have shown, are becoming less frequent. The really important strikes are also becoming larger. The union now employs as capable legal and economic aids as the great corporation. And we are beginning to see that the bigger and more powerful it becomes the less it has to gain by striking.

Ten or fifteen years ago, when labor thinking had not yet freed itself of the fallacy of force, many liberal-minded citizens, with the welfare of labor sincerely at heart, regarded the growth of labor organizations as a menace to our form of government. They could not foresee that this expansion would bring a development of self-responsibility a thousand times more powerful than the more or less artificial restrictions of legislation. Some who have measured the mind of labor by the utterances of the negligible but vociferous radical minority may still be inclined to doubt that this is so. But if we substitute self-interest for self-responsibility the proposition demonstrates itself.

As I see it, the attitude of the man who has it in his power to call a strike today is somewhat analogous to that of a man with a pistol containing only one shot, who finds himself cornered by a mob. By using that shot as a threat, the chances are he may hold his adversaries at bay until help arrives. But if he shoots, he runs the risk of a rush which he knows will annihilate him. The part of judgment for him is to withhold his fire and shout for help. And that, in effect, is what the unions have been doing in this country. I am speaking, of course, in the national sense. This reasoning is not as applicable to a local where the issue is intense and clear-cut. That is why we had 1301 strikes and lockouts during 1925. Most of them were local disturbances that never would have reached the strike stage if the preliminary negotiations had been handled through a national headquarters.

Power in the War Chest

It may be pointed out here that a clear-cut national labor issue is much less likely to develop than a local one. Undoubtedly the new attitude of employers toward the rights of workers is partly responsible for this situation. But although we have done some amazing things in the way of voluntary reduction of hours and increase of pay, it is not yet by any means a national policy. The supply of anything is the result of a demand. If the chief function of the union were to strike, the natural procedure would be to save up and pyramid the little issues in the hope that out of them would come something to justify a national strike. Instead, the real leaders of organized labor spend most of their time trying to straighten out local disputes, and the union which operates at maximum efficiency may be considered as one which never permits anything to reach national proportions.

The self-interest, or responsibility, may be illustrated from still another angle. Union power is sometimes estimated in terms of its treasury, and—still speaking in the language of the eighties—we call this the war chest. Actually, the bigger it grows the more risk attaches to its use for war purposes. After all, labor leaders and union members are subject to the normal human impulses. A noted humorist recently had one of his characters saying that he could not afford to strike with wages at eight dollars a day and payments coming due on the house, the car and the savings fund to send the children through college. The psychology of organized labor is only the sum of the psychology of its members, magnified by the broader view to be expected of those who must think in national terms.

When we reduce the consequences of this thinking to terms of the individual we get a still better picture of the remarkable standards of peace attained. At a rough estimate, one worker in every ten union men was on strike last year, but the average period of unemployment as a consequence—twenty-seven days—was not much more than the normal seasonal lay-off in many trades, and considerably less than in others. Labor organizations have now reached a higher membership than ever before in the history of the country. A study recently completed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows an aggregate membership of 4,448,523 in American organizations. This, however, includes 201,981 Canadians. The American membership of 4,241,542 represents somewhat less than 10 per cent of our working population. Therefore only one worker in every 100 found it advisable to stop work last year in order to enforce his demands, and the stoppage was less than 10 per cent of the available working days.

The Birthplace of Issues

Perhaps I should make it clear at this point that I have no desire to defend the strike as a means to an end, nor do I wish to minimize the tremendous economic loss entailed by this form of persuasion. My idea is that we shall make much more rapid progress if we can begin to see things as they are, free of the emotional influences handed down to us through generations of constantly diminishing struggle. In our most gracious tributes to the progress made we are still apologetic. We seem to be boasting of the worker's common sense not because we are proud of it, but because we are ashamed of being strike-ridden. A foreigner knowing nothing of our national life might be justified in the inference, from our most satisfied statements, that our industries are in almost constant turmoil.

The classic example that comes to mind relates to the coal strikes of 1922. In our records at Washington they are listed as the anthracite and bituminous strikes—two separate disturbances. When we started to compile the national record of strikes for that year, however, we discovered that certain state bureaus had reported 1200 disturbances within a single state. A little inquiry brought out the fact that in this state they were counting each mine as a separate strike. I submit that, though the method of keeping records may be a detail, the frame of mind it indicates is not calculated to reduce industrial disturbances.

It may appear that I am overemphasizing the importance of what men are thinking about strikes, but it is my reasoned judgment that issues come from a refusal to think, by one side or the other, and sometimes by both. I should say, also, that what the public thinks is vastly more important than the opinions of any group of employers or workers, since it determines the ultimate settlement. This is the one rule that never changes. No matter which side may appear to win when the struggle ends and the men have gone back to work, it may not be said that a strike is settled until the public has agreed to and approved the settlement. I am fully aware that this is a broad statement, but I am convinced that any open-minded person may prove it for himself by a review of strike history. I think, also, that one of the great auguries

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Yes, sir! The grand old face is all smiles, mornings, when you change over to the quick, snappy MOLLÉ method of shaving without soap, brush or lather.

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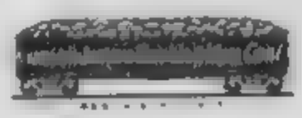
Such is the story of Consolidation *Clean* Coal. At the beginning it is rich in heat content and is remarkably free from the constituents which fuel experts seek to avoid. But all this richness would be wasted if it were not protected by the methods of preparation which make Consolidation *Clean* Coal possible.

These are the reasons why Consolidation *Clean* Coal invariably lowers production cost when it replaces ordinary fuel.



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CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg*
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of eventual industrial peace is the extent to which employers and workers have recognized the tremendous power of the force of public opinion. Whether or not they have reasoned it out in detail, both sides have come to a realization that when an injustice is done in a strike settlement the pendulum of adjustment is likely to swing so much further when it gets under way.

In years gone by the worker had to wait a weary time for this swing to start, and it was not until the founding of our own country that he could begin to see any benefit in it for himself. Within the memory of living men the process took so long as to be invisible except historically. But today we can actually see it working. It may be followed through the aftermath of any great strike in recent years. We may even note within current times a speeding up of the public response to a condition which it regards as a social evil. Students of labor matters have always said that no great strike fails in the long run, and today the wait is shorter than ever.

Victory Through Defeat

The great steel strike of 1919 is a case in point. Considered within the limits of its actual duration, it was one of the most crushing defeats ever sustained by organized labor. The strike started September 22, 1919, when 280,000 workers left the mills. Within a week the total had reached 300,000, making the disturbance the largest up to that time in our history. On January 1, 1920, after the strikers had learned that 75 per cent of the vacated jobs had been filled, the strike was formally called off as a complete defeat. Not only had the contention of the management that a twelve-hour day was essential in steel making been upheld, but apparently the country had reconciled itself to this situation.

A little more than two years later, however, the heads of the steel industry met in Washington at a conference called by President Harding, and without any compulsion except that of public opinion voluntarily agreed to abolish the twelve-hour day and to establish eight-hour shifts in the mills. By this time there was no direct pressure of organized labor against the employers. Although a small library had been written about the strike, all the excitement and much of the bitterness engendered by it had subsided. But it had also become quite evident that the great majority of Americans resented the twelve-hour day. They resented not only its social consequences, but the implied limitation of national ingenuity. One way to get things done in this country is to insist that they cannot be done. Look back over the most conservative publications a year after the strike, and you will find a steady, persistent barrage of argument for eight hours in steel at any price. One need not take any of the credit from the heads of the industry for the voluntary nature of their act to realize the force of this pressure. It was as if the whole nation had turned its eyes on steel.

Contrast the speed of that adjustment with the time required to clinch victory for what may be regarded as the first nation-wide strike in Anglo-Saxon history—the Peasant Revolt in England in 1381. While this is more commonly regarded as a political revolt than a strike, the fact remains that a sharp rise in wages, due to a scarcity of help following the Great Plague of 1348, planted the seeds of disturbance. Efforts of feudal lords and barons to stop the practice of wage earning and hold the serfs to the land and to the old practice of paying their tribute in produce impelled the farmers to form organizations. They combined, be it noted, for the right to earn wages. And though they were put down with more violence and bloodshed than any similar dispute in history since then, the eventual victory was the destruction of feudalism. Half a century after this first strike, feudalism had vanished, never to return.

It may seem rather far-fetched at first thought to compare this uprising for what is now commonly accepted as a fundamental human right with the recent strike in steel. Actually the steel workers demanded and got relatively more than the peasants. The first revolt established a principle of freedom, but the second extended the operation of that principle for hundreds of thousands of human beings to an extent that was beyond the wildest dreams of the peasants. And while it is not my intention to reopen any of the buried controversies of this unfortunate strike, it had one other lesson which would justify the belief that the strike is passing: It demonstrated that the American worker knows when not to strike.

It is now common knowledge that divided opinion among certain groups of organized labor had much to do with the defeat of the steel workers. The leader of the strike set this down as the chief cause. Perhaps because of this, a widespread belief had developed that support was withheld because of the absence of unity. It is true that in the middle of 1918 a committee representing fifteen unions succeeded in bringing 150,000 steel workers under organization, but conservative elements in the ranks of labor hesitated to lend support to the strike because they disapproved the note of radicalism which appeared among some of its advocates. These conservative elements preferred to postpone the strike. The Great War had but lately ended. It was a time for united effort in the restoration of industry to a peacetime basis. Every individual in the country had on his hands the problem of recovery. Public opinion was that grievances should be left to future adjustment.

A complete statement of these reasons at the time probably would have ended the strike much earlier. But while Mr. Gompers tried to postpone it in accordance with a request from President Wilson, and then grudged, it is said, the support and sanction of his organization for the reasons outlined when the effort at postponement failed, he did not feel called on to oppose the strike, for perfectly natural reasons. To my way of thinking, the action of standing aside during this contest gave the final answer to any fear of domination by the one big union. If the policy had been victory at any price, there were undoubtedly times during the early days of the strike when complete unity in labor ranks might have turned the balance in favor of the strikers. Unquestionably the struggle could have been much prolonged. There were many temptations to this course, as various elements commanding a nation-wide hearing came to the support of the strikers. But organized labor held off.

One Big Union Unlikely

In passing, it might be noted that with the development of its new vision toward the strike, labor seems to have lost the once paramount desire for the one big union that would be all the phrase implies. The American Federation of Labor, with 3,383,997 members in its affiliations, is now the largest in the history of the world. Yet it represents, roughly, only about 69 per cent of the union organizations having national entity—107 out of a total of 156. And the 1,059,526 members in the independent organizations include such powerful groups as the great railroad brotherhoods.

The dream of a great single organization embracing all the workers of the country really came to an end with the collapse of the Knights of Labor, the first really ambitious step in that direction, which was formed in Philadelphia in 1869. Those who work are alike in having to work, but that bond alone could never be strong enough to hold in a single body the millions who otherwise are as distinctly individual as all other human beings. And even if the desire still existed, labor has learned some of the penalties of mere size. Another influence against it is the elevation of standards. Not every local can obtain affiliation with a national organization merely by application. The final reason why we shall probably never see the one big union, however, is that the workingman can get what he wants without it.

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POWERFUL pick-up of depleted energy during idle hours—*greater recuperation!*—*there* you have the reason why YALE "B" Batteries live longer—why they cost LESS per radio hour!

And so this *exceptional* advantage of "Plus Power" is added a quietness and steadiness of energy-flow that transforms each radio hour into sixty minutes of uninterrupted delight!—*vital* reasons why you should demand—and change to—YALE Batteries!

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AND DID THOSE FEET—

(Continued from Page 10)

as a commercial center, but railways were now making the dreamy southern town the haven of the head clerk and the small city man, fleeing from the fog and smoke of London to the downs. For this class Alexander Bruce, Esquire, Builder, flung up villas with astonishing cynicism.

It was during his first stay in Middleford that he met Jerusalem's mother. He was staying in a boarding house kept by English people who for four generations had been coming down in the world, but about whom clung the sense of gentlefolk, like the faint scent of verbena. Jerusalem's mother Lord Kirkoswald could hardly remember, except that she was a very romantic woman. She had called him her gray Scottish deerhound. Her love and her complaisance Kirkoswald had accepted like any other weakness of the boarding house, like an extra egg at breakfast or a free fire in his bedroom. When she told him she was going to have a child, he was quite firm that he was not going to marry her or do anything for her.

She was a sensible woman; she made no scene. Only her face drained of blood, like the face of a guillotined man. She said nothing; only looked at him. It took him some time to forget that face, but in the end he succeeded in forgetting it, as he succeeded in everything. She wanted romance and she had to pay for it in realism, just as in any economic dispensation. Later on he knew he had a son by her. She had become a dressmaker in Saturday Street, near Middleford. The local clergyman, seeing that she was in straits, and thinking of the child's future, had come to see the father at Westbourne, where he was building a new civic hall.

But Kirkoswald had been firm. He admitted no responsibility. He wouldn't have minded a five-pound note, but give people of that indigent class a finger and they'd take the whole of your hand. "No, no! How do I ken the bairn's mine? And besides, as yourself says often, no doubt the Laird will provide." He could not forbear a slap at the clergyman, who belonged to a class, he considered, of privileged paupers and loafers. But the clergyman did not fight back. He was silent a moment. "I think," he finished quietly—"I think the Lord will."

Three years later he married the daughter of a great brewer whom he met at Westbourne. She, too, was a very romantic woman. Her family were very much against the union, but as she was a rich woman in her own right, no parental interference discouraged Bruce. Her father was a shrewd business man and recognized in his son-in-law the elements of a great success. With her money and his own savings, he began a big career in building. He was bold and unscrupulous. Civic politics in England are quite as venal as anywhere else in the world, but they are managed with a dignity and reserve that chill the heart of the agitator. Moreover, ninety-nine out of a hundred agitators agitate only until bought in. The English mentality is somewhat slow, and when a fact is accomplished the ordinary tax-paying citizen accepts it with a fatalism which would make an Arab envious. He may grumble in his pub in the evenings, but he burnishes up on Sunday and goes to church and sings the lilting hymn:

All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high and lowly
And ordered their estate.

V

IN THE years before the German war England's prosperity was so universal that everybody became a Liberal. Labor was so well fed as to forget the dream of revolutions, and Toryism was lulled to a pleasant drowsiness by port and good will. A Celtic visionary, seizing his opportunity, pushed through in a constitutional manner a caste revolution as thorough as the bloody labor of France. Party politics, coinciding with his schemes of private gain, made Bruce so heavy a donor to the party as to earmark him for one of the new peerages, and when the war came, with the necessity for new barracks and camps, it not only made him a millionaire many times over but a great patriot. He became Lord Kirkoswald.

His wife died in the dark early days of the war, and his daughter Isabella—Ishbel now, in the old Scottish fashion—had grown up to be a grave and, as far as expression went, a beautiful girl. Kirkoswald bought a great place in Surrey from an impoverished family and decided to settle there. He might have married again, but he found himself, what with his own money, his wife's and father-in-law's money, beyond the necessity of an alliance for gain. He was too canny to marry a young woman for her beauty. He had had so much beauty free.

He found himself now in this position that he had all the money he wanted, and there was nothing he wanted to do with it. He found himself ennobled, but still an outsider to families whose nobility was recorded for half a hundred generations. Once he had achieved his peerage, he was quick to cut free from the party which had given it to him. But the caste system of England was not to be done away with legally. He could never quite understand the old crowd. Their women were outspoken as navvies, free and easy in their manner. But underneath this their virtue was like chilled steel.

One does not let Crusader Fathers down. A woman of another class who aped their verbal indiscretions would be only vulgar. As to the men, their reserve infuriated the old man. Their courtesy was terrible. An only beloved son died for his country. The father said nothing. His hair was whiter, but his back was straighter. An outsider could no more speak about it to the father than he could ask a Perfect Ashlar about the secrets of the craft.

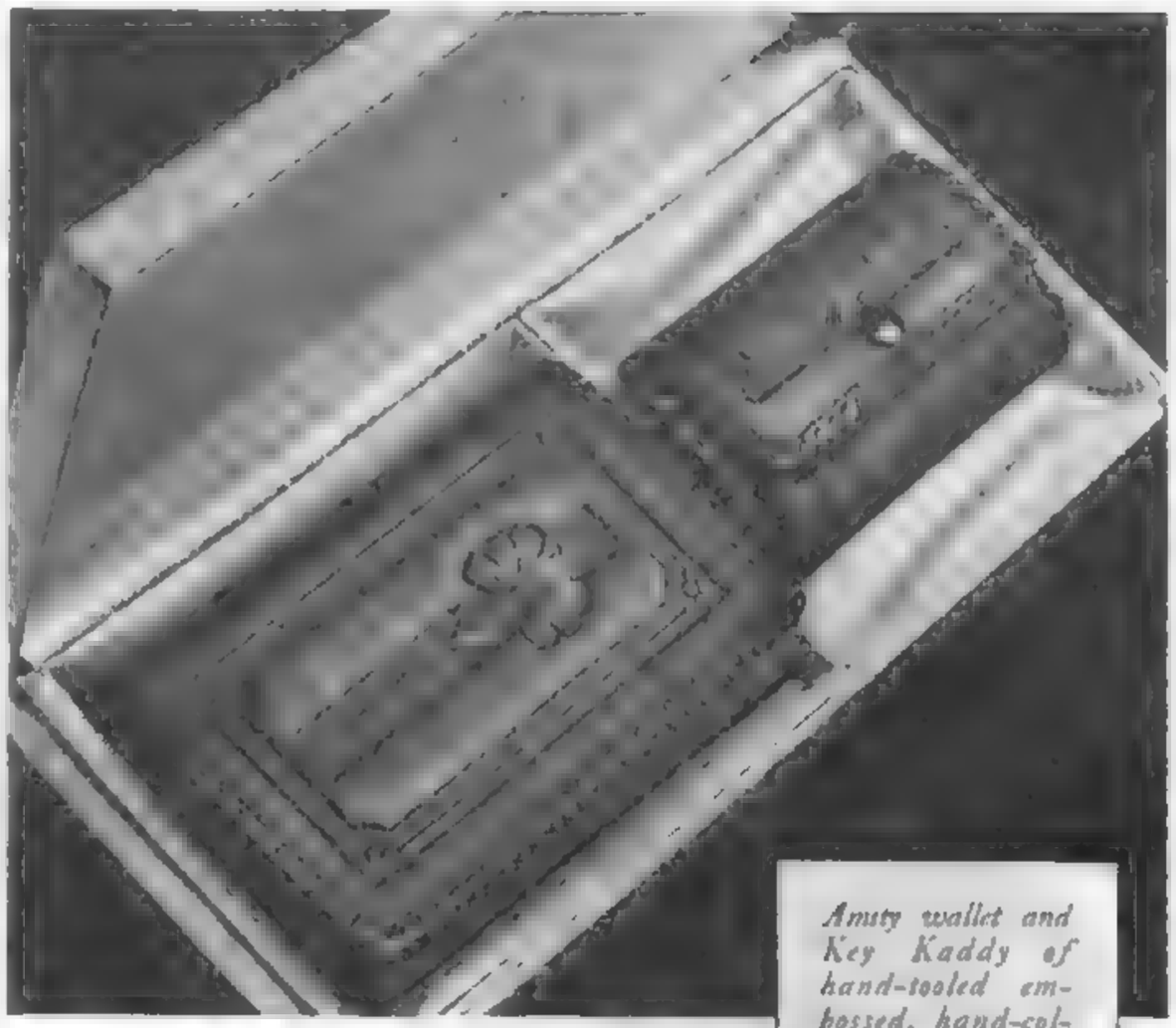
Death duties and postwar conditions made bankrupt the old families. They accepted it quietly. They got up from England as a man of breeding might get up from the gambling table where he had lost his last sovereign. A nod, a smile, a casual word and they went off to Australia, to Canada, to South Africa, and settled down to farming, marrying some colonist's capable daughter, and the Garter and the Lyon and the Ulster Kings-at-Arms knew them no more.

The daughter Ishbel had as kindly brown eyes as anyone would wish to see, and a sweet mouth. You wouldn't call her fat, but too plump for beauty. She was the sort of woman of whom you say, "There's a lot in her." She had the quiet air of one accustomed to money. But a stickler for breeding would not waste two looks at her.

VI

THE parish priest of Saturday Street was now a white-haired old parson whom a quarter of a century of work had worn to a shadow. His chaplaincy during the war had helped to age, so that he seemed more a man of seventy than of fifty. At any rate, there was very little left of the young high-church curate who had asked aid from the growing builder for an illegitimate child.

Yet once again he came to Kirkoswald on the same matter, but the difficulty this time was not that Kirkoswald might be ungenerous but that the boy might not receive. He told the millionaire how the boy had been brought up on charity, but had got employment with a small racing stable in Berkshire. He had been too heavy for a jockey, but was, at the outbreak of the war,



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head man to the old Irish trainer. The stable brought off on the average a dozen good *coups* in the year, and what with stakes and money bet, and now and again a shrewd sale and a shrewd purchase, did quite well. It had never captured but one great classic, and that was the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, but was always dangerous at Kempton and Windsor and the smaller races at Epsom.

On the outbreak of the war Jerusalem, as he was known even then, had enlisted in a cavalry regiment, was promptly dismounted and made a machine gunner. He had been a very reliable soldier, but one to whom his officers did not take quite kindly. His demeanor and action were in accord with military regulations, but his cold blue eye was not. An officer could find nothing wrong with the man but that his look made him uncomfortable, and you can't quite barrack a man for that. All you can do is, when promotion opens, to give the rank to a more sympathetic if less able man.

At Gallipoli, Jerusalem had distinguished himself so valiantly as to be given the Victoria Cross. Under a demoniacal, hysterical spray of machine guns he had crawled five hundred yards to where his company friend lay wounded, and began dragging him in. When the enemy saw what he was doing, the Turkish officer gave the signal to cease fire, and the Australian riflemen broke into cheering. His own battalion took it up. So daring and gallant an episode bleak Gallipoli had never seen.

The incident was mentioned in dispatches by the brigadier and seized on by the papers. No mention was made of the Turks' chivalrous gesture, for propaganda must see to it that there is nothing in the enemy to admire. Jerusalem got his decoration "for valour," with that pension of fifteen pounds a year considered an adequate return for bravery. The authorities considered it a sound investment. It bucked up Berkshire.

The war over, Jerusalem had thought to resume his occupation with the racing stable. But the racing stable was gone. War had hit the sport in England a blow from which it could never recover, and only the great establishments, run as efficiently and as heartlessly as department stores, weathered it. The small stable had been patronized by minor owners who did not feel justified in keeping their horses in the dark days. Now they flung the animals on the market, and old Breen, who had loved his string, lived with and for them, bought them in himself.

Horses which you have known from yearlings, which have run great-hearted races for you—the Irish get fond of them. The buying in of them voided a bank account which had never been of a notable fullness. He tried to carry on quietly, but could not. The civil cruelty of the war was greater than the military. He could go nowhere for help, because his point of view would not be sympathized with. Also, Irishmen were anything but popular in England. Forgetting the hundreds of thousands of that race with the home and with dominion forces, the country seemed only to remember with bitterness the pathetic revolt of Easter in '16.

One afternoon in December he discharged the few remaining employes and saw them off the training ground. Then loosing the horses out of stalls and boxes, he hanged himself with a stirrup leather, putting the iron in a saddle hook. A verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was brought in, his insanity being patent from the evidence of former employes, who stated that while the horses were fed and employes paid, the old man was starving. The horses were rounded up and sold, but as old Breen seemed to have no relatives and died intestate, the prices brought went to the crown.

When Jerusalem was demobilized he returned to Berkshire. Undoubtedly a place could have been found for him, in some capacity, at one of the neighboring stables, but as he said himself, he was fed up with Berkshire. He decided to return to the southern whale-backed down, to Middleford, or to Saturday Street, dreaming in the holly lanes. Before he went he paid a visit to the grave of his old employer.

"No luck, guv'nor!" he said, standing at the foot. "'Ere!" he said, and looked around. He found a small slate, blown from the church roof. "Objection sustained," he muttered, and digging in the grave whereabout the man's breast might be, he buried a small bronze Maltese cross, marked "For Valour."

VII

AT MIDDLEFORD he was offered various employment. Many men in comfortable circumstances offered him the position of valet. Many old ladies wanted him to be their chauffeur, not knowing that valor is a hundred-to-one shot in recklessness which comes off. The posh cinema theater offered him the position of doorman, with a comfortable wage, the certainty of tips and a uniform of maroon and gold stripes. But not only did he refuse these offers but was incensed by them, which made prosperous folk more and more certain that the war had spoiled the lower orders. When he went caddying for a living he ceased to be an object of admiration and became an object of distress. When one thought of one's own relatives, fine young officers, who had received no recognition, and to whom the V. C. would have been so much value in the scramble for billets in a postwar world—disgraceful, some of them called it privately.

Between Lord Kirkoswald and himself there was a bond which both of them recognized and of which neither spoke. Once the old Scotsman had tried to mention it.

"I don't suppose you know ——" the old man had begun, with many preliminary hees and haws.

"I knows my own business, which is caddying," Jerusalem had said, in such a cold and dangerous tone that the subject died conversationally and forever. He was, in a way, proud of the old man, and the old man proud of him. He bore no malice to the peer. The thing had occurred and was occurring so often in Jerusalem's world. Heroics were for the upper classes. You had no time for heroics if you had to work hard for your hot cup o' tea and your kipper. Besides—"I've done well enough wifout him, and"—he grinned—"he ain't done so well wifout me, if you know what I mean."

At times he felt a rough tenderness for the old man. In a very futile patch of the old man's bad golf, he would break in and take the club from his hands. "'Ere, bring your left shoulder around, slow-like, and then, click, let your 'ands go out!" And he showed his own perfect shot. "Now try it. Slow back! Keep your eye on the ball!" But the old man would repeat his fault. "All right, 'ave it your own way!"

At times something Jerusalem would say would infuriate the old man, and no words would pass between them for weeks except such as would pass between a taciturn golfer and an uninterested caddie. For instance, the old man liked to talk of Gallipoli.

"It would have looked better, laddie," the old man thought and said, "if you had rescued your officer instead of an ordinar' private."

"I wouldn't walk from 'ere to that bunker on a sunny day to save an officer," Jerusalem laughed. "But Bill, 'e was my chum."

"I tell you, man," Kirkoswald roared, "you're a red—a low, lousy, r-r-r-red!"

"Yes, I'm a red. So's everybody. Leastways everybody with guts, and no money, and no chance to make it."

"You've had every chance."

"I'm all right. Maybe I don't need money. When my 'at's on, my 'ead's covered. I see some folks 'as money isn't much use to."

"We'll go in from here," said Kirkoswald with outraged dignity. But he was back the next day, silent and bitter.

(Continued on Page 117)

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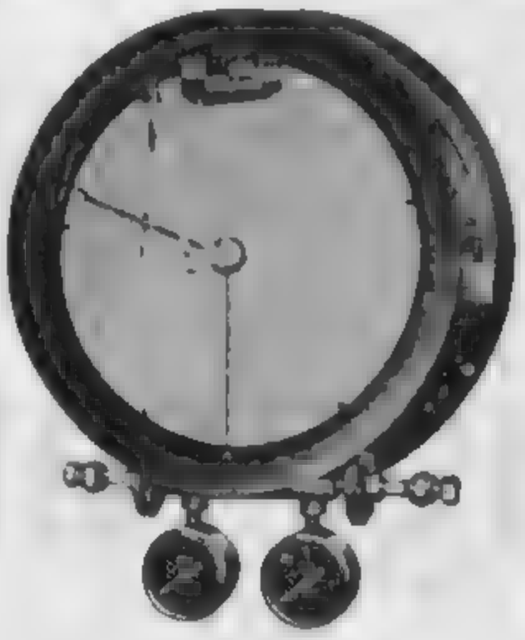

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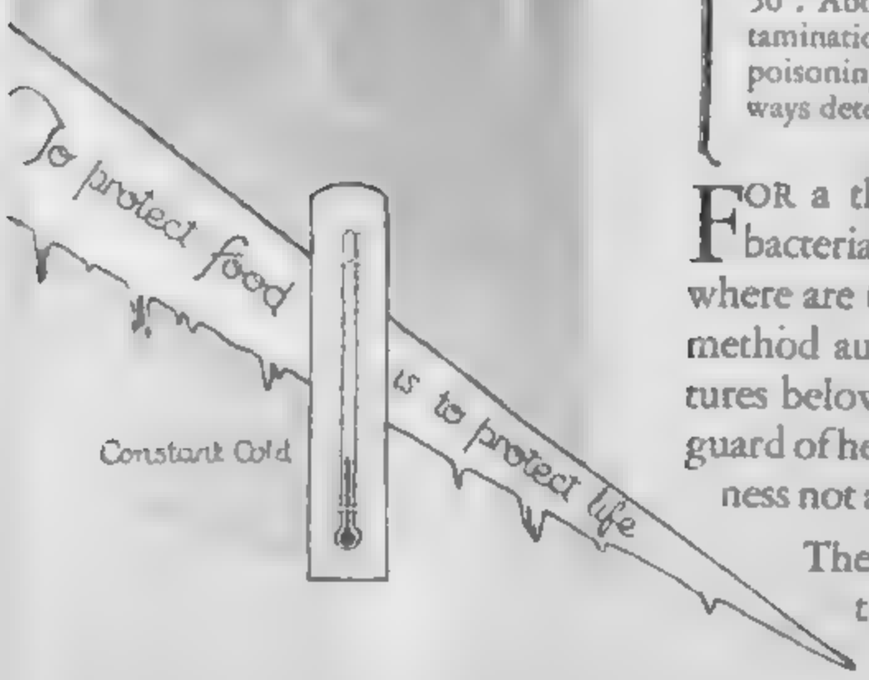

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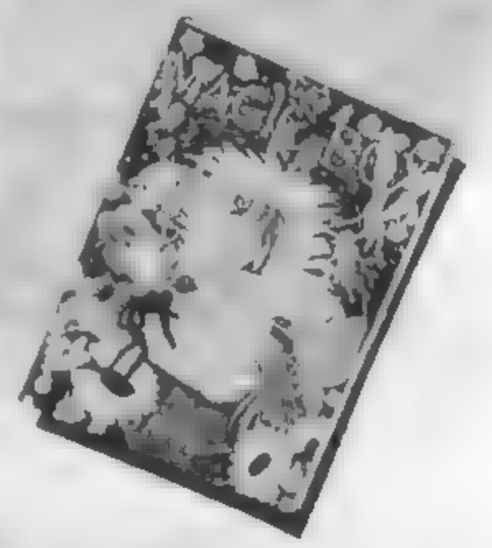

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Electric Refrigeration

-- A WAY TO BETTER LIVING

(Continued from Page 114)

Once or twice their disagreements had been terrific. On one occasion the old man, in a flaring temper over some fancied slight from a county family, struck Jerusalem. Very quietly Jerusalem broke the beautiful wooden clubs over his knee, smashed the irons and flung them, with the golf bag, into the pond, or rather puddle, at the thirteenth hole and walked in. The old man turned up four days later with a new golfing outfit. Jerusalem shouldered the clubs. Nothing was said of the disagreeable incident.

VIII

THE bond between the old man and Jerusalem was weak. It held only by common agreement. But the bond between Jerusalem and his half sister was simple and compelling. Though they never spoke of it, though the barrier of illegitimacy was between them, each knew of the other's feeling. They were victims of the old man's iron selfishness. When they were on the golf links, and Jerusalem not looking at her, her grave dark eyes were always on him, full of a burning sympathy. His eyes on her, when she was not looking, glowed with adoration.

A man fond of horses has always in him an unsullied pool of love for womankind. One's heart rises high at the thought of the colt that, grazing Tattenham Corner, unleashes a fire of speed uphill home to win the Derby stakes, but one's heart goes out to the filly that wins the Oaks. Great beauties, great artists, die and are forgotten, but the memory of Shotover, of Pretty Polly, of Signorinetta, exists forever. No mother with child in arms has, for many men, the heart-moving appeal of a young dam with foal at foot.

Something of this love for a gallant filly was in Jerusalem for his sister. Something, too, of a love he once had for a young springer bitch which had been closer to him than any human being in his life. And with that, too, something tremendously personal.

She never called him Jerusalem. She called him Joe. To him she was always Miss Ishbel. The "Miss" both of them recognized had to be. She was never any good at golf, never would be. But he did his best to make her game into some form.

"You see, Joe, I'm no good." It was very evident.

"Well, what does it matter?" he said.

Sometimes the club professional paired with the secretary, and himself paired with his sister, would play a four-ball match. For these occasions Jerusalem lived. Once in this match Jerusalem made the incredible score of sixty-three—thirty out and thirty-three home—beating the pro's record by five shots.

"I was lucky, dead lucky," Jerusalem said, and his sister smiled, remembering the mounting tee shots, the irons crisp as the crack of a whip, the bold confident putts. "Like I always was," added Jerusalem, and his sister's eyes filled suddenly with tears.

He could take only one present from her—a photograph. "It brings a bit of light into my rat hole," he told himself. This and the post cards she sent him from abroad were his chief treasures. Of her life he knew more than she thought, for he could imagine the dominating personality of the old man in a house.

Once he was able to help her. The old man had gone on a royal commission to South Africa to investigate the possibilities of emigration.

"The poverty of 'er 'eroes," Jerusalem explained it to the County Club, "is breaking old England's 'eart. So she wants us to go off where she won't see us. And she wants us to go off to a British possession, so's when the next war comes she can find the 'Earts of Oak. No work at 'ome. 'Oo the 'ell wants work? We done enough work in four years to last us the rest of our lives. That's where I stand, if you know what I mean."

The old man went off on his ungrateful task. But as the commission took no women along, Ishbel was sent for the winter to Mentone. She returned in February.

"Been to Monte Carlo too," Jerusalem opined. She smiled a little wryly. "Took it by the roots?"

She nodded. Back of her smile there was a little apprehension. She flubbed a shot to the easy third green.

"Got to keep your head down. . . . Much?"

"Thousand."

"Francs?"

"Quid."

"Gaw!"

He was silent for a couple of holes, and then he burst out: "The way I figures is this—you had to let out a wrap and breeze along, if you know what I mean; boil over a bit like."

"I boiled the lid off, Joe."

"That roulette, I knows it," he said. "Give me horses and a form book, and I knows where I'm at. But thirty-six numbers, with zero thirty-seven! Thirty-seven starters, and all of them triers—that ain't gambling; that's murder. Still, you 'ad to do it," he told her. "I'm glad like you went for it. We ain't the sort what picks up tuppences and threepences, if you know what I mean."

At the end of the round he looked at her straight. "I don't suppose you've got fifty pounds loose?"

A pang went through her that the first time her brother had asked for money, she hadn't got it. She pulled from her finger a diamond ring that had been her mother's.

"Will that help, Joe?" she said.

"That'll do." He said no more. She didn't see him until after the Lincolnshire Every time she came up the boy Razor caddied for her. None of the caddies knew where he was. He had gone north, they said. Where was he? They didn't know. He was "staying private."

She got a message from Razor to come up to the golf club for practice. Jerusalem was there with her bag. He said nothing until they were on the seventeenth green.

"'Ere's the ring," he said. She looked at him in wonder "'Ere's a thousand pounds" And he handed her a vast bundle of treasury notes.

"What have you done, Joe?" Her face was white.

"I've 'urt a few bookies, if you know what I mean," he told her. "I put the ring up the spout and went up to the Lincoln and got in on a couple of open-and-shuts. The man wot rides the horses is the man wot knows most about it, and often wot a jockey knows 'e don't tell his guv'nor; 'e tells his pals. Then you use your head, if you understand."

He shut her speech off curtly. "If a man can't help his—his friend, if you know what I mean. See," he told her, "you can't let down before the old man."

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Gaw! If anyone saw!"

"Let them see!" said Ishbel proudly.

IX

THE old man returned from South Africa with the firm conviction that the empire was not the solid thing that government-inspired newspapers would have the public believe. Canada was notoriously chary of English emigration. Australia selfishly refused to take mill hands out of work, but required agricultural laborers and would take as many of these as England could supply. But then, England was not an agricultural country. And now South Africa, with its illimitable resources, wanted only men who would work like giants to make the Union another America. It refused very solidly to be the dumping ground for men whom the home country could not use. The sons of the Boers did not accept their fathers' defeat in that smiling modesty which is the essence of cricket. They loved their veldt, and though they could see that the Colonial Office might be of use to them, yet they could not see their home as an appanage of the colonial officer. If anyone wished to come to South Africa, let him

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come, but let him bring some money with him to develop the resources of the Union. Unfortunately, the men whom England wished to send out were, by some curious circumstance, men who had no money at all.

The old man told his conclusions openly and honestly, and found himself vastly unpopular. The old man was a shrewd business man, but no politician. He should have known better. Small capitalists, who draw their living from Malayan rubber, from Kimberley diamond fields, from Canadian paper mills, mustn't be disturbed in their minds. The old man heard himself being laughed at, saw himself being avoided, and trembled with a cold, speechless rage. He immediately conceived the project of living in France, and spoke of it freely. Among the details of his life, as he saw it, was a French son-in-law for his daughter. He saw Ishbel as Madame la Comtesse of some place or other, and a little grandson who would be vicomte. The origin of his title would not be looked into as harshly as in England. The climate was good.

"How would you like to come to France, my lad?" he asked Jerusalem.

"My pals as were in France got their bellyful."

"It's no' a bad country, and I'd look after you."

"You weren't thinking of racing horses?" Jerusalem looked at him.

"Na, na. Yon's a mug's game."

"What would I do in France?"

"There's caddying," said the old man, "and lodging's cheap. There's a chance you might become professional at one of the resorts."

"Lodging's cheapest of all in hell," said Jerusalem. "And I'm a gambler. I don't want chances. I want a sure thing. England owes us men a lot. I think we'll stay and collect."

"You'll collect a hanging, I'm thinking."

Jerusalem laughed. "Even the plute system won't hang a V. C. It looks too bad. That's where I hedged good."

The talk about France worried Jerusalem, for he had heard of the old man's plans about a French son-in-law. Kirkoswald's sanctimonious-looking butler was a heavy gambler in his way, and was about three evenings a week, from ten o'clock until closing time, a client of the Hand and Flower, whose owner had been connected with a stable in Salisbury and who still was one of the men used for a job. He could organize a raid to the extent of five hundred pounds on the starting-price offices. There most of the punting crowd collected in the back room. It was from the butler that Jerusalem got the word about the projected marriage.

"He'll do it too," the butler said. "Mark me, he'll make her."

"What about the other?"

"Him, he'll scratch. Well, you knows the old man. Ain't he had his own way up to now?"

"'E 'as. And wot's 'e got?"

"He's got the brass, boy, and he's got the title."

"'E ain't got as much as we 'ave. You've got content and I've got freedom."

"I ain't doing so badly, thank you," the butler smiled. "But what's this freedom?"

"If you ain't got it in your 'eart I can't tell you."

"The other" Jerusalem knew about was the last of a local county family—"so-called"—Napper, the business man, had explained, "because they 'ave to count their last ha'pennies." About the romance Jerusalem knew little, but he knew it existed; and because he felt it was his duty, had investigated the man. He was a lean young man from over the Hog's Back, where his family had farmed and bred horses for generations. But now there was practically nothing in farming, the big milk companies having smashed the small routes and London getting its food supplies from Ireland and Canada in cattle on the hoof, from the Channel Islands and Brittany in fruit and vegetables. The Bowmans had in the last generation bred half-Shire horses for haulage, but the advent of the motor-truck had killed that business. Young Bowman had served four years in the war and got the rank of major in the artillery. When he returned, the farm had all but died, and what profit he had made out of selling horses to the army disappeared in his attempt to put it on its feet again. He was now looking for a post as land agent. But these jobs were difficult to get.

Jerusalem went for information to ex-service men around Farnham. "This 'ere Bowman—this major—'ow is 'e?"

"What do you mean, Jerusalem—'ow is 'e?"

"I mean, is 'e all right?"

"'E's all right, 'e is. What I mean, 'e won't let you down, 'e won't. 'E ain't got nothing, but what I mean is, if 'e 'ad somethink, 'e'd still be all right."

"Then 'e's all right?"

"'E's all right."

He saw in the distance one day young Bowman and his sister riding with the Chittingwold Hunt. He liked the way Bowman handled his aged mount. "'E's got 'ands!" Jerusalem decided; but he clucked in pity at his sister's horsemanship. She had not that wise sense of balance which is essential for horsemanship, and she took the small fences clumsily. She'd look well in a little gig driving to the hunt, he thought. "She's a 'ouse-and-garden girl," he decided, "and there ain't many of them. 'Ell! Hunting is a man's business, and golfing is a man's business, but a 'ome is a woman's business. That girl needs a 'ome."

Often when she came to the links now there were dark circles under her eyes and a strained look about her mouth that told a story of weeping. Jerusalem felt he could help her in anything about money, but where the heart was concerned you were out, you couldn't help. That's a road everyone must go on their own, he knew. One had to be philosophical about it. Still, it worried him, and the County Club knew he was worried.

"I've a good mind," he told Razor, "to give you an 'iding."

"What for?" the idiot grinned. "I ain't done nothink."

"No, you ain't done nothink. But if you was to do somethink, 'onest, I'd do you in, I would."

One day his sister came up to practice, she said, and with her was young Bowman. There was a redness to Ishbel's eyes that betokened a storm passed through. Bowman and Jerusalem looked at each other. They liked each other. Bowman's eyes were good eyes, true eyes, eyes that smiled all the time. He couldn't play golf, he told Jerusalem. Played a little polo, but those days were over. There was silence on the round.

Coming home, Ishbel looked at young Bowman. "Norman ——" she said.

He turned to Jerusalem. "What I came up for was this: I'm off to New Zealand in about a month. Emigration and all that. I'm buying a place there—sheep and cattle and all that. Few horses too. Not a big place, y'know, but with a possibility."

Jerusalem looked at him.

"I just thought, in a way, I'd like someone with me. And"—he looked helpless for an instant—"Miss Ishbel," he went on, "suggested you might come. We'd get along all right, I think. I'm—I'm not supposed to be a bad sort. But I'd like to have you. The cattlemen out there are a hard-bitten lot. I'd need help and all that. Now wait. This isn't a job. A quarter interest would be fair -what?"

They looked at Jerusalem silently.

"You're going alone?"

"Alone," Bowman answered. Ishbel turned away.

"It's 'andsome," Jerusalem told him. He flicked at a clump of heather with a putter. "It's uncommon 'andsome, if you know what I mean. You wouldn't think," he said, "of starting a little racing stable here at 'ome. I could 'elp you there. There's money in it. I ain't a-wanting to 'ang medals on myself, but my old guv'nor.

(Continued on Page 121)

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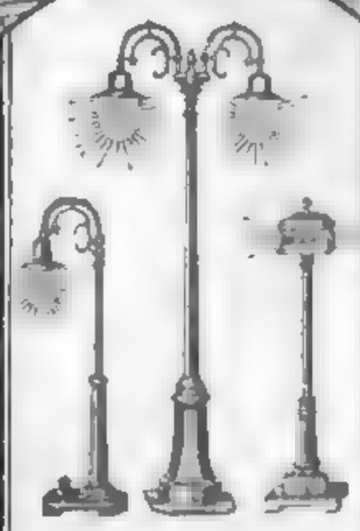

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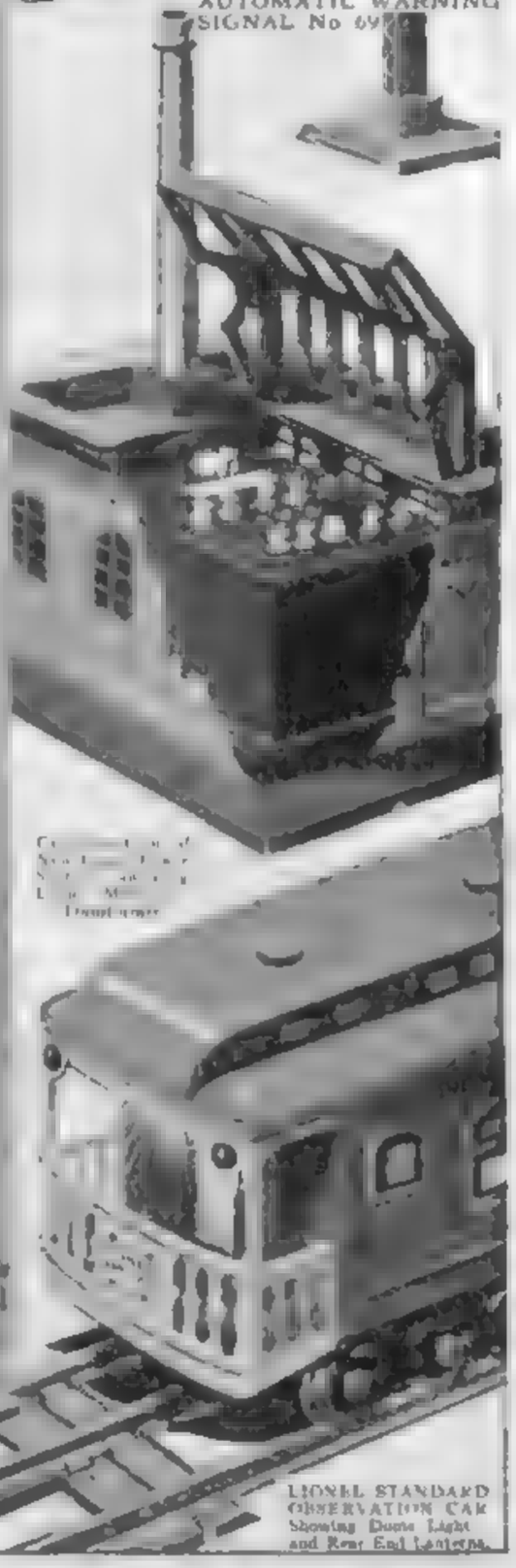

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The American Boy

Detroit Michigan

(Continued from Page 118)

what taught me all I know, was getting old, and it was me readied Banshee for the Molyneux Cup—we done uncommon well there, with the stakes and what we got out of the ring. And when Damozel won the Breeders' Stakes at Sandown, I raised that filly by 'and, I did, and it was the job of the year. You wouldn't think of that?"

"I'd give my eye for the chance, but, Joe, it wouldn't run to it. You've got to have money and patience, and there's always the chance of your bad luck coming first, and all that."

"Well, major," Jerusalem said, "you don't want me to say offhand, do you?"

"Any time before I go, Joe. Tell you what. Come up to the farm some night and we'll go over it. I'll show you my plans."

Ishbel took him aside a minute. "I'd be happy if you were both out there. I don't suppose you've noticed anything, Joe, but I like him. And if you were with him, I know he'd be all right."

"'E ain't gone yet," said Jerusalem.

x

HE TACKLED the business man. "Napper," he said, "if I was to go into some night-school stable, d'you think I could talk sort of 'uman?"

"You can read, can't you?"

"I can read the papers."

"Write?"

"Write and figure, sort of. But my talk is rough-like. Not for the parlor, what I mean. 'Ell! I don't want to talk like an actor, but I don't want to be dropping my aitches like a drunk man drops his money."

"A night school would fix you. What's worrying you?"

"Thinking of settling down, maybe."

"I had a wife myself once, for a while," said Napper, and his fat gray face trembled. "Oh, let good enough alone, Jerusalem."

A certain picture Jerusalem had in his head was obstinate in remaining there. Bowman and his sister married, a small racing stable of which he was private trainer. "Maybe we wouldn't make Dick Dawson and George Lambton look up!" The rolling stretch of Newbury and the hard pull of Ascot came into his eye, and his sister looking on while their horses bolted gamely along. "When she sees her own colors come first past the post!" He wouldn't worry then, he knew. Nobody need know he was her brother. "'Ell, it ain't 'er fault, is it?" She would be happy. Bowman would be happy. He would be happy. The only person to be unhappy would be the old man.

Another alternative came into his mind, and he spoke of it to her when she came again to the golf links. "Major Bowman," he said, "'e's all right."

"I'm glad you know it, Joe."

"If 'e was going out to New Zealand, and I liked him, and I was a woman, I'd go too. I'd bolt if I 'ad to."

"I haven't the courage," she said with a wan smile. "And besides, I can't leave the old man. All he has is me."

"It's your life or his. His is over."

"I know, but I can't. It isn't in me to be brave like that."

"I know," Jerusalem said. "Something may turn up."

He knew she was dreaming, as women will, of a day when all things will come right. For all the money of the family, for all the ephemeral peerage, she was no more than a woman of an artisan, a girl standing by the door of a clean-swept cottage. She might dream of her lover in New Zealand and make a resolve to be true to him, and, indeed, she might be true in her heart, but what her father directed she would not have the courage to oppose. So one day, after a flood of silent and lonely tears, she would go to the altar with the man of her father's choice. The memory of the far-away lover would be like the odor of verbena in her life.

"She can't stay the course. 'Ell! A mare can't run against a railroad engine."

The old man's decision to go to France was hastened by the rumors of coming labor troubles. A general strike of the year before had been broken in less than two weeks by preparation and organization. A vast bitterness remained. The secret councils of action had decided that the next strike, local or general, would hurt. The government agents, posing as rabid communists, had discovered plots in which dynamite was the chief factor. The last strike had been smashed by transit. Well, you might get scabs to drive trains and amateurs to drive, but if the bridges were down and the roads mined, where were you? The government decided to move slowly.

The old man knew that if there were to be mad, dangerous work, somewhere near the center of it Jerusalem would be found. He decided to pump Jerusalem.

"I hear," he said, "there's to be dirty work in the future." He winked portentously. "Capital and labor."

"There's always been dirty work between capital and labor," Jerusalem added. "Without it capital couldn't exist."

"I hear talk of dynamite," the old man queried; "bloody Fenian stuff."

"I take no interest in politics," said Jerusalem. And he moved on toward the ball, humming as he went:

"Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! Oh, clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!"

"Don't take the cleek," he said; "you know you can't use a cleek. Take the deep-faced spoon. Keep your eye on the ball."

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem ——"

"Oho!" old Kirkoswald laughed.

"In England's green and pleasant land."

"You've told me," said the old peer.

"I've told you nothing." Jerusalem looked at him blankly.

"You've told me enough to start my flittin' at once."

"Won't you be up again?"

"Och, aye!" said the old man. "I'll be up for ma last game."

xi

THE old man was playing well, for him, smacking a nice little ball, dribbling it up with an iron, dropping an occasional good putt.

"Man, ye're nervous," he told the caddie. "You walk like a cat. You lay down the clubs as if they were the royal insignia. What's biting you?"

"Oh, nothing," said Jerusalem.

"I thought you wouldn't be up the day," said Kirkoswald. "You were late."

"I had to go to London this morning," Jerusalem told him.

"Politics, I'll be bound," Kirkoswald said shrewdly. "Ah, well! I'm through with those. I'm off to France tomorrow." He threw the club toward Jerusalem. Jerusalem caught it in mid-air. He breathed heavily, white for an instant.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said the old man, "if I did an eighty-five the day."

He went out in forty-two and got a five on the difficult tenth.

"I suppose Miss Ishbel will marry over there."

"Aye, and she'll do well. I shouldn't be surprised if she got a duke. What do you think of that?"

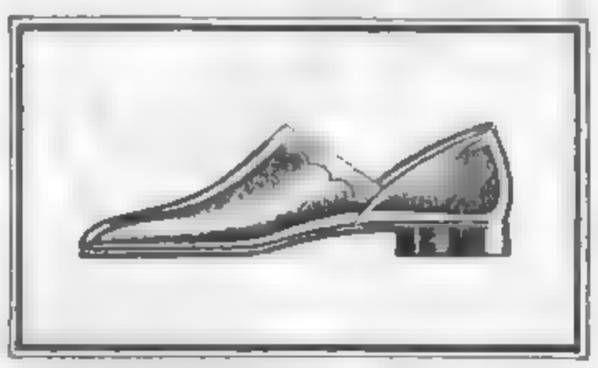
"Froggies are all right," said Jerusalem. "I was beside the First Regiment of the Legion at Salonica. They can fight. They breed good horses. But marriage! They've got queer ideas, Froggies. . . . No, take the jigger and play to the left."

"I suppose," sneered the old man, "you've got the English idea of marrying for love."

"Something-like," said Jerusalem. "She might have a fancy over here."

"Hoot!" said the old man. "I know my own affairs."

"And hers?"



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"If I wasn't playing so well," said Kirkoswald, "I'd send you in for your impertinence."

"Don't take the pitcher," said Jerusalem. "Take the mashie. Even if you top it, you'll get on."

He putted out and moved to the next tee.

"There's someone she has an interest in over here."

"I know that," said Kirkoswald, "but interest is as far as it will go."

Jerusalem looked at the ground a minute. "Women's hearts break," he said.

"Heigh, but you're sentimental!" cackled the old man. "I thought the Scots blood in you would have killed that."

The eyes of Jerusalem were light blue, cold as ice. "There's no Scots blood in me," he said quietly.

But the old man could be insulting too. His smile was dreadful. "Oh, aye," he said, as if he were remembering something, "I could easily have been fooled."

Though it was a coldish day, the face of Jerusalem was wet with perspiration. He wiped it carefully. At the sixteenth tee the old man was held up. A couple with caddies were before him. The old man fumed with impatience. He had three fives for an eighty-three.

The sixteenth at Barley Downs is a dog-leg hole. A hundred yards from the tee a wedge of oak wood comes out in a little copse, and this must be either cleared on the drive or avoided by hitting to the left. A sliced drive will find its way into a bunker from which the green cannot be seen, at such an inclination, from left to right, is the fairway. Jerusalem handed him his driver.

"I'll go ahead," he told the old man. He vanished around the promontory of oaks.

The old man drove with his nasty little click, keeping well to the left. "You'll be good," he decided, but when he got up, he found Jerusalem looking at the ball, a glimmer of white in the bunker.

"It took a bad kick," said Jerusalem. "It's not lying so bad, though," he considered. "A good shot will put you on the green." But he offered no club.

"You won't change your mind," Jerusalem said, "about France and Miss Ishbel?"

"It's my pride," said the old man, "that I never change my mind."

Jerusalem whipped the niblick out of the bag like a man whinging a rapier from a scabbard.

"I'll go ahead," he said, "and shout when they're off the green. Keep your eye on the ball."

He strode off to the left, standing on the shoulder of the down where he could see the green. The couple ahead had putted out and were standing marking a card.

"Fore!" he called. They looked up and waved him on, moving aside from the green. "All right!" Jerusalem called.

The old man's niblick twinkled in the air. The earth of the bunker burst suddenly into a fountain. It hung in the air like some strange dark flower. Then the monstrous bellow of the explosion rushed blindly across the downs.

XII

IT SEEMED to Jerusalem as he walked down the High Street of Middleford that no more scrofulous spring had ever crept into England. Muddy roads and soggy land, and though May was here, there was in the air the feeling of snow. After the old man's death, due, it appeared from the coroner's remarks, to his having struck a communist dump of ammunition, the government had taken quick steps to quell disaffection. Though there had been a strike, all public opinion was against it, and the people who had taken part in it were worse off than before. Niblett, the painter, had been killed in it. An omnibus, which had charged into a party of strikers and their sympathizers, had run over him, breaking his back, and gone on.

The old County Club had broken up; there seemed to be a curse on it. Porky was under sentence of death for killing one of his daughter's friends with a meat ax. He had discovered that all her earnings had not come from laundering. A brilliant young advocate, prosecuting for the crown, had made it seem impossible for him not to have known. "Where did he get the money to get drunk? Drunkenness costs something nowadays!" So old Porky—old Porky was going to get his.

The armless chauffeur had gone into the river one cold night, and armless men cannot swim. He must have found out too. "What else could he do?" the ex-service men asked. "An armless man—'ell, 'e can't pull a trigger!" And so the garage proprietor went unscathed. Poor Napper, the business man, had had a run of good luck backing horses, and then starting as a bookie on Newmarket Heath, his luck had deserted him. He had welshed on the last day, but the crowd catching him, he had been badly mauled, and on top of that the magistrate had given him a year's hard labor as an old lag.

Strangways, the master barber, had been caught in a minor burglary and sent up. Even the boy Razor had not escaped. Some busybody had appealed to the authorities, and he was taken from the caddie house, where he was quite happy, and put in a home for the mentally deficient. Only

(Continued on Page 126)

A Japanese Garden in Pasadena

6,636,060

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they are an index of sales possibilities in any given territory for any kind of merchandise.

That is why so many concerns use Curtis circulation figures to build sales quotas for all territories, and the periodicals themselves to build business.

The gain alone tells the story of natural market expansion; the total, the story of economical market coverage.

Curtis circulation keeps up-to-the-minute, natural pace with the prosperity and opportunity of America.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST	
March 6, 1926 -	2,841,305
March 7, 1925 -	2,498,054
GAIN -	343,251

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	
March, 1926 - -	2,534,658
March, 1925 - -	2,385,403
GAIN - -	149,255

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN	
March, 1926 -	1,260,097
March 7, 1925 -	820,414
GAIN -	439,683

TOTAL	
1926 - - -	6,636,060
1925 - - -	5,703,871
GAIN -	932,189

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Publisher of The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, and The Country Gentleman
ADVERTISING OFFICES: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

On a polo field at Santa Barbara

Renew That Old Time Play Spirit

Los Angeles $10,000 "Open" Golf Tournament, Jan. 5-9, '27.

—Feel it again. *This Winter!* Know the thrill that comes from New and Different Surroundings, in a land where winter is a joy.

LET the genial warmth, the gorgeous sunshine, the flowers, and the pure, sweet, balmy air of Southern California re-make you in a day.

Get out into the vast stillness of its high mountains.

Go down to its broad beaches and rest on the warm sand.

Play golf or tennis in the morning and try skiing or tobogganing in the afternoon of that same day—ride horseback, go camping, fishing, sailing, anything that pleases you—indulge your hobby, whatever it may be.

Motor to a hundred interesting places—over 9000 miles of paved boulevards—to a desert like Sahara, to forests of giant redwood trees, thousands of years old, to visit an Old Mission where Spanish padres taught the Indians, to the great Yosemite National Park (now made available to winter visitors through the opening of a fine, new motor highway).

Travel past scores of miles of orange groves in bearing, through palm-lined avenues. See a glorious lavender-pink sunset reflected from a snow-capped peak ten thousand feet above the sea.

Picnic in a pretty canyon beside a tumbling brook. Climb a mile-high mountain by trolley.

Or enjoy an hour or two of cosmopolitan gaiety—the theatre, a concert, a dance, a wrestling or boxing match—in the midst of a great city, said by globe trotters to be one of the most entertaining in the world.

See the entire Great Pacific Coast from San Diego to Vancouver—including San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane—with rushing rivers, gorges, waterfalls, gigantic mountain ranges, deserts, lakes, agricultural wonders and busy, thriving cities, the fastest growing in the world, along the way. You can stop over as you will. Ask your nearest railroad ticket agent about it.

See the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena January first. Look on at the Ten Thousand Dollar Open Golf Tournament in Los Angeles, January 5th to 9th, inclusive

Living costs and rates at fine hotels or modest boarding places are exceptionally reasonable here

New 63-hour trains now make the trip five hours shorter from Chicago to the Coast.

Plan now to take advantage of these opportunities.

We have issued probably the most complete book on vacations ever put in print, 52 pages, illustrated, telling all about Southern California's offerings.

Before you lay this publication aside, clip the coupon which will bring a copy free to you.

Renew your youth *this winter* on the great Pacific Coast.

Famous Catalina Island, 30 miles off the coast.

See All the Coast

Make it a *circle tour* at very little extra cost over a direct round trip

Out-of-doors the year 'round.

Southern California

All-Year Vacation Land Supreme

The city of Los Angeles, with a population of [illegible] in the great [illegible] of the Pacific Coast and is the hub of one of the country's richest agricultural communities.

The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone.

Value of Agricultural and Live Stock Products (1925), $85,013,744. Value of Citrus Products (1925), $33,241,103. Oil Production (1925), 140,000,000 bbls. Harbor Imports (1925), 4,136,177 tons. Harbor Exports (1925), 26,154,566 tons. Total Harbor Tonnage 30,310,743.

A producing season of 365 days a year permitting year 'round crops.

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. A, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacation [illegible]. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Diego

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

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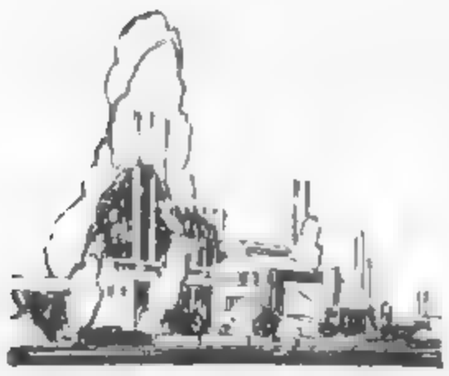

What
ATLANTA
Offers You

TRANSPORTATION—Fifteen radiating lines of eight strong railroad systems. A semicircle of ports with adequate coastwise and export shipping.

LABOR—Intelligent, adaptable Anglo-Saxon people, free from the unreasonable attitude which elsewhere has so seriously hampered production and raised costs.

RAW MATERIAL—26 of the 26 industrial minerals in commercial quantity. Cotton, Lumber and other important materials are all close by.

POWER—Hydroelectric lines serving the area at rates lower, with one exception, than in any other industrial center in the United States.

FUEL—Coal, fuel oils and wood in good supply at moderate prices.

WATER—Soft, and useful in its natural state.

SITES—Plentiful locations on railroads, accessible to Labor, Power, Water, etc. Building costs much lower than in other sections.

WAREHOUSING—Adequate space, well located for reshipment or city delivery.

FINANCIAL RESOURCES—Headquarters Sixth Federal Reserve District. 23 Banks and Trust Companies with resources more than two hundred millions. Atlanta stands 5th per capita in bank clearings nationally, 33rd in population and 11th in volume of clearings.

COST OF LIVING—Estimated by National Industrial Conference Board 7.6% below average for the country. One of the seven low cities in this respect.

SOCIAL ASPECTS—Schools, churches, hospitals, parks, playgrounds and all recreation excellent. Famous as a sport center.

CLIMATE—Altitude of 1050 feet above Sea Level makes for health. No extremes of heat or cold.

No State Income Tax
No State Inheritance Tax

MEMO
to Your Secretary

Send for this booklet
which gives the experience of some of the 700 great concerns which have already come to Atlanta to serve the rich Southern market.

A Message to PRESIDENTS
OF AMERICAN CORPORATIONS

To you who keep a finger upon the nation's business pulse, it has become increasingly evident that hand-to-mouth buying is here to stay. The retail merchant, no longer a warehouse for your products, demands overnight deliveries. Smaller inventories and quick turnover have enabled him to pass many savings to the public. His banker is in favor of the new scheme of things.

These things you know. And to you it must be obvious that Industry can no longer hope to serve the entire United States from any one point, however centrally located. Distance-burdened merchandise finds little favor today.

Many of you have already found the answer in decentralized production—branch plants in each of the major markets.

The South, as America's fastest growing market, merits first consideration. Your own research department will tell you that the buying power of the South has trebled in the past few years—permanent prosperity that offers huge profit opportunities to American producers.

To serve this great market, more than 700 nationally known concerns—after careful surveys and detailed comparisons, have established branches in Atlanta. And each month brings many more.

Atlanta is logically Distribution City for the South. The Atlanta Industrial Area affords not only easy and quick access to a rich market but, due to the proximity of raw materials, efficient Anglo-Saxon labor, cheap power and reasonable taxes, plants here have an amazingly low production cost.

If these things seem too good to be true, if the ideal combination of low production cost plus accessibility to a wealthy market seems Utopian, let us apply the facts specifically to your business. Our engineers will gladly prepare a special and confidential survey covering every phase of your business from production cost to market possibilities.

In fairness to yourself and your stockholders, can you afford not to get these facts? Your correspondence will be held in strictest confidence. *Write to*

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
175 Chamber of Commerce

ATLANTA
Industrial Headquarters of the South

BRICK survived the great storm with a clean bill of health

BRICK, the immutable, the indestructible . . . made of earth to endure like the earth . . . the safest of all building materials in dire emergencies of storm, flood, earthquake and fire!

Every scene of damage in Florida is a scene in which *Walls of Brick* stand unharmed where other walls lay in ruins. The moral is: Build your Walls of Brick . . . to endure come what may, time on end!

Build in the beginning so that you'll never have to re-build. That's economy. Send for a *free* copy of "Building Economy"—a complete description of the Florida disaster, containing fifty photographs showing all types of construction, and the effects of the hurricane.

what's in the WALLS ?

Walls of Brick are superior because (1) they are built of solid, indestructible units; (2) they can't decay or burn; (3) best protection against heat, cold and vermin; (4) no painting or repairs required—upkeep lowest; (5) beauty is permanent; (6) high resale value.

THE COMMON BRICK MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION of AMERICA
2153 Guarantee Title Building, Cleveland, Ohio
Branch Offices in Principal Cities

BRICK forever

Continued from Page 122

one member of the club had gone up in the world, and that was the ex-gamekeeper, who had seduced and married the daughter of the owner of the Mainsail and Jib, and would inherit the business. "'E's an artful one, 'e is. But 'e's a swine!"

Bowman had gone off to New Zealand, but was returning almost immediately, and Ishbel had followed him. They were to be married out there and spend the honeymoon on the return voyage to Tilbury. They had done their best to make Jerusalem come along, but he would have none of it.

"I'll be 'ere when you come back, all right," he had grinned. Besides, he was on a horse for the Derby. He had backed it on the winter books at a hundred and at sixty-six to one, and he considered it the easiest money he had ever touched. But a week before, at exercise, it had thrown the boy who was riding it, and escaping from the training grounds had run a mile until it collided with a motor car and broken both forelegs. It had to be shot.

Jerusalem, with the old crowd gone, could no longer abide the caddie house. And even if he had been in the mood to accept menial occupation, he doubted if he could find it. His V. C. would not help him much. People were now sick of the war and didn't wish to be reminded of it.

As he walked down the High Street, he was sick of it all. The tragedy of the Derby outsider seemed to him the culminating point of bad. "Thirteen hundred quid I stood to win on that moke, and now—*no poo!*" Spring was a mockery. The scant primroses, huddling beside dirty crusts of snow, fair turned your stummick! The drab population of the town, the hopeless faces, the cobblestones wet with mist, gave him the hump. And all he had was fourpence.

He picked up a brick from a pile where masons were building a new sixpenny-and-threepenny shop, and walking down, looked around. He stood in the middle of the street and looked at Fairweather the Spiritualist jeweler's shop. Old Honest but Rich, Fairweather was called. He sang:

"And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

"'Ere, you bloody ghost-twister"—he spat on the brick—"'ere's a manifestation for you." He flung it like a Mills bomb. The crack of glass resounded through the street. O'Rourke, the big Irish policeman, who had been a Connaught Ranger, hurried up.

"Cripes, Jerusalem, what did you do that for?"

"I don't know, Jack. I'm fed up."

"You did it," O'Rourke prompted, "to protest against the prosperity of the middle classes."

"That's it."

"Then it's two months in the second division for you, me bye. Political prisoner; photygraph in th' paper."

"Gorn!"

"'S truth. Ham and eggs for breakfast."

"Ham and eggs, Gaw!"

"Whist drives."

"Chance o' making expenses."

"Come on, Jerusalem, me bye." A small crowd began to follow them. A thick yellow mist came rolling up from the river. Near by, an ex-service man groaned as he pushed along a barrel organ. He stopped and looked at the crowd with optimism, and turning the handle with his one hand, his other sleeve being empty, began to grind out the strains of a popular hymn: "There's a land that is fairer than day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Scientific facts *every home owner must face!*

Tests show that the usual building materials offer inadequate protection against cold and heat. Lining your attic with Celotex will make your home more comfortable. It will save in fuel money more than it costs . . .

Relative heat-stopping values of building materials

These cross sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation, in addition to the usual building materials.

Wood. It takes *three* times the thickness of wood lumber to equal the effectiveness of Celotex as insulation.

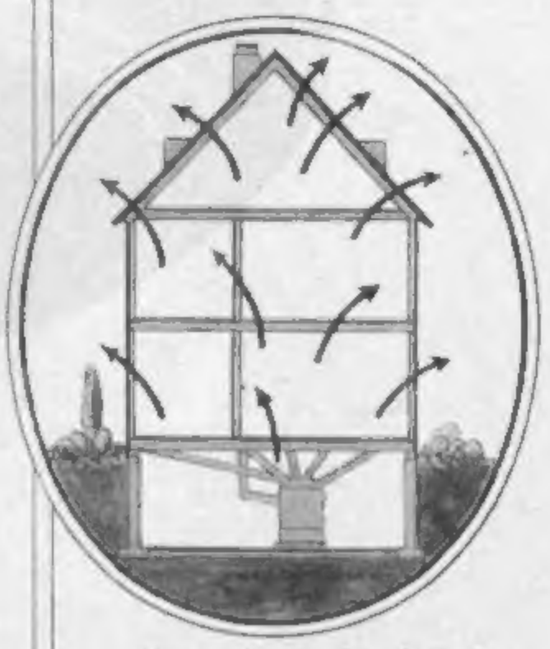
Wall-board. *Four* layers of the average wall-board only equal one layer of Celotex as insulation.

Plaster Board needs to be *four* times as thick as Celotex to equal it in insulating value.

Plaster would have to be *eight* times as thick as Celotex to resist the passage of heat and cold as effectively as Celotex does.

Celotex. This layer of Celotex is equal in insulating value to the proportionate thicknesses of the other materials shown here.

These data are compiled from tests published by the American Society of Refrigerating Engineers and other recognized authorities.



Because furnace heated air naturally rises, more than 60% of the avoidable heat-leakage in an uninsulated house occurs through the roof

Notice how quickly snow melts off the roofs of most houses. Furnace heat, leaking through the roofs, melts it. Note how snow remains on the roof of the insulated house

NO HOME is modern today that does not shut out winter's cold and summer's heat . . . that is wasteful of fuel!

Solid construction is not enough. The usual building materials: wood, brick, plaster, wall-boards, shingles and roofing materials, etc., alone offer too little resistance to the passage of heat and cold. Scientific tests prove it.

And careful experiments in hundreds of homes show that there is an *avoidable* heat loss of from 25% to 35% right through solid walls and roofs of homes built with only these materials.

A special heat-stopping, or insulating, material is needed. And such a material is available for *every* home, new or old, *right now.*

This material is Celotex, the amazing lumber that stops the passage of heat and cold . . . shuts out wind and moisture . . . quiets noise.

Already more than 90,000 new homes built with Celotex have set a new American building standard.

For these homes are winter-warm, summer-cool, quiet, strong and about ⅓ more economical to heat.

LINE YOUR *attic with Celotex.* Thousands more who built before Celotex was available are now making their homes modern by lining their attics with this amazing lumber.

While attic insulation cannot effect the same results as complete house insulation, it gives protection where it is most needed. The roof is the most exposed, yet the thinnest and least protected part of your house. Also, because heated air rises, more than 60% of the *avoidable* heat-leakage in an uninsulated house is through the roof in winter. And in summer, such a roof is poor protection against the sun's attack.

SAVES MORE *than it costs.* Lining your attic with Celotex is not a big job or an expensive job. You simply nail the broad, light boards right to the studding and rafters. Enough Celotex to line your attic will cost you very little. And Celotex will more than pay for its cost in the fuel money it saves.

Celotex also converts your old attic into a comfortable, livable room. Its golden-tan color and rough-textured surface make an attractive wall finish . . . or you can decorate it in many ways.

There are also many other places where Celotex is the ideal material for repairing or remodeling.

ASK YOUR *Lumber Dealer*, architect, or contractor to tell you more about this amazing lumber. All lumber dealers can supply Celotex. Also ask about the $200 *gold bond* now issued on all Celotex-insulated homes.

Meanwhile, send the coupon below for the free Celotex Building Book. It tells you how to use Celotex in old and new homes alike.

Anyone who can use a saw and hammer can finish off an attic room with Celotex. You simply nail the broad, light boards to the studding and rafters. Celotex not only shuts out heat and cold but converts your old attic into an attractive, livable room

CELOTEX

INSULATING LUMBER

© 1926, The Celotex Co.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Mills: New Orleans, La.
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities
(See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd.
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, Dept. M-71A
645 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Celotex Building Book
Name
Street
City *State*
S. E. P.—11-27-26

"Tough as a Rhino"

BUILT for the 15% who buy with keen discrimination—the Supreme Quality Cupples Tire delivers the superlative measure of endurance heretofore to be found only in tires specially constructed to meet extreme tests. The tires used by "Cannon Ball" Baker on his record-breaking trans-continental drive are the *exact duplicates* of the Cupples Tires now being built for the motoring public.

CUPPLES COMPANY - St. Louis
A National Institution Since 1851

ERWIN G.
"CANNON BALL"
BAKER

TRANS-CONTINENTAL
PERFORMANCE RECORD—

New York to Los Angeles Sept. 16-21

Route: 3406 Mile Official Coast to Coast Route

Total Elapsed Time: 5 Days—2 Hours—13 Minutes [Time checked by Western Union]

Driver: "Cannon Ball" Baker—*Entire Distance* [Best previous record by one man driving without relief established by Baker in 1920]

Car: Ford Roadster—Using High Gear Only

Tires: Supreme Quality Cupples 29 x 4.40 Balloons

Daily Mileage on Trip: 648.2 Miles [148 miles more each day than total of Indianapolis Speedway grind]

Tire Trouble on Trip: Two Punctures [nails]

Total Mileage Covered by Car: 8814 Miles [Crossing continent twice—and tuning up for trip]

Total Tire Trouble—including trip: Three Punctures [nails]

—from "Cannon Ball" Baker telegram at end of record breaking trip: "*Cupples Balloon Tires sure are fine for a hard run such as this.*"

Cupples

TIRES TUBES

Cupples RHINO TRADE MARK

TRY A RHINO BALL WITH A RHINO CLUB

You'll find another good friend in

Bon Ami POWDER

A magic white powder that cleans and polishes quickly and easily—yet never scratches. A generous sized can—with a handy sifter top. A true wonder-worker—with ever so many uses about the house. That's Bon Ami *Powder!*

As you go from task to task, you'll discover that Bon Ami *Powder* is especially convenient for restoring the gleam to white woodwork and painted walls and for putting a mirror-like luster on brass, nickel, copper, aluminum and tin ware. It removes every trace of grime from the bathtub, basin and tiling, brightens Congoleum floor-coverings, sweetens up the refrigerator—dozens of things respond to its magic touch.

But when it comes to making mirrors and windows clear and sparkling, everybody knows there's nothing so convenient and popular as Bon Ami *Cake!*

That's why most housewives keep *both* Bon Ami *Powder* and Bon Ami *Cake* on hand all the time.

These "Partners in Cleanliness" are made from the same ingredients. They clean and polish in the same safe, easy way—never make the hands red or rough.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

Cake or Powder—*most housewives use both*

California Oranges—
Richest Juice
Finest Flavor

"I Almost *Live* On Orange Juice"

"*Always* take it at breakfast—a regular rule—and now *between* meals to step up my energy and increase my appetite for dinner, and I've noticed a real effect.

"I wasn't 'going well' in business or anywhere else—feeling logy and dull and out of sorts.

"Somebody told me to try orange juice. Didn't sound much like a remedy, but I like oranges any way and so I took it on for breakfast.

"In ten days I felt better, no doubt about it. Then I got into the habit of doing *this*—taking another glass in the afternoon—and felt better still. Doctor agreed—said it was good for me.

"Seems there are qualities in oranges that cause a greater retention of the calcium, magnesium, nitrogen and phosphorus from other foods that you eat, in addition to the mineral salts and vitamines that the orange itself supplies.

"In other words, orange juice makes *all the rest* of the foods more efficient.

"It seems to be so in my case any way.

"Yes, I always get California Oranges. Chemists say they are extra rich in the healthful soluble solids. And I like the full rich *flavor* of the California juice.

* * * * * * *

"Try it some time—my method—it may do the same for you."

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Look for this Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 111, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California